

Esquire

NOVEMBER 1974
PRICE \$1.50

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

**Today a waitress, Buster,
but tomorrow a star!**

(Discovering America's hidden talent—page 131)



**The office politics
of J. Edgar Hoover**

**Art and Money:
A Special Section**

**Guide to the 92
most famous people
in the world**



Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!

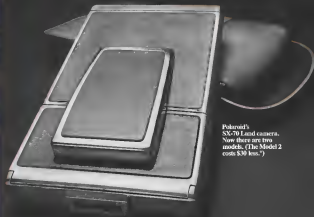


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TALE OF THE FOX

BY AUDI

Once upon a time, all cars were more or less the same.

Then along came sports cars, economy cars, compact cars, you name it cars.



TAKES
TURNS NIMBLY.

The latest of which is the "sports sedan." Which is supposed to be



STOPS STRAIGHT
IN ITS TRACKS.

a sedan that has sports car features. But how many of them really are, though?

Enter the Fox by Audi: a real, true sports sedan.

Its front-wheel drive makes it incredibly surefooted.

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through the snow.)

It has the same type of rack-and-pinion steering and independent



TRIPS
AT 97 MPH.

front suspension that are found on some of the finest sports cars. This allows it to take turns with an agility remarkable for a sedan.

We also put something in the Fox so advanced, sports cars don't even have it yet. A special front axle design that helps prevent swerving when you stop under certain adverse conditions. (Speaking of stopping, the Fox's front disc brakes and radial-ply tires enable it to stop practically on a dime.)

Most extraordinary of all, despite the fact that this peppy little creature's over-head-cam engine can do 0 to 50 in 8.4 seconds and has a top speed of 97 mph,

it has an amazingly small appetite: 25 miles per gallon. Its price is relatively small also: \$3975.*

The interior, we might mention, is relatively large: seats five, comfortably. And it has an amount of trunk space almost unbelievable for a car this size. Its interior, by the way, is fairly smart, too, with things like fully-reclining contoured seats and door-to-door pile carpeting.

If you're in the market for a "sports sedan," try a true sports sedan: the Fox by Audi.

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ARNOLD GINGRICH'S PAGE

Cleveland Amory as the Gloria Starnem of animals' lib

Cleveland Amory, in sending me a copy of his new book, *Woe Knew Our Inevitable War on Wildlife*, has reminded me that we've known each other "many years—that is, forty-five such." Then in turn reminded me of one of his earlier books, the *Festive Fur* anthology, with its macabre distillate of "Two men with but a single thought, half a thought per mind."

Cleveland Amory's biology is by now so well-known that it seems hard to believe that this is his first serious book, in the sense that its subject is one with life-and-death consequences for its protagonists. All his other books, *The Proper Beastman*, *The Last Hunters*, *Was Killed Society?*, and the other volume he co-edited, *Celebrity Rapist*, have had to do with a way of life, whereas this one is concerned with a way of death. It is the first time, at least in books, that he has turned from his concern with human society to anatomy. In peak his deepest passionate concern about what he plainly regards as "inhuman society," the far from humane treatment of animals by those who serve as agents of death for wildlife. For over a decade now, in television and radio, in magazines and in his syndicated newspaper column, Amory has undertaken a role that has made him today perhaps the country's best-known spokesman for animals. He has been matching opposition to the needless, thoughtless, misguided and cruel forms of mass murder of wildlife that have been perpetuated, often under the cloak of "conservation," in the interests of sport, fashion, commerce and agriculture.

Characterizing this killing as self-serving and unnecessary for conservation of the ecology, his indictment climaxes the killing as being motivated three ways: killing for fun, killing for profit, and killing for revenge. He divides his book accordingly, into three sections called, first, "Support Your Right to Arms Race"; second, "Bad People Wear Fake Furs"; and third, "The Most Persecuted Land."

In the opening section, getting the book off to a rousing start, is the reprint of the famous Hunt-the-Hunter Hunt Club telecast, which made Cleveland Amory the man to beat as the most unforgettable character ever featured on the *Today* show. With an irony seldom matched since the days of Jonathan Swift, Amory

stirrored the formation of a new club, a world wide organization with the motto, "If you can't play a sport, shoot one," and denied that it proposed the extermination of all hunters. All it proposed, in the hunters' own words, was "winning the hunt," with a carefully regulated regular open season on hunters . . . and, above all, absolute fairness: hunters who shoot with a bow and arrow, for example, would themselves be shot with a bow and arrow, and we'd be able to see how truly sporting this form of shooting really is. Trappers would be trapped—happily, of course—and for hunters would be ridden down by setting but These overbred hounds and paroled dogs; furthermore, fox hunters could be hunted only by currently deposed members of that branch of the club. In clean pink coats. There'd be no letting down the hunt. All members, however they preferred to hunt, would be asked only to use discretion, and not simply go out and take potshots at hunters—wink at city hunters, say, or in parked cars, or in their deodorants.

The opening is hard to top, but the book does build, both in interest and indignation, and the ending, with Amory's favorite of all the creatures of the wild, and therefore the last fastened on the "most persecuted list," is one you'd never guess. That section, which begins by pointing out that animals, which can smelt the skull of a lion with one blow of their forefeet, use only their forelimbs—which are covered by a padding of thick skin, and thus amount to a reasonable equivalent of boxing gloves—when they fight each other. Similarly, rattlesnakes, equipped to kill animals a hundred times their size, wear their deadly venoms when fighting each other. Nor does the skunk squirt its secretions except at predators, and never at other skunks.

This leads to the paragraph containing, as well as any one paragraph on the book's message.

"Now take men and all his merciless weaponry. What has he learned? Perhaps someday, when he has finally renounced biological and nuclear warfare—and for that matter, thrown away his gun—then it will be time to compare him with his better. Then at last one may be able to say that he has the brains of a gnat, the sense of a rattlesnake and the decency of a pig."

Read it. It's hard to see how you can help. (Continued on page 361)

N°19
CHANEL
PERFUME

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N°19

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Cadillac '75



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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

November brings with it many things, among them Election Day. This year's elections are, at least in anticipation, more interesting than most, for reasons not thought of in cliche: those said, one hopes, never to be thought of again. Soon we shall all know who got hurt the most by Watergate, but in any case it's relaxing to have our political attention concentrated on the provinces, where we all live, instead of on the whole United States, which we surely sort of misadmit. Now when we think of a part of America instead of the whole, we naturally think of California first, and consequently this time we thought of *Governor Brown's Key* (page 122), a report on the past and the prospects of Edmund Gerald Brown Jr., who (how many times has he been said!) appears to many observers to be a new and more interesting kind of political candidate. Author and *Los Angeles Examiner* columnist Dick Nolan has worked for the *Examiner* since 1948, so if anything in California is noted new, he ought to know.

In the great world of fine arts, of course, everything is always new, the perishability of novelty is where it's at. But not everything in the arts is new. At present the news line, among other places, is the occurrence of intricate lawsuits that laymen call, asking on its one constant element, the *Hobbes* trial. *The Passion of Mark Hobbes* (page 128) makes it all remarkably clear, considering: Leo Hobbes, who wrote the piece, is a descendant of a family of lawyers, which may have helped. Mrs. Hobbes, a lady of malicious taste and judicial hearing, came to the *Hobbes* trial by way of freelance reporting on the art world for *The Village Voice*; she is a graduate of *Redcliffe* and also of *The Boston Herald*, *Culture*, which left her left as an associate editor, six months before it failed, and both the Washington and New York offices of *Newsweek*.

Two other writers in *Esquire's* November Art and Mystery section are new to the magazine; they are Douglas Davis and Fred Perretti. Mr. Davis is the art critic of *Newsweek*, a former contributing editor of *Art in America*, and a contributor to *Life*, *Brilliant*, *Mademoiselle* and others; and he's an artist himself, working in a number of non-sculpture non-painting areas, like film and video tape. The problem at hand is

Mr. Davis' *Toward the Million-Dollar Painting* (page 126) is a round one. "It's impossible," he says. "To hope that people won't put that piece down and say, well, he thinks art should be a commodity. I don't think that at all. The issue is about the central thing for a journalist to try to fix on. The whole matter of artists trying to work in ways that are noncommodifiable and won't be a commodity is not simple. It's a struggle that's doomed to fail until we think of some other way of exchanging goods and services." Which isn't going to happen this year, not even for Christmas, though of course Mr. Davis is author of *Art and the Future History: Prophecy of the Collaboration Between Science, Technology, and Art* (Farrar, 1973). Fred Perretti (*Market Forecasts* 74-75, page 129) has been a reporter at *The New York Times* for five years, covering about everything from cultural news to the Alton rebellion; before joining *The Times* he worked for the *New York Herald Tribune*, where he reported on the John F. Kennedy administration. A collector himself, on more or less the model scale hypothesized for the reader of *Market Forecasts* 74-75, Mr. Perretti also writes for *Artforum* and is the author of *The Great American Marble Truck and After-Kiss: Sacred Art of Communism*.

We conclude this monthly message with two cheers and a lamp. A cheer for Cynthia Ozick, author of our last article, *All the World Inside the Face of David*. Her short story *Daughters*, first published in *Esquire*, is co-winner of the O. Henry Award for 1974. Cheer for Nancy Walker, well-known TV-commercial waitress and this month's cover girl! She has appeared on about every important television show there is as actress, comedienne, singer or dancer, and created the role of Rhoda Morgenstern's mother, *Ida*, on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, and has appeared on Broadway in *On the Town*, *Put Your Wonderful Town and On, Mr. Mr. Now the mystery: last September this space gave a publication date for William F. Buckley Jr.'s new book *United Nations Journal*, from which his article *Assail Haroldo Spaulding's Mouthful* was excerpted, and omitted to mention that the publisher was G. P. Putnam's Sons. That was a silly mistake and we are sorry for it and hope everyone who reads this will run right out to Putnam's and buy a copy. —*

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Co-ed's lament

As a junior presently matriculating at Vassar College, I found the article in your September issue, *Men of Vassar*, by Jane Gage, ironic, affirming even bordering on the sentimental.

During my enrollment at Vassar I have witnessed its slide of transition, the move toward coeducation—a subject of many articles. In each, it seems that the same segment of the student body—and their lifestyle—is faulted, impressing upon the reader that it is representative of the entire Vassar community, particularly Vassar women. Certain self-appointed p. r. "pamers" have given a distorted view of this first-coming space.

It can be rightfully stated that each Vassar student is unique, as is the college itself. However, the statements in the article, dealing specifically with the sexual identity, role and behavior of the Vassar male, were grossly exaggerated. Return to Vassar, avoid the sad local reputation, and let the rest of the student body be heard. The result may be less exciting, but surely closer to the truth.

Richard Kimball Greer
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Prime high...

Warmest congratulations to Mike Cherry for his superb article, *Being Stupid*, in your September issue. Having worked with Mike I can attest to the authenticity of this outrageous man who would attack such job as if it were an act of love. His concern for his fellow workers never overshadowed his desire to see that a job was done as scheduled, done right, and done to safety. His sense of humor brightened even the darkest day.

Mike's ability to portray the ironworkers' frustration, as well as their needs and aspirations, is a rare talent and you are to be complimented for carrying this particular jewel.

Joseph J. Belfiori, President
J. V. Construction Co. Inc.
Old Bridge, N.J.

Whorehouse moment

Frita Lyon's *Skipper Go*, the true history of the pie in the face (August) was strong on events and development, weak on recent history and symptoms of decline and transformation.

How could he neglect, for example, the act which single-handedly re-

vised the thrower's art and opened it to new arenas and found for it a purpose and an end? The event occurred in Bloomington, Indiana, in 1899.

Chuck Keer was diverting the first of a series of lectures on the future of the university. As he made his way to the podium, Jim Rutherford, a locally well-known political activist, jumped up from his place in the audience wearing a red deer suit, complete with ears, cape and tail. Shouting his denials for Keer's politics, morality and educational aims, Rutherford launched a beautifully made shrimp-crumm paste for a left-profile direct hit.

Some months later, Rutherford was rewarded with a sentence to the Monroe County Jail.

How could Love have missed it? It was in the *National Enquirer*.
Howard B. Chubb
Los Angeles, Calif.

Impressive coach

I was amazed and then distressed as I read Warren's article about Don Swofford. (I imagined *My Swage*, by Jerry Bowles) in the August issue. Unfortunately, the writer presented his coaching experience in such a way as to give a slightly skewed image to Mr. Swofford and his sports team.

Mr. Swofford consistently gets impressive results for coaches, as well as younger, middle-level executives who struggle to see the idea of how to speak properly. My latest assignment is from Henry Kissinger's State Department. Some top people there are now being prepped by Swofford to get some of the dirty work out of their emanations from Foggy Bottom.

She is impressive and highly successful. In no case, she worked wonders.
Richard Calkrehead, President
Calkrehead, Jackson Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Mind over matter

Vicent Tereoff, alias "Mr. Penetration" (*Their Art Is Bigger Is Bigger, August*), is going to have some difficulty making his plans for the future, i.e. "top-dancing with Hapi Indians on the spot where New Mexico, Colorado, Texas, and Arizona all meet."

Not only do these states not meet at a common point (it's Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah), but also the Hopi Indian Reservation in Arizona is over fifty miles from

the point where the four states do meet.

Natal
Joe H. Rostoff
New York, N.Y.

Who a few...

As the wife of an avid *Enquire* subscriber, I should like you to know how very well received your August issue was. The article on Helen Lawrence's letter, *The Women*, by Helen Lawrence, taken up priority, with *A Short History of Tense Above*, by Brock Brower, running a close second. Keep the focus of your magazine high!

Eric W. Nessel
Kokomo, Ind.

It would be interesting to know how many millions of American men join me in thinking the powers that be for the wives they have when they might not have appreciated as much as they do now after reading so much as the "Woman of the Century," Clara Louise Laan.

Who a few...

It's a pity that a woman of Helen Lawrence's obvious writing talent does not write her dirt past with objectivity and accuracy. All through her article on Clara Laan a bitter jealousy is showing—like a badly hanging slip. There are thousands of women who would have liked to achieve what Clara Laan has achieved. Helen Lawrence's megalomania won't change that!

Linda Feldman Hollander
New York, N.Y.

The August *Enquire* seems to have been written to commemorate somebody's protestation as to a memorial to a convention of archeologists. In at least three of your stories, crime is personified by the poor girl frightened by a bear, by a Senator of the United States, who is introduced through a childhood reminiscence of reading in the school classroom, and by a disturbed child who dies in his own father's house. The bear de force was the euphoric entrance on kidney stones I can't wait for your protestational issue, the leukemia special and I hope for some lyrical prose celebrating the homosexuals.

Vivian M. Raskoff
Director of Postgraduate Education
Department of Psychiatry
University of Toronto
Toronto, Canada

here's johnny!



I can get pretty wound up doing a show five nights a week. Flying, diving and tennis all help me unwind. But when I do want to dress up, this suit, from my fall collection, is perfect. It's dressy, sure, but there's nothing uptight about it. And the vest makes me feel sort of debonair. This is one suit I know I'm going to wear a lot!

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here's johnny!



I've always felt that if you choose clothing that suits you, you'll look good no matter where you are. Take this herringbone sport coat. The styling is super and the matching belt is really a unique touch. It'll look as good in L.A. as it does in New York. When you have to get around as much as I do, that's important!

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WRITING RUST HULLS

This month I'm going to describe six recent books for you, and your problem is to figure out what they have in common. After each title, I'll give you a clue.

Book #1 is *Walking Steel*, a novel by L. J. Davis. This is a kind of funny little book about a lower named Coffin, who first has trouble making out when he arrives in N.Y. & G., and then begins to make out like crazy. Second half of the book is the real story: Coffin's is Brooklyn, but resident in a rooming house being renovated presently, sex-dysmorphic, by a young advertising executive. Coffin falls in love with this man's tiny, sexual-pot-crazed wife. Thereafter, it becomes like one of those screwball comedies—people changing in and out of waders, dipping the house, and so on—except that you're supposed to identify with the Ralph Bellamy role, the guy who loses the girl, which I found it easy enough to do. I want to make it perfectly clear (to use the words of another self-produced moral man) that all these fine things I have to say about this book have absolutely nothing to do with the fact that the author, L. J. Davis, once reviewed a book of mine gloriously on the front page of *The Washington Post* "Book World" and that I was sent four copies of this book to review (most less: two bound galley and two hard-covers).

Clue #1: The hero of this book is small—that is, he is short in stature, he has a small height.

Book #2 is *Watergate Cleanse*. This is sort of a novel and plays worked up by the Yale Repertory Theatre people. Robert Breckin, the director, explains in an introduction how he got the basic idea when he was traveling in Greece in 1978: "I was struck both by the parallels and the contrasts between two stories. That of King Oedipus, relentlessly pursuing the person responsible for the blight upon his state and discovering himself to be the culprit, and that of President Nixon, equally responsible for a blighted state and equally relentless—not in identifying the culprit but rather in screening him from public view. These reflections were provided in a sketch called Oedipus Nix." So then a lot of other clever people—Bretter and Roth and Backwell—are the most easily recognized names, but they are all clever—started doing rip-offs of various popular and classical drama in terms of Watergate: *Alaska Crea*,

Wine of Adren, *Threepenny O. G.*, *Gadot, G.*, etc. This is available for your Watergate collection from the Yale School of Drama, New Haven, 06520. Definitely this is all scholarly and witty, and I don't want to underestimate the contributions; but I imagine the sort of thing—taking off the classes for political satire—is a lot easier to do than you'd expect it is, once you get started, and that getting started isn't always a big problem.

Clue #2: There's one purely factoring characters called Fobenn, Ebelmox, and Haldanston.



Book #3 is *The Convent*, by Evan S. Connell Jr. This is really a long short story, about one of Connell's favorite characters, the stuffy, conservative Mulbach, and it contains the as good of Knopf to be publishing it separately as a short novel. What happens in that Mulbach gets hooked on pre-Columbian art objects he gets a bargain, then he gets stung, then he gets fac-

inated. One suspects the same thing happened to Connell, so he wrote a book about it. It's amazing that this book isn't dull, dull, dull, but it isn't, at really isn't. I guess I ought to say, though, that I'm an absolute sucker for Connell's Mr. and Mrs. Broderick stuff, for his Leon & Robert stuff, and for his Mulbach stuff. His lampoons stuff—Notes from a Bottle and Company Rose and like that—I can either take or leave alone, and I usually find it easier to see the latter.

Clue #3: There is a character in this story called Faggett.

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1715-1728: 27,000 barrels of cognac exported. 1765-1770: 27,000 barrels of cognac exported.

in fourteen in 1988 and is kidnapped by three Mexican bandits. Two of them are killed and she falls in love with the third and then he's killed. It's all told in a mixture of their Mexican and her fourteenth-century, which is a lot of the time comes out poetic, though you wouldn't expect it to. What's beautiful in the book is how life and love manage to survive and grow in a completely hostile environment, like the rock cypresses in the desert, which are part of the setting and, you know, the title and a big symbol and all. Vint is a poet, and someday I want to do a column on the two kinds of bad fiction: poets write, and why. Meanwhile, though I keep thinking this maybe is a beautiful book, and I wish we'd read it.

Chae #4. Copy from Viking accompanying my advance copy says that "Blaise Cendrars, an avowed reader, called this 'a lovely little novella.'" (I'd like more, don't disagree them.)

Book #5 is *Wangweeta, From, & Griefedness*, by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. How did Kurt Vonnegut get to be so smart? Not "smart," exactly, but wise. How did Kurt Vonnegut get to be so wise? He used to be a shambling B-F writer, lived up in Cape Cod, met his kids. Now he's saying truth was, full-of-wisdom things in an offhand way to people like the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the 1970 graduating class of Bennington, and the P.E.N. Conference in Stockholm (1980). He's a hero's sake! I can understand how he came to be successful, famous, well-loved, even a military hero. But how did he learn to think so clear and talk so straight? I think you ought to read this book, a collection of the articles, speeches, and reviews he's done recently. At one point he tells the old National Institute of Arts, that he understands the whole truth about everything that's wrong today, what it is, is that the chemistry of our bodies requires us to live in a folk society and that's not the way we're living. I guess I know that—it strikes me as absolutely correct the instant I read it—but I don't think I ever realized it before or that anyone else has ever realized it. If I give you another example of how witty and wise Vonnegut is, you aren't going to think that's witty and wise either. I know how you are, but here's the most optimistic thing he could think of to tell those Bennington grads—

"Everything is going to become increasingly ironic, and some get better again." Now surely you can't deny that he has the truth of the matter.

Chae #5. At the end of the book is an interview. Clapping said with Vonnegut.

(Continued on page 36)



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HANGING OUT ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

One night, when I was sitting around with a bunch of the boys, one of them being George Plimpton, inspired by Plimpton's insistent trip to Korea to cover the Air-Forceman fight, the talk turned eagerly to first-hand encounters with the sweet science. Among the participants there was not a man jack among us who had not already been convinced—yes, even the same old spring and punchy—but with hard work, determination and concentration he would swiftly develop the celerity and skill of the young Ray Robinson, the lethal power of Joe Louis in his prime, the crushing tenacity of Marciano, the franchised arrogance of Ali. In the arena, under the lights, some a wren, some better for spectators to prove himself.

Under special circumstances, depending largely on an assessment of how much my audience cares, truth be told, I will tell my Fight Story, a minor if sometimes apt involving language and colorful language, grand, hoos, lamentations, joy, pity, violence, and, yes, a novel. Ky, anything but sex. That recent night with the boys was such a loose, good time, and I was in a mood to which I wanted to expose Plimpton. Besides, just maybe, he'd see me as a person to accompany him in an advisory capacity to Korea.

Two months before proceeding, first, this would appear to be a war story, thus an automatic non-qualifier, the meanderings of old soldiers come instantaneously downsize in my brain beyond various' insurance and job-risk here. But he is not derided, in my life World War II is merely an occasion without which the three leading players would have been dead days ago. The nature of the matter must be changed. With me it doesn't matter, there is no reputation to ruin, and the vicissitudes of timepiece on shattered glory has been the same run since. But the man I will call Kid Costello, a respected newspaperist and recent saloon owner, needs to be diagnosed, as does the pseudonymous Ted Gilbreath, in his youth a gifted writer, today the vice-president of an honorable Wall Street firm. All three of us are now a few light-years in time and space from the island of Guam, that exotic background earlier portrayed where the exotic took off. But the man I

will call Kid Costello, a respected newspaperist and recent saloon owner, needs to be diagnosed, as does the pseudonymous Ted Gilbreath, in his youth a gifted writer, today the vice-president of an honorable Wall Street firm. All three of us are now a few light-years in time and space from the island of Guam, that exotic background earlier portrayed where the exotic took off. But the man I

called "A ———— might consider around 1950, fought for the first time, or was it twice? Twice, right? But now comes turn-off time "He was in my bathroom during the war," I said. Plimpton started to go to sleep, but I doggedly roused through the expository late spring, 1950, training for the assault on Japan, I'm the eleven-month prison commander of the Red Battalion, ———— Marine, and on long, tedious marches it evolved that Kid Costello, a poet and writer, had selected me as his cookhouse. A brash nineteen-year-old who had built a reputation for head-on honesty on live time by charging alone into caves, armed only with hand grenades, Costello was also the ———— might champion of our division, almost by default, a pre-militarized professional fighter, he had had no competitors. One mountain and through the ravines of Guam as I pleaded, the Kid



imagined himself, talking and talking. Over a couple of weeks I learned more than one would care to know about a young man, born and raised in Gary, Indiana, whose father, mother and older brother worked in steel mills and who had hoped for a living nine years ago for ten. "Never a hint," I said to Plimpton, "that he was leading up to something fantastic." Plimpton smiled vaguely: "It'd be the judge of what's fantastic."

It began as a night, someone during a five-minute break, which stretched to ten or more as another a strikes fight of 8-29's returned from a Tokyo raid. On the ground Kid Costello and I were alive and well, above, the 29's were at someone's night. In darkness, I was trying to indicate big trouble. Fast asleep, worried about, some groggy dead one place with a startled talk assembly. As the fight took toward the last hour at the western

ty of Guam, one slung shot dropped from sight into the sea to the north. A brief flash, then nothing.

Our march resumed, for a while Kid Costello was silent and then, suddenly, "Hey, lieutenant, how would you like to make a lot of money?" Not really caring (who, after all, would survive the Japanese mainland landing?), I nonetheless admitted that making a lot of money was generally a good idea. "I've got the way," the Kid said, "but you have to never disclose my secret. Do you want?" A Scout's Honor echoed the Kid. "FBI tell you at the next break," he said.

His scheme took four breaks to explain, but the essentials were simple enough. In three weeks the All-Pacific Boxing Championships were to be staged at the very fold on which the 8-29's had just landed. As our division champion, Kid Costello could be an automatic entry, but as a Marine he would not leave money. I was amazed to lay the bets among the Air Corps officers who initially could be intimidated into making their last horse into odds-on favorites. "For the first fight," the Kid said, "with all the money you've moved, all you can leave, you bet me at three or four to one, maybe even more if they really like their boy. I guess you, was by a decision, because we don't want the odds to drop too much for the second fight. Then, you take all that money . . ."

Bold! What's to guarantee he so easily wins the first fight? The Kid looked at me with grin. "Lucky, lieutenant," he said, "I could never get division, fight with one hand, come a seventy-pound pack, and there still can't anyone between here and San Francisco I couldn't kill in one round. Just believe me." I believed him.

With all the money bet on the second fight, Air Corps commanders pitched at about two to one against him, Kid Costello would again win a decision. All that money would go in the third fight, and "Then at maybe even money I become a tiger. I describe the guy in, say, the first minute. Any questions?" No questions. "By now," he said, "two things have happened. My hands are big hands, and I've also made believe one of these Air Corps people. In the fourth and last fight I'll be a heavy favorite,

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say three to one, and that's when you read it all in—on the other guy!"

I think I didn't understand.

"I jump," said the Kid. "I go in the tank, and we split the money."

At a little after two in the morning, back in camp, I found my tentmate, Ted Gibbons, awake and reading *Forever Amber*. A captain, Gibbons was battalions intelligence officer, which for starters meant he was extremely capable. It also meant he didn't go on night—or day—training marches. To qualify for military intelligence Ted had danced his way through Corsica recently by helping run a dice game over a dingy saloon in Ribes called the Green Lantern. Absorbed in his book, Gibbons paid no attention as I stripped off my filthy duds, preparing to take a shower. Until I started to laugh, and then he asked what was so funny?

As I told Gibbons and Cora's pregnant, *Forever Amber* dropped to the dirt floor. When I got to the fourth fight and the damp part, Ted said, "Omgod! and what did you tell him?" I started from the top. "I told him he was crazy." Naked, Gibbons leaped from his cot, following me to the shower. "You're crazy!" he said. "Omgod, how much money do you have?" Well, between savings and poker winnings I had maybe seventeen hundred dollars. "I have twenty-four hundred," he said. "Put together that's four thousand plus. Let's say we borrow another two."

"Let's say we don't," I told him. Kid Cora's would get half the winnings. Gibbons turned off both showers. "Three of us in, the split is three ways," blustering me back to the privacy of our tent, he demanded to know why I had refused to go with such a big score. Because of the damp part, I said, not from a moral position—stealing from anyone

Only two ways, I told him. Kid Cora's would get half the winnings. Gibbons turned off both showers. "Three of us in, the split is three ways," blustering me back to the privacy of our tent, he demanded to know why I had refused to go with such a big score. Because of the damp part, I said, not from a moral position—stealing from anyone

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drivers was as loose as a balloon—but from a hand-dropped net, I saw. "We will be killed," I said. "If we get caught here will ride us to Tokyo in one of those twenty-nine and drop us instead of inflicting." From under his coat, Gibbons pulled out a death-bounding catfish. "This ship just is the best," he admitted. "Can he really be convincing?"

The way the Kid explained it, I told Gibbons, going into the tank was the smart. "The chance he's a genius at falling down. He says that under false names, for fifty bucks a fight and expenses, he went all around the Midwest taking drives for gun-baiting a record. He says that after the war he won't do that anymore, that it's his turn to get a shot, and guys will go in the tank for him."

Spicing from his catfish, Gibbons said, "A genius at falling down. Then how come you said no?" Because, I told him, it was not completely a good idea. "No, it's a great idea," Ted said. "And we're going to do it."

For five minutes the following day in a meeting to which I brought Ted Gibbons, Kid Costello was famous that I had visited Sonja's Honor, and I was another five minutes he completely ended Gibbons as a one-third partner. The way Ted explained things, with an investment of a measly five grand, over four grand, a hundred-fifty-thousand-dollar cap, we were meant to do the questions. A just matter at heading high odds, through muck and artistry, Ted would manipulate the Air Corps officers into buying ahead-of-odds. Sonja's Honor, I said, was his role he? Kid Costello had the answer. "You'll handle me," he said.

One final step before making the inevitable decision, this demanded by a Gibbons. That evening in a clearing a quarter mile from camp, with ropes staked out to approximate a ring, Ted would want to approximate a ring. Ted would want to see around the Kid, and the Kid would want to see around Ted. The deal convinced him that even I could knock out Kid Costello, then who could possibly question his loss to an experienced fighter?

In the risk of the evening, myself by Ted and the Kid to go all out, insured by the Kid that he would pull every punch, I was exhausted and bruised at the end of a two-minute round. Professional fighters, I had learned, have never taken me to your average schoolyard and college-gym boxer. Ring when holding back, they hurt. Kid Costello was a superb fighter, braver to challenge twice for the world's championship of his division, and he was fierce!

In the second round, meeting and hand-to-hand, I sensed that in spite of no discussion of the Kid's speed and sharp moves, I was beginning to catch him. No longer were my blows missing or at least missing off his forearms. A left jab caught his cheek, a right penetrated to his edged gut. How about that? Flaring away, the roar of thousands in my ears, I began winning. Two more body shots, and the Kid lost his breath, turned red. When his arms dropped slightly, I rained blows about his head and jaw. My God, he was staggering. I had him! Hammer-blow rights drove him to the ropes. He dropped hands to his back, fighting. "Surrender now, Kid, you're going down." With second wind, totally asphyxiated, I bent half out of Kid Costello. Bam! Bam! Bam! I had him holding on, fighting, starting to go. One more, and one more, and then a third night came to the cha finished him. Suddenly, at my feet lay Kid Costello, eyes closed. — *magpie dead.*

Ted Gibbons was jumping with joy. "Well, maybe," I said, that was the end. "That's the end of it. I could have sworn you whipped him, knocked him out." I looked down at the prostrate Kid. "Well, maybe," I said, that was the end. "That's the end of it. I heart you, Kid?" Eyes flying open, a quick grin, the Kid swung to his feet. "Hell, no, lieutenant," he said. "You barely touched me."

What can I tell you about that night three weeks later, the first of four nights from which we would withdraw in 18-hour runs. With forty-one hundred dollars in his pockets, seventeen hundred of them mine, Ted Gibbons drove us in his top the twenty-eight miles to the Kid's hotel, in expensive pants and a brown leather shirt, holding a tin flask and a little stool. I was pretending to be a fighter's handler and not a market-place commander. In the back, with my bag containing just a stool and a flask, I sat, waiting. The Kid saw my endless streamers of John Henry was a steel-driving man. Smother Ted nor I considered telling him he was seriously off-beat.

It was still light when we reached the air base, directed to a distant corner strip, we found a parking place behind a Quonset hut. As hour before the bout was to begin, the Kid opened a pocket in his pants and by dawn for a nap on Ted and I made for the ring area some two hundred yards away, Ted to prepare his little one to check in my fighter. (My fighter, what a grand thing to say!) Spectators, almost exclusively

Air Corps people, had already begun to fill the temporary bleachers for colored men; officers sat in a speed-off rampside section on camp chairs. By light time there would be more than ten thousand people.

Proctor, a graying master sergeant with a clipboard and two helpers, I checked in my fighter, entered the Kid was scheduled for the sixth bout. Curious, I asked about his opponent. A Filipino named Gomez, I was told, a grand-daddy amateur inebriate in fights from Manila to Honolulu. Trying to look casual I found Ted in the officers' section already at work in his shapely pressed khaki, he was dropping hands to a group growing in numbers and hostility that against Barnes all airplane drivers were at best sheet cowards. With the news of Gomez the Filipino, Ted found a new look based on pure mischief. He had not yet lost a dollar, but he was building.

Alas, the Jeep Kid Costello slept in the gathering darkness, an innocent below. I loved him, he was my fighter. Night after the war, both surviving, I would take him home with me, care for him, handle him in a way to make sure he reached the top without pain, because him to retire while it all at his peak, perhaps an undefeated champion of the world. With at least fifty thousand dollars each as a stake, there would be no task looser for us. So the distance the bleachers and filed, and a shout from the crowd signaled the start of the first bout. The Kid rolled over, opened his eyes, snuffed at me, then went back to sleep.

Minutes later the Kid was up and bouncing. Changed into his fighting tugs, wearing his pombs, he shadowboxed with actual shadows. Now it was time, thinking back and good I was told by the Kid toward the ring. A great yell from the ten-thousand-plus spectators greeted a popular decision. As we reached ringside I tried to find Ted Gibbons, there he was, perched in the crowd, my arm, among them the two previous combatants and their seconds who were clearing the ring. Almost immediately, directly across from the Kid and me, a fighter and his handler climbed up out of the crowd. The fighter, with a torn Army blanket draped over his shoulders, looked like a madman, mobile dreggish. This was Gomez, unbraved, he started with reaching nearly to the ropes. When Gomez charged my attack and somehow cut through my body I had to remind myself it was not I fighting Gomez, the Kid was, and how did the Kid feel? "What about him?" I asked in a cracking whisper.

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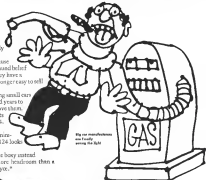


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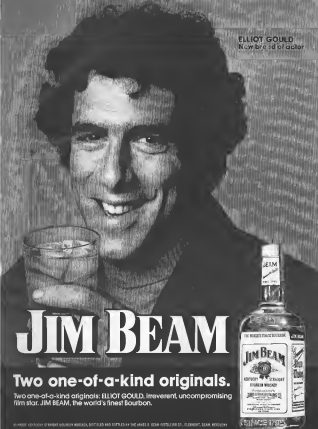
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A few off-the-cuff insights from Amphora's Henk Kramer, the Marco Polo of pipe tobacco.

"Every year I travel to almost every part of the earth. It's not that I like to live out of a suitcase. As Director of Leaf Purchases for Donner Tabac, my job is to buy good tobacco. And some outstanding tobaccos grow in just about a hundred countries. I don't think I've mentioned them."

"In order to produce Amphora's balanced flavor, I go to Tennessee, Brazil, Indonesia and, of course, the U.S.A. In Greece my shopping list includes such exotic tobaccos as Basma, Katerini, Koko Kulek and Budo Begli. From Belgium comes Matzeval, from Hungary Krimnagrad and Nevelopol. We import Samsun and Broomes from Turkey and from Yugoslavia we obtain Philip, Orlija and Dybal. Beautiful names. Marvellous aromatic tobaccos."



"The funny part is that in tobacco, the 'who' is more important than the 'where'."

"Although I travel to every tobacco growing region I know that a tobacco leaf is only as good as its parentage. Give me a tobacco and with a good genetic background, leave over it with tender loving care, add the right environment, and you'll end up with a solid system of a tobacco. No matter where it was brought up. That's why you can grow superior Virginia-type tobacco in Malawi. And outstanding Burley in Mexico."

VIRGINIA? BURLEY? WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

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how to star at Happy Hour Astrology small talk

Almost everyone knows his Zodiac sign today. But few have any real knowledge of astrology. Astrologers say that people of each Zodiac sign have different basic characteristics, typified by the "symbol" of the sign. They say these traits, plus influences of your "ruling planet," are a key to your character and abilities, and are relative to planning for your future.

This guide summarizes the most widely accepted aspects of each sign—with associated birth signs, lucky days, colors, etc. Keep it handy, to spark Happy Hour conversation.



Intent of astrology data herein is simply to inform, not to advise. Therefore any personal application is the individual's responsibility.

HOW TO STAR AT MIXING GREAT DRINKS:



ARIES

Symbol: the Ram. Born in the first sign of the astrological year, you are a pioneer, a leader—enterprising, adventurous, with originality, boldly trying the new. Impetuous, enthusiastic, lively, you attract many friends. Your ruling planet is energetic Mars; you are a dynamo—aggressive, positive, often fiery. Your lucky day is Tuesday; lucky numbers are 7 and 8. Lucky color is red; lucky gem is the diamond.

TAURUS

Symbol: the Bull. Serious, yet extremely determined, you are practical, systematic, skilled at finance. You are reliable and loyal. Your ruling planet Venus influences love, beauty, arts; you are deeply affectionate, artistic, musical, love comfort and luxury. Your lucky day is Friday, numbers are 1 and 3. Lucky colors are green and yellow; gem is the emerald.



GEMINI

Symbol: the Twins. Versatile in interests and ability, you are restless, seek change, love people and travel. Your ruling planet Mercury governs communications, intelligence. You are well informed, love witty conversation, stimulating argument, and have literary talent. Lucky day is Wednesday; lucky numbers, 3 and 6. Colors are blue and gray; gem, the pearl.

Just follow this guide, and you'll be an expert at mixing drinks. You'll be able to host your greatest Happy Hour party, the easy way to entertain with minimum time, work and money. Included are astrology notes to pep up your party with talk of Zodiac signs, lucky days, numbers, etc. It even suggests a drink for each sign.

Best of all, this guide shows you how to mix great drinks made with all basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, rum, vodka, gin, Southern Comfort—plus mixing tips.

How to improve drinks' secret of the "pros" The experts' greatest tip is this: You can improve many mixed drinks simply

by "switching" the basic liquor called for in the recipe—to one with a more satisfying taste. A perfect example is the use of Southern Comfort instead of ordinary liquor to get a smoother, tastier base for your Manhattans, Sours, Old-Fashioneds, Collinses, etc. The difference, of course, is in the unique taste of Southern Comfort itself. It adds a deliciousness no other basic liquor can. Mix one of these drinks in the usual way; then mix the same drink with Southern Comfort. (Both recipes are in the guide.) Compare them. The improvement is remarkable! But to understand why this is true, make the simple taste test on the following page.

What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used like ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different than any other basic liquor. It actually tastes good, right out of the bottle! There's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients, to create a superb, unusually

smooth, special kind of basic liquor. That's how Southern Comfort was born. Its formula is still a family secret today—in delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor. Try it on-the-rocks. Then you'll understand why it improves most mixed drinks, too.



make this simple
taste test
and you'll learn
how to improve
most drinks:



The flavor of any mixed drink is controlled by the taste of the liquor you use as a base. To realize the importance of this, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice in a short glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip it, and you've found a completely different basic liquor—one that actually tastes good with nothing added! That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base makes most mixed drinks taste much better. Make both Manhattan recipes shown below. Compare them. One sip will convince you!

ordinary MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
¾ oz. sweet vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Sip with cracked ice and straw into glass. Add a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret — use the recipe at right. You'll see how a simple switch in basic liquor improves this famous drink tremendously.



improved MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
¾ oz. dry vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Mix like ordinary recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. Southern Comfort's delicious flavor makes a much better-tasting drink.

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CANCER

Symbol: the Crab. You are children of the Moon, ruler of home, emotion, changeable moods. You have strong parental instincts, are protective, patient, sensitive to others, sensitive in money dealings. Lucky day is Monday; numbers are 4 and 5. Lucky colors are silver and white; lucky gems are ruby and moonstone.



LEO

Symbol: the Lion. Ruled by the Sun, yours is the sign of kings. Leo shines with the Sun's own light; you are expensive and generous to all. You are strong-willed, confident, proud, ambitious. Single-minded, dynamic, you are headed for success. Lucky day is Sunday; numbers are 3 and 4. Lucky colors are orange and gold; gems are rubies and ruby.



VIRGO

Symbol: the Virgin. Yours is the sign of service; you are dedicated, eager to help others. You are discerning, industrious. Mercury, your ruling planet, relates to intelligence; you are analytical, often a perfectionist. Lucky day is Wednesday, numbers are 6 and 9. Color is sapphire blue; gem is the sapphire.



LIBRA

Symbol: the Scales. You weigh all sides of a question carefully, you are intelligent, well-balanced, have a high sense of justice and honor. Your ruling planet is artistic Venus. You strive for beauty and harmony, are sociable, a gracious host. Your lucky day is Friday; numbers are 6 and 9. Lucky colors are blue and gold; lucky gem is the fleshing opal.



ordinary COLLINS

$\frac{1}{2}$ jugger fresh lemon juice
1 jugger (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) gin
1 tspn. sugar + sparkling water
Use tall glass. Dissolve sugar in juice, add ice cubes and gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir.
John Collins, Boston or NYC rejects get.

smoother COLLINS

1 jugger (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lime + 7UP
Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes, fill with 7UP. This is the best tasting—and easiest to mix—of all Collinses.

Comfort* Collins,
Mixed by L.A. at Hotel
Fontainebleau, Miami Beach
*Southern Comfort



ROB ROY

Hit the spot for Sagittarius?
1 jugger (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Scotch
 $\frac{1}{2}$ jugger (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) sweet vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters
Stir with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass. Add a twist of lemon peel. (This drink is often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")



DAIQUIRI

Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lime or $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
1 jugger (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) light rum
Shake with cracked ice and shaker. Strain into cocktail glass. Get your drink a new twist: use Southern Comfort instead of rum only to top sugar.

COMFORT* 'N BOURBON

Serves at the Ambassador
Hotel in Los Angeles
 $\frac{1}{2}$ jugger (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Southern Comfort
 $\frac{1}{2}$ jugger Bourbon + $\frac{1}{2}$ jugger water
Pour liquors over cracked ice in a short glass and add water. Stir. Serve with a twist of lemon peel.
It's a delicious combination!

Flora Jackson, Bennett Mills,
Beverly Hills, California.

DRY MARTINI

Top for a Taurus's taste!
4 parts gin or vodka
1 part dry vermouth
Stir with cracked ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Serve with a green olive or twist of lemon peel. For a Glam: use 6 parts gin to 1 part vermouth. Serve with a pearl onion.



SCARLETT O'HARA

Delighting at Anthony's New Orleans
1 jugger (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ fresh lime
1 jugger Ocean Spray
cranberry juice cocktail
Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass. As enticing as its namesake.



GIMLET

Jewel of a Gemini drink!
4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice
Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass. (Optional) serve with small slice fresh lime.)



COLD TODDY

Versatility unknown with Virgo's!
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tspn. sugar + 1 oz. water
2 oz. Scotch or Bourbon
Stir sugar with water in short glass. Add ice cubes. Liquor, twist lemon peel. A truly pleasing anytime, mixed with Southern Comfort.



GIN RICKEY

Juice and mind $\frac{1}{2}$ lime
1 jugger gin + sparkling water
Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind and gin. Fill with sparkling water and stir. To "up" a today, use SC instead of gin.



COMFORT* ON-THE-ROCKS

Heavenly Happy Hour drink under any sign.
is mixed at Anthony's Par 4, Boston
1 jugger (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Southern Comfort
Pour over cracked ice in short glass, add twist of lemon peel. This liquor is so delicious it's one of the most popular on-the-rocks drinks.



COMFORT® WALLBANGER

Happy Hour sign of star-gazers at the Aite Mire Hotel, Sausalito, Calif.

1 oz. Southern Comfort
1/2 oz. Liqueur Galliano + orange juice

Fill tall glass with ice cubes. Add liquors, fill with orange juice, stir. It's delicious, fabulously smooth.

HAPPY WALLBANGER: Get undressed at Southern Comfort. Add Galliano, then stir.



COMFORT® JULEP

Favorite at Churchill Downs,® home of the Kentucky Derby®

4 sprigs fresh mint
Dash of water
2 ounces Southern Comfort

Use tall glass; crush mint in water. Pack glass with cracked ice. Add Southern Comfort, stir till frosted.

Bourbon Julep: Add 1 tsp. sugar to mix, replace Southern Comfort with Bourbon.



SCORPIO

Symbol: the Scorpion. Explosive, erudite and creative. You have strong likes and dislikes. You are shrewd and quick-witted. Mars, your ruling planet, imbues energy, aggression; you have great endurance. Lucky day is Tuesday; numbers are 3 and 4. Lucky color is deep red; gem is topaz.



COMFORT® OLD-FASHIONED

Classic cheered by Capricorns & mafias, as mixed at the Geylight Club, Chicago

Dash of Angostura bitters
1/2 tsp. sugar (optional) + 1/2 oz. sparkling water
1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, and water in glass, add ice cubes. Southern Comfort. Add dash of lemon peel, orange slice, and cherry. It's superb!

Ordinary Old-Fashioned: 1 tsp. sugar. Brandy or rye instead of S.C.

*Southern Comfort®

RUM SWIZZLE

Juice of 1/2 lime
1 teaspoon sugar
2 dashes bitters
2 1/2 ounces light rum

Stir vigorously in glass pitcher with lots of crushed ice until the mixture foams. Serve in double Old-Fashioned glass.

Super inside: Use Southern Comfort 1/2 tsp. sugar.



GIN 'N TONIC

Choice of Cancer's moon children!
Juice, and 1/2 lime + 1 jigger gin
Schweppes Quinine Water (tonic)
Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass and add rum. Pour in gin. Fill with tonic and stir.

Switch to a smoother, lower-tasting drink. Skip the gin, and enjoy Southern Comfort's taste for tonic.



RUM 'N COLA

Juice and rind 1/2 lime
1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) light rum + cola
Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rum and pour in rum. Fill with cola and stir.

Instead of rum, see what a comfort S.C. is to cola.



HONOLULU COOLER

Popular with Polynesian & painters at famous Hawaiian Hotel!

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of 1/2 lime
Hawaiian pineapple juice

Pack a tall glass with crushed ice. Add lime juice. Southern Comfort. Fill with pineapple juice, stir.



SAGITTARIUS

Symbol: the Archer. You have great driving power, and head straight to the point. You are impulsive and candid. Your ruling planet Jupiter deals with wealth, reason, joviality; you thrive on challenging ideas, are a philosopher, love sports, nature. Your lucky day is Thursday; lucky number is 9. Lucky color is royal purple; gem is the turquoise.

CAPRICORN

Symbol: Goat. Loyal to friends and beliefs, you are conservative, reliable, persevering to reach high goals despite any obstacle. Ruling planet: Saturn regulates caution, discipline and time. Lucky day is Saturday; auspicious are 7 and 8. Colors are black and brown; gem is garnet.



SCREWDRIVER

Lucky turn for a Libby's Mel!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice
Put ice cubes into a 6-oz. glass. Add vodka, fill with orange juice and stir. A real treat. Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.

MARGARITA

Pour it for an Agavehead!

1 jigger tequila • ½ oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice
Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit and add spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass. Sip drink over salted rim.

BLOODY MARY

Red 'n' right, the Mary's for Aries!

2 jiggers tomato juice
1/3 jigger fresh lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka
Salt and pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice, strain into 6-oz. glass.

ordinary SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
Shake with cracked ice and strain into glass. Add an orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. Now use the recipe as night. See how a simple switch in basic liquor greatly improves this drink.

the smoother SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon sugar
Mix like ordinary recipe. Then tip it 3 C. makes the smoothest Sour ever!
Comfort* Sour, as served at the Top of the Mark, Hotel Mark Hopkins, San Francisco
*Southern Comfort®



AQUARIUS

Symbol: Water Bearer. You're the sign of a new age! A reformer, humanitarian, you are concerned with the world. You are often unconventional. Your ruling planet: Uranus effects inventiveness, change. Lucky day is Saturday; auspicious are 5 and 6. Color, electric blue; gem, amethyst.

ALEXANDER

1 part fresh cream • 1 part creme de cacao
1 part Southern Comfort or gin or brandy
Shake thoroughly with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass.

STINGER

Scopio's symbolic drink!
1 jigger (1½ oz.) brandy
½ oz. white creme de menthe
Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass.
Use Southern Comfort instead of brandy, and make a stinger that's a real landinger.

GRASSHOPPER

½ oz. fresh cream
1 oz. white creme de cacao
1 oz. green creme de menthe
Shake with cracked ice or mix in electric blender, strain into cocktail glass.

Two new drinks, natives of Latin lands... be the first in your crowd to try them!

COMFORT* COLADA

San Juan's smoothest!
1½ oz. Southern Comfort
1 oz. Cream of Coconut
2 oz. unsweetened pineapple juice
Shake with ½ cup crushed ice or use blender. Pour into tall glass filled with ice cubes. Add cherry. Great coconut scent!

The cool TEUL

From Maribel New drink of Miami's "in" crowd!
1 oz. Southern Comfort
½ oz. tequila • orange juice
Fill highball glass with ice cubes. Add lagers. Fill with orange juice and stir. Add a cherry. Enjoy an unusual, delicious drink. Caramba!



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PLUS A PRIMER OF HAPPY HOUR ASTROLOGY

Open House Punch



Super punch! Tastes like a super cocktail!

One fifth Southern Comfort • 3 quarts 7UP
8 oz. fresh lemon juice • One 6-oz. can frozen lemonade
One 6-oz. can frozen orange juice

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, 7UP last. Add drops of red food coloring as desired (optional). Stir. Float block of ice, add orange, lemon slices. Serves 32.

COMFORT® EGGNOG

1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort
1 quart dairy eggnog

Chill ingredients. Blend in punch bowl by beating, start with natmug. Serves 10, please all.

Single serving: Stir 4 parts eggnog 1 part SC in shot glass, drink with natmug.

HOT BUTTERED COMFORT®

Small stick cinnamon • slice lemon peel
1 jigger Southern Comfort • pint butter
Put cinnamon, lemon peel, S.C. in mug.
Fill with boiling water. Float butter; stir.
(Leave spoon in mug to pour hot water.)

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION 100 PROOF LIQUOR, ST. LOUIS, MO 63102
*Southern Comfort®



PISCES

Symbol: the Fishes. Yours is the mystic, spiritual sign! You have great insight and compassion, are imaginative and creative, guided by your emotions and sensitive nature. You enjoy beauty and the fine arts. Your ruling planet Neptune personates to idealism and intuition. Lucky day is Friday; lucky numbers are 6 and 2. Your colors are sea green and lavender; lucky gem is the aquamarine.

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Southern Comfort's
delicious* flavor improves
most any drink you mix, too!

We're delicious right out of the bottle!



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Mix! This simple test can learn how to improve most drinks: The flavor of a mixed drink is controlled by the taste of the liquor used in a base. That's why you can improve many drinks simply by "switching" the liquor called for in a recipe—to one with a more satisfying taste. To understand this, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over crushed ice in a shot glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip it, and you've found a completely different basic liquor... one that tastes good with nothing added. No wonder many experts use it instead of ordinary whiskey. They know this "switch" improves most drinks tremendously. Try it in your favorite. Like Sean? Compare both recipes below. You'll be convinced.

ordinary S.O.B.

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Bourbon or rye
1 teaspoon sugar
1/2 jigger fresh lemon juice

Shake with crushed ice, strain into glass.
Add orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. Blow from the bottom's secret
and magic is up! See how a simple switch
in basic liquor greatly improves this drink.

Improved S.O.B.

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort
1/2 teaspoon sugar
1/2 jigger fresh lemon juice

Mix it like the ordinary recipe. Stir up it!
The delicious flavor of Southern Comfort makes
a considerably better-tasting drink.
Comfort® S.O.B. is served at the finest tip of
the South. Most Much Nations. San Francisco.

Southern Comfort®

WHAT IS SOUTHERN COMFORT®? It's a special kind of drink. It's a long story in old time Southern, a selected gentleman was discovered by the lack of one of the most whiskeys of his day. So he combined one not delicious

ingredients to create his unusually smooth, sweet-tasting drink. It's a delicious taste and completely by any other liquor. Try a little. See how great it tastes compared to the rest, or to other drinks.

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FOR MEN



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Spray Cologne \$ 900, After Shave \$ 50
to \$ 60, After Shave Balm \$ 50

FILMS JOHN SIMON

Of two new films about gambling neither fits the jock set, both California Split and The Gambler merely hit us over the head with their points or pointlessness. The subject of gambling does not interest me very much, but it is the style and perspective of art in creative concern where some was previously. I have become deeply involved with black sharpshooters, Italian assassin boys, and Swedish leathermen posters in whom, selves seem certain. Thus, I considered many a thought, the trouble with The Gambler and California Split is that even if gambling preoccupies me, I wouldn't give a damn about them.

Gambling, surely, will be seen not as an end in itself but as a symptom. The figure of the gambler becomes interesting in terms of what his gambling is an escape from or escape for. The two great classics of gambling, Puckler's *The Queen of Spades* and Dostoevski's *The Gambler*, both minutely involve their heroes with women; behind each gambler there is a woman being used as a tool or pretext. So, too, the great winners in history—Caesars, for example—tended to be gamblers as well, watching and gambling going traditionally hand in hand (as in, *The Briefs Program*). Indeed, in Montaigne's English, "to game" meant both to seek and to gamble. To separate gambling from virtually everything else, as Robert Altman does in *California Split*, is not to see it more sharply, only to see too little.

To gamble is to pursue luck—perhaps, not for nothing, as Lady Luck, which brings us back to women. The gambler, like Don Juan, is always in transition toward a new and greater conquest, either to recoup past losses or to win at still higher, more prestigious stakes, and still greater risks. Like Juan, he sets up an artificial, parallel world—the game of love or roulette—which becomes a model of the real world, but smaller, more controllable, and, when controlled, conferring money, power, and love upon one. Which is to say, all the elements of the real world, as the complex sees it. Gambling means competing in an arena, more tractable game; it is presumed to be simpler to win at cards or roulette than at serious work. The place, then, is a model of life, which, like model trains, becomes the real thing. And, like the

salvator, the gambler must go on, to evade the difficulties of staying out of continuing a relation to life.

California Split has Elliott Gould and George Segal as two middle-class gamblers gambling away at, and with, everything. The difference is that Gould is pure almost comic gambler who turns all things into a joke, most often himself, whereas Segal is pure serious gambler whose agonizing tosters on the edge between the ridiculous and the pitiful. One might, after they are at poker, they are piled by the losses, and the team that is played on together, plays on together. They win a little at various games, lose a lot, and finally make a killing, only for Segal to discover that victory is meaningless, a taste of ashes in his mouth. That is a pure and visceral revelation for a monomaniacal two-hour film to be so bitter, pitiful and char-



ing its way up—or down—to. Consider, by way of contrast, *Caesars*: "So I spent the two hours playing winning, losing . . . it complete freedom of body and soul . . . enjoying the present and stepping my fingers of the future and at all those who are pleased to exercise their senses in the frenzy look of fore-swing it." Gambling as the disenchantedness of reason, then, and the embracing of an absurd interest.

Now take Dostoevski's *The Gambler*, a semi-autobiographical novel: "So, it wasn't the money that I wanted so much. . . . I wanted that . . . all these [barbers], all these headwaiters, all these elegant Baden ladies . . . should be talking about me, that they should all be talking to me, that they should all wonder at me, admire me, and worship my . . . success." That seems to me to get at the essence—coming from a great writer who was also a great,

"We Irish invented whiskey!" Says John Jameson



"We Irish have been making it for over 700 years. In fact, it was the Irish that taught the Scotch how to make whiskey.

Yet there is one thing the Scotch have never been able to do. Capture our gentle, beguiling flavor. For that you need our long days, our rich soil, our soft water.

Next time you're about to have your favorite scotch, have some of my Jameson's instead. There's not a better tasting whiskey than that. Even after 700 years."

subject gambler: gambling as a questionable means that can eventually absorb the real world.

This is the sort of insight that I would want *Californian Spirit* to dramatize for me; but neither Robert Altman nor his screeners, the actor Joshua Walsh, or the other side of the capable of, such an undertaking. True, they do show the winners looking in brief bursts of celebrity and adulation, but this would make a point only if the other side of the coin were visible, too. What is it that Gould, the petty gambler living or partly living with two old girls, and Beal, the budding magazine writer separated from his wife, are experiencing and feeling to grasp at with? And when Beal, a disinterested witness, settles in the end, "The going home," what kind of an actual or metaphorical home has he in mind? The film, saturated of mood atmosphere and constantly inconsequential incidents, couldn't care less.

But even on its own level, the movie settles from Altman's apparently over more modest intentions. The *Parade* among these is the notion that life is a series of tragicomic whiffenutts—that it is, somehow, early note. All right, if only Altman could convince me that the wretched joke is truly the building block with which life and movies are constructed. It may be that these petty gamblers are in fact funny-pothetic, but are the two old girls who put up Gould with food and shelter, and who, as *funny-pothetic* also. And the agent, whose imprudent at a Reno casino who cracks out unattended to snags from under her beautiful hair? And the short-tempered girl who leaves when Gould takes out of betting on a winning horse, and who ends up pelting her with her lecherous oranges? Funny-pothetic, of course! And how does Gould feel as the gambler who's rolled him? And how do Gould and Beal react a middle-aged transsexual client who threatens to preempt their girls? You missed it? Funny-pothetic. What is it, also, how the gambling house who underwrites Beal sees himself. And how does Beal's attempt to make out with the older sex scenes it is relieve a copy of TV Gaudy mutual somewhere between the girl's sheets? Funny-pothetic, poor.

And how does Altman approach his questionable reality? Street-level, by his very, more or less repetitious incidents, vaguely rule and incoherence, rather like a bunch of O. Henry stories with their punch lines removed. Technically, with an eight-track recorder and up to eleven microphones. His take life is that real-

ty strikes us as the world does. With him, James's perspective looks, as a big, blooming, booming Babel of sounds and voices, from which the significant dialogue emerges only after you've hushed your way through layers of irrelevancy. The focus problem with this is that by the time your meek ears catch through to what you were meant to hear, it proves too meek a reward for such Herculean labor. The bigger problem, though, is that certain ways of representing reality can become more real than the thing itself, and fatally overshoot the mark. In life, even in the most crowded and clamorous places, we can easily separate what we wish to believe in from what we don't, or we'd go mad with frustration. In Altman's life movies we haven't the time to go mad, only to be thoroughly misapprehended.

Performance in an Altman movie also tend to pile up from, idiosyncratic tidbits into partially over-venting neat collages. Gould, for example, is encouraged to carry on his whims, his impudences. (The world personified in a bubble of gum) at outlandish lengths, and even Beal is made to rely on his bawdy charm more heavily than that slender creek will bear. There are, however, some good supporting performances, notably from Ann Francisco and Gwen Welles as the whores—the lesbian undercurrent of their relationship is, in fact, the film's most subtle and penetrating touch—and from the life Barbara Rush as a barmaid. Other roles, however, are grossly overplayed, especially those of Jeff Goldblum and Barbara Cobby as Segal's best and worst friends.

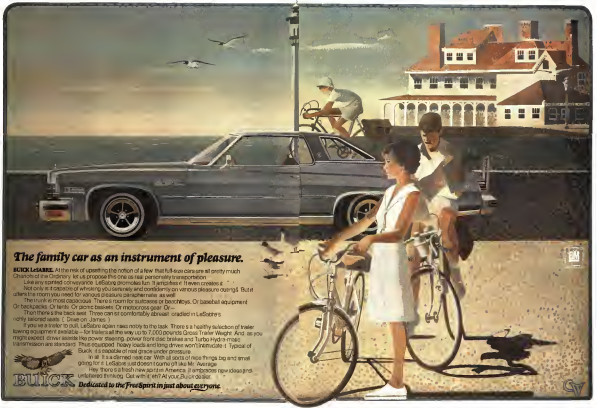
Paul Lebowitz's cinematography is, as they say, moody and evocative, but, again, the gratuitous and business rather overplayed themselves. In general terms, then, is nothing wrong with concentrating on atmosphere, if only it doesn't devour everything else, or become too self-indulgent, or rub its magnificent camouflage in my face, all of which we get here. But I may be harder on Altman than I would be on someone else precisely because I detect a need to work as his movies, as that his director strikes me as more wasteful than that of the typically needless Hollywood director, old or new.

A much more annoying movie is *Karel Smut's* The Gambler, from a script by James To-Bein to make a good film after such interesting, or at least provocative, failures as *Strawberry Night* and *Shedding Morning*, *Margaret*, and the front-office-mangled *Letter of Two*

sons; alas, *The Gambler* isn't it. There had been advice experts like Tolstoy was during his script, at a remove, from *Don Quixote's* short novel (which had previously served as the basis for Robert Bresson's *The Great Silence*, a pretty good film), but there can only be too much of a tribute to the Russian master, naming the hero Axel, after the novel's Alcanor, and a brief but embarrassing classroom discussion of *Nefes* from the Underground led by Axel, who, like Alcanor, is a teacher, albeit not a private tutor but a professor of English at a New York university.

What we get is a shabbily conventional story about an otherwise non-appearing man's adventures as a gambler—a story that does make wobbly obnoxious to integrating the gambling mania with certain social, psychic, and sexual phenomena, but makes these so uninteresting, so self-conscious, and self-consciously so to be more than worthless—protection. Axel approaches gambling in a sometimes frenzied, sometimes blasé manner, which is neither more nor interesting. And here I begin to wonder whether gambling isn't a subject suited to the Westerner, for example, involves relationships with other human beings who act, react, retreat. But the gambler of roulette, say, interacts only with objects like a revolving disk and a small metal ball, and with a croupier scarcely more humane than their. Other gamblers sit around, but are all themselves locked into their unshared perceptions. A kind of gambling that involves visible skill, such as pool, may be more photogenic, and a kind that involves the great odds of betting, such as poker, more dramatic, but it is all, essentially, interested, subjective, and far better dealt with by fiction or autobiography.

And his career relationship with his mother, who gives him all her savings to cover his gambling debts, but this is not gone into very much. "Have I seen such a failure that I would a son to have the marks of a weak man?" she wonders, less than seriously. Axel also has a career relationship with his grandfather, a poor Jewish immigrant who acquired enormous wealth, but will not pay Axel's debt and berates him for getting involved with the Russians. When Axel approaches the older with his own shady past, the over-worked reptilian snarl set again. "I don't with these people because I had it, not because I wanted to," an arrogant piece of country that remains unswayed. When Axel and his father bawled girl, Billie, are arrested in the middle of the night by an Irish looks demanding to be



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paid off. This requires: "Do you like people breaking in on you like this when you're asleep? Cause I sure don't!" No reptiles here, but not much morning language or thought either.

One looks for a pattern in these relationships that might shed light on Asaf's predicament, but there isn't one. And so on English professor, Asaf feeds his students blatant banalities, whether about Dostoevski or William Carlos Williams. In the American Grove (a campus corporation, too, come to think of it). The students, in turn, are shown as desiring no better, either giggling like junior-high cheerleaders or drinking drowsily or arrogantly. Have we reached this sorry level thanks to open education? And if so, where do the universities or all the film studies? The price for proletarianism goes to a point where, after a considerable falling, Asaf and Billie relax in their Vegas hotel room. Billie recalls a former lover who brought her here, and when she watched her get horribly mutilated by the syndicate. "Buffalo Bill's defeat," Asaf murmurs. "What's that?" asks Billie. "The first line of a poem." "What does it mean?" "What it says." "We find language everywhere! Here, language everywhere, cocktail-party literacy, euphemistic depth, and total irrelevance."

Nevertheless, the film does try, feebly, to explain painting with literary statements such as, "I like the idea of it—the uncertainty of it. . . . That I could lose, but I won't. . . . And I love winning, even though it never lasts." And this anticlimactic overblowing doesn't even reap the benefit of competent visual support. Rona, who has written the definitive book about film editing, does not even establish a compelling tempo, except in the opening scenes, and does he exhibit much visual sensitivity. His Las Vegas gambling sequence is clumsily and stagily filmed in (here Asaf has it all over him); the various hoodlums are either more handsome or more absurd than in less proletarian movies, and even such a scene as the grandfather's birthday party hardly captures the disempowerment of successful refugees like, when Harold Shaw, a Czech living in New York, might be presumed to have a special eye for.

There is one beautifully framed shot, though, where the noisy background movement of some hoodlums contrasts effectively with the immobility of Asaf's surprised face shown in closeup in the lower right corner of the frame. Asaf has shed a student basketball game, and is petrified with guilt while the contacted

mobsters, in soft focus, move dispassionately out of the frame to the left. Asaf's face, unswerving out of center, remains surrounded by the cold empty ground of the deserted gymnasium. Here, in its most otherworldly, the usually well-lit and polished Victor J. Kasper's cinematography is striking, for which Rona must surely get some of the credit.

But the director has done less well with his actors. James Cagney, who has been getting better and better, here slides back almost to his very unimpressive beginnings, and does not begin to convey the driviveness of the protagonist. We feel neither Asaf's glacially compulsive nor his intermittent exultations—granted that he gets very little help from the script. From the Billie of Lauren Hutton we would not, God knows, expect much acting, but here even her facial richness becomes strangely evoked. And the generally excellent Paul Herman is only one of several supporting players who fail to score through no fault of their own.

Aspen seems Jerry Fielding's adaptation of Malher's *First Spoken* in its worst possible taste, both because of its meddling with Malher, and because of its dragging him into this in the first place. Yet at least the recurring cuckoo motif is apt in view of the endless eggs Fielding and Toback needed into the heads of Malher and Dostoevski to be hatched. The plot, finally, goes quite bankrupt when, in a fit of ultimate monotheism, Asaf infiltrates Russian and provokes a black gang to kill him, but manages only to get a where to drink his face to oblivion. We see, I dare say, supposed to see a parallel between Asaf and that other quasi-defunct Buffalo Bill of gambling, perhaps even perceiving the addition as a great death wish and, heaven forbid, maybe as a legacy of the current state of America. I would rather venture into the worst gambling den of Las Vegas than enter into this game of symbols and predictions.

A few other coders demand carry-over checking. Ben Packard's *Drug Me the Road of* Alfredo Geron is an all-out prophetic horror, almost for a live performance by Lela Vega and the clever way in which the protagonist is snatched into our consciousness. As one who tamed and defended *The Wild Women* and *Serve Us Right* I am particularly dumbfounded. Packard clearly doesn't lack talent; what he lacks is brains. Every one of his dull-as-old chestnuts reappears here (invention is just corruption. Continued on page 102)

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SPORTS ROGER KAHN

The Notre Dame a man can achieve these days is not nearly as the football capital of the Roman Catholic Church. It is that, to be sure, because most athletes still reside in the head coach, an American Footballer named Ara Parseghian, whose educational mission with his team. But after, was during the Indiana season, with its great-coated fans, its shrines and grots, what one comes away with really is a sense of chaos in chaos, of tumult, even strife.

"Word of considerable harm, bag of stupidity," runs a passage from Pound's *Canto XIV*. "Good suggests begotten live maggots." Pound goes on: "Main owners, merrily agreeing 'lee'." Joe Duffy—Professor Joseph M. Duffy of the Notre Dame English department—employed the passage as a theme of an essay on Stone and Xmas's sculptures. He published the essay during the 1972 campaign, before the Watergate slime had surfaced.

"There was some displeasure," Professor Duffy said, in his office at Memorial Library, "but I wasn't mugged and I didn't lose my job."

"What about football?" I said.

"What about football?" Duffy said. He is a tall, graying, soft-spoken man in his mid-forties. "Football is simply irrelevant to my life at Notre Dame. I don't own a television. I simply leave the campus on Fridays and come back on Mondays. I've seen one game in twenty years. I'm not sure who won. I remember being awfully sad."

The tradition of penmanship football at Notre Dame traces at least to 1948, when the Irish moved past American Medical College, 143 to 8. Although the effort was good, it lacked perfection. Notre Dame scored twenty-seven touchdowns, but missed twenty extra points. Kaitie Backus became head coach in 1918 and during his thirteen seasons Notre Dame, playing the toughest competition, won 185 games and lost twelve. More than that, the university, like Backus himself, became the stuff of legend.

Brotherhood has a fix with no deal that he has never heard of "Win one for the Gipper?" George Gipp, a magnificent halfback, died of a stroke about the age of twenty-five, and so his deathbed, no Kaitie Backus claimed, Gipp made a stirring plea. "Somebody, when the going is tough and a big game is hanging in the bal-

ance, ask the team to win one for the Gipper."

Backus's light speeches on recorders still raise the hair on one's neck. In 1924, he played his trumpet and told the Gipp story to an undernourished team that was meeting Army in New York. When Backus finished, there were only two dry eyes in the dressing room. There were Backus's. The old man was a pragmatist. Notre Dame's football players then shared down their socks and deflated Army 13 to 7.

This is the kind of romanticism that seeps through sports in the 1970s, and specifically it is the kind of thing that transformed Notre Dame from a relatively obscure institution to the most famous Catholic college in the country. Football, along with daily mass ("We pray that nobody gets hurt"), lie at the core of Notre Dame then. It was the tool of education and to attract students, to make money and to grow.

Today Notre Dame is fully grown. A huge mosaic on the library tower depicts Christ with both arms in the air. "Touchdown Jesus," the students call it. A statue of Moses points toward an opening in the Red Sea. The students call that, "We're-Numb-ber-One Moses." Most faculty and visitors are laymen now. The statue on the campus was short-bellied, showing calves. Women are admitted as undergraduates. Considering liberal Notre Dame today, Kaitie Backus would have blushed. George Gipp, who lived hard, would have blinked.

But football remains a big part of the place and I think it is a fair wonder who a university as vital as Notre Dame stays in the football business. It is equally fair to wonder the same thing of Harvard, Princeton and Southern California, but Notre Dame, at the top, is a good place to start.

The Notre Dame athletic program provides for about thirty football scholarships a year, giving Parseghian 120 candidates for his second. A football player at Notre Dame is not taught life anyone else. An engineering professor named Mike DeLoe supervises the tutoring of athletes. DeLoe is a broad, powerful, football man who reminds you somewhat of Frank Langford. He works closely with Parseghian in a steady struggle to keep the athletes' grades satisfactory.

Certain professors resent what

they read as the athletic department's interference in classwork. "I am regularly requested to keep certain people informed on the matter of every athlete's health," one told me. "I refuse. If I report that an athlete is doing poorly, phobias of failure will descend on him like locusts, before I have not selected myself. If anyone in my class is having trouble, I'm more than happy to tutor him myself, but I insist that all my students be treated equally. That's what I do."

Able from such infernal lessons, larger football questions arise. More and more American sport tends toward professionalism. Notre is unorthodox. Is it rational for Notre Dame or Harvard to compete for entertainment dollars against the Cleveland Browns or the New England Patriots? Beyond that, universities like to describe themselves as places of rational discourse, education, research. What are such as these places doing in the sports business anyway?

"You may have heard talk that football made churches," Associate Professor Les Martin of the Notre Dame English department remarked in his office at the library. He is a dark-haired man who specializes in eighteenth-century drama. "I don't think that paragon can be defended. Once I move a particularly strong celebration into a survey course, suggesting that everyone would have to learn some Middle English. The three football players in attendance dropped out right then. Once I finished two football players. I didn't see another athlete in my class for years."

Martin sat behind a small desk, one hand resting on a disheveled paper. "It is awfully complicated," he said. "Football put this place on the map. Then there came a time in the late 1950s when we ceased to need it. It might have been prudent then to de-emphasize. Now one wonders if we could afford to de-emphasize if the powers that be wanted to."

"Do you find football disruptive to your teaching?" I asked.

"I try not to let it be," Martin said, "but before a football Saturday there is a clouds-blue routine in my classroom. The air begins to vibrate. It is disruptive, yes. I try to combat that with humor of a kind. I suggest that football is a manifestation of a pious rite, a sort of fertility rite really. The opposing team's oil and mud is the sacred ground where, in this

Winston



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Scotch and the single girl.

rite, one attempts to bury the head of the god."

Martin paused. "Look," he said, "football can be justified as a business enterprise. This university has a number of business enterprises, including a television station and a football team. Football gives pleasure, and it can be justified on that basis, too. But as for character building . . . well, one of the rituals of football here is drinking, and on Sunday morning after a big game the campus is stained with the residue of retching."

"It gives me a certain pleasure to witness when the season is over, 'Football has ended.' It's Charger time again."

"Would you like football abolished here?" I said.

"As I mentioned," Professor Martin said, "it's complicated. One has a difficult time arguing for the abolition of a game that has had a pretty valuable ego. My argument really is to see football viewed realistically and stop the prattle about its mauling me."

The old Irish guard was shocked, or at least surprised, when Notre Dame announced last summer that six football players, including four starters, were being suspended for a "breach of university rules." Indeed, the breach was wide. All six were alleged to have had intercourse—sequentially—with the same, eighteen-year-old woman in a third-floor room of Stanford Hall, a campus dormitory.

Here the story clouds somewhat. The young woman claimed that she was raped. The football players insisted that the woman was having the time of her life. "How can it be rape," one player said, in effect, "when a woman keeps crying, 'Marr, marr!'"

Whatever, the six are out for this season and the New York Daily News was able to run the jocular headline: SIX DANCING DUTCH GIRLS BEAT THE BLUE GRUBBIES.

"That," remarked Father Ed Joyce, "is the worst thing that has happened in my twenty-three years at Notre Dame."

"If what the man says is true," I said, "it's pretty much what happens on campuses all over."

Joyce's face showed pain. "But not here," he said.

The Reverend Edmund P. Joyce, executive vice-president of Notre Dame, is a headstrong, graying man, a conservative by his own account, who is the chief financial officer of the university. His office is in the Administration Building, a landmark topped by a golden dome that towers

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above the campus and spirals in
sunlight.

"Why football?" Father Joyce
said. "Well, it was significant in my
corner here in the first place. I grew
up in South Carolina and there
weren't too many Catholics in South
Carolina. As a boy I heard Notre
Dame games on the radio and I
wanted to come here. Obviously!"
He always expressively. "I might
have gone to West Point."

"How much does football cost for
Notre Dame?"

"Football covers the cost of our
entire athletic program. That is, foot-
ball profits support our fencing team
and the rest. After all that, it nets
us between two and three hundred
thousand dollars a year."

"Can you measure?" I said, "how
much football brings you in, under-
neath?"

"That's difficult," Father Joyce
said. "In the bad years, when we had
longer terms before Arm came, there
was no fallow in gifts. But certainly
football plays a role. We've had a
rather happy instance where a bene-
factor named L. A. O'Shaughnessy,
who was first attracted by our foot-
ball, ended up giving millions for our
library. Our endowment is now about
twenty million dollars. That's several
times the endowment of any other
Catholic college, although not much
compared to Harvard."

"Do you still need football?" I
said.

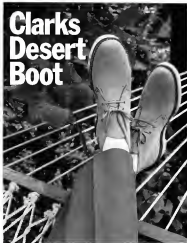
"I think it's useful," Joyce said.
"Most of the students love it. The
fall hysteria is a good way for every-
one to let off steam. And the point is
that we keep the football program
continued."

"But now the question of foot-
ball has been a larger one. Our costs
continue to rise and rise. We've had
to increase tuition again this year
and I wonder how much longer we
can keep doing that, how long it will
be before the middle class, or the up-
per middle class, which is our con-
stitution, simply can't afford us any-
more and has to send the young peo-
ple to state schools."

"That's my largest concern. Will
any private education continue to ex-
ist in America in ten or fifteen
years?"

Notre Dame State? A Constitu-
tional question exists there, just as
it does with Joe Duffy's slough of
unsustainable here. Meanwhile, you can
clear, there for Mrs. Paraghi's
warrior, while your operative, who
prefers you football anyway, will re-
serve her highest Notre Dame en-
thusiasm for English professors who
claim distinguished careers in say
things that had to be said about
Richard Nixon. ■

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The New Equipment: Biggest News—Speakers

by Martin Mayer

The rest of the news: four-channel, car stereo and wall-to-wall television

This was going to be the year when the four-channel business would finally be stirred up, everybody would know what was best to buy, and audiophiles would come again (if that expression is permissible). If hasn't happened. If anything, the industry is a step farther from agreement than it was a year ago, for the Sanyo (Q) system has become an even more formidable rival to the CEE (SQ) system on the indoor side of the divide, while the RCA (CD-4) discrete system has produced an increasingly improved product. Paradoxically, only one part of the same taleable, perhaps mythical and speakers work well for both systems (a flat, a going-at-it low-end condenser). One that maintains the close listening necessary for best performance on a four-channel disc will also improve reproduction on ordinary stereo records. Increasing numbers of amplifier makers offer all three four-channel systems.

For the benefit of those who have come in late, four-channel audio is an attempt to prevent in the living room four separate and equal perspectives on a single piece of music. The experience of music through four channels is different from the experience of stereo sound: stereo presents a curtain of music across the front of the room, while four-channel tends to fill all the air space at once. Though four-channel may be one offer is to prevent the spe-

cial perspective of a concert hall (treating the back channels as reproductions of the ambient sound reflected from walls, nose and ceiling at a live performance), its psychological impact is not at all one of heightened realism. One may indeed give some of a "concert-hall effect," because in the hall the sound does come primarily from the imaginary surface at the front of the stage, and one is conscious of the location of the hall only when they are lost. But a living room is not a concert hall, and the experience of being at a live performance cannot really be reproduced at home. Four-channel is living-room sound, meant for the home. Properly conceived, it seems to originate at the center of the room, which is where a friend would stand if he were playing his field (for you, and the whole room remembers at once, which is what happens when you play real music in your living room).

For popular music, four-channel gives a very reasonable simulation (the good or ill of what you would hear made possible by music doing a performance—and that's a high order of art, because most popular music today is written to be played in a rooming studio). And the recording studio where most of these records are made, incidentally, tend to be not much larger than living rooms—though they are occasionally pushed to provide the introduction of "room sound" is a way that would work the output of even the best loudspeakers. This pooling, and

modern microphones, make possible the introduction of extreme directional effects—the fender bass sounds only behind you, the trumpet only ahead and to the left—and people who have just bought four-channel equipment tend to show it off with recordings that highlight specific placement of instruments (or voices). And the values that can be achieved with this medium are much greater than that.

Putting four channels of sound on a groove is a task is obviously something that requires both ingenuity and talent (especially if the same record must be satisfactory when played through two-channel equipment). In a matrix system, each of the two channels cut into the grooves is put together electronically in such a way that the signal emerges from the pickup arm to be taken apart through a set of filters, and divided into front and rear as well as left and right. Though the steady improvement of "logic systems" is being made, front-channels has without exception in all discrete (and CEE) systems an important "breakthrough" from a British (because of the SQ system), the matrix system cannot really offer four wholly independent sound sources. Trade-offs are unavoidable. To simplify discussion, SQ sacrifices some of the separation across the back channels to assure normal stereo in the front channels; QS sacrifices some of the spread across the front of the room to assure more even separation between any two points of the square.



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The "diamond" CD-4 system, developed originally in Japan (like QM), sticks into the disc a carrier frequency similar to the carrier frequency on which broadcast stations transmit music, and provides the two extra channels by modulation of the carrier that even here we are not free of filtering requirements. For the two-channel signal cut in the groove below the level of the carrier frequency must give satisfactory stereo results for those who do not have CD-4 equipment. So we are restoring stereo in the form of sound-difference signals to third sound for our use, separate from the stereo. Obviously, the CD-4 disc has more information in the groove than the stereo disc and is effectively (if the signal was held in shape and the coding was broken all the details) capable of delivering more information to the processing amplifier.

Four-channel amplifiers had in the last eighteen months or so have been designed to "staple" together two pairs of channels and deliver greater power and precision when used to drive one pair of stereo speakers. Thus anyone starting out today to buy a new system (or update an old one) is probably well-served to buy a four-channel amplifier even if he doesn't wish to use it (or doesn't have the money for the two good speakers). From looking at the open shelves of the features of an amplifier—the Federal Trade Commission has finally gotten around to making the appropriate labels and advertising significantly more uniform than they have been in the past) an order "music power" amplifier would appear that a four-channel amplifier costs about \$180 to \$200 more than a two-channel amplifier of equivalent quality. Where the two channels can be swapped into two, however, the extra power on discs in the four-channel job will deliver some value for the extra money in two-channel use.

The fact that a record has been out for stereo and cut for four channels does not mean that it cannot be played through four speakers, and I feel that does that I play almost everything through all four speakers (including the best channels recorded when they are offered the same information as the fresh channels). Your listening room makes the sound you get from any phonograph, and by playing the more from every corner post in corners at least some of the acoustic weaknesses created by the unscientific mix, shape, reverberation, and placement of the speakers and disposition of your house. (It may be borne to you, but it's a disaster to an acoustician.) It is not necessary to have a listening room as just one step, either in most parts of most living rooms, you will not be conscious of the fact that the sound comes from four separate sources—unless you are playing a four-channel disc recorded to provide such effects.

What really goes up in price when you move to four channels, of course, is the speaker component, since you need twice as many. I have argued in print—against foreboding disagreement—

Look at it this way:
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that you probably do not need three as small. Less expensive speakers tend to be weaker than more expensive speakers in the low bass register, and the fact that you have four speakers means that no one of them has to be as good as one of two would have to be to give, for example, satisfactory pedal tones on an organ. For years, the difference between the very expensive units and the not-quite-as-expensive units made by top-quality manufacturers like Bant, was that the very expensive ones had more tweeters in the box. The theory falls down a little when the subject matter shifts to surround, because expensive speakers usually only use tweeters and some costs are not capable of the violence of attack on the air that can be mounted by a more thickly controlled cone, but it still serves to say that you can get equivalent quality in a set of four-channel speakers for half the price as you would spend for two speakers.

What audio men there was in a recent Fall Consumer Electronics Show this summer in Chicago seemed to me to be on the speaker front, where the Japanese are making their first major attack on what has been an American and British preserve. Looking at sound for the home as a thing in itself and separate from the multimedia personal-auxiliary arguments that get introduced by unless representing people worried about their jobs—there is simply no question that Japanese competition has been a giant step for the audio consumer. Japanese manufacturers have paid first speakers, three tape recorders, new turntables and (with the Philips technology) phonograph stylus not just less expensive, but also better. This does not mean American car stereo concepts (cheap mini American manufacturers have gone up, and now under their components made for them in Japan). Against cassette decks are handsome examples of what can be done in the country by people who both know and care, and Japanese Kenwood and successfully make some top-of-the-line electronic goods on long Island.

American speaker manufacturers have not yet been subjected to rapid cost Japanese competition, either in value or in final product. With only a handful of exceptions, the new and interesting speakers are American in origin (especially the lower-priced ones) striving to give higher-priced performance. AR, Kili (working in the company was after a long time outside the U.S.), Advent, ESS, Hegeman, Ohm, Avil—all these are the work of American designers and manufacturers, and they are competitors in the field. Wharfedale, the JBL Company, 100, also American-designed and American-made, continues to be the unit in the upper-middle-price category (just under \$300 a sheet) that commands sales in some home audio.

Why the Japanese have not pushed harder about it, whether driven by a question that provides interesting answers from experts. The most interest-

ing is that it takes at least a full generation to convince the engineering-conscious who feel speakers sound and speak or design simultaneously. Most of our transducer men work on the work of older days in audio—the 400, a 2700-watt model of a bookshelf model, was developed by Victor Braun, whose "lower" significant were the last but in a somewhat similar quarter of a century ago. Stan Hegeman, whose Hegeman 1A speakers should be available just under the JBL Company price about the time these words appear (the Hegeman 1A is a beauty of a little speaker at \$189), has been a major figure in component design for so long that Japanese engineers making his box at home or even imagining a directly related would look at a new competence identified as John the Baptist, Luther the Walch, whose designs for a "subwoofer" aluminum case speaker radiating from the outside of the deep cone provided the superb Ohm speakers and Infinity trevisions, did not live to see the commercial exploitation of his theoretical papers.

Another possible answer is that the



Stan White's new glass cone.

conservative approach to design, which has been so critical for Japanese manufacturers with other kinds of components, simply does not work right with speakers. One speaker manufacturer made a mistake at present by an individual experiment, not infrequently something of a cat, whose design is then carefully modified under his direction by the people who have to build it. In the Japanese system, ratings offered by groups of listeners to test equipment are apparently used almost from the beginning in planning a new speaker, which attracts what may have been profitable conservatism.

That we still have minorities at home, making the design of new speakers as a deliberate violation of some old principle, can be seen at every audio show. The year there is a glass cone loudspeaker, the Wharfedale, Stan White's of White Electronics in Highland, Illinois, and a columnar design using acoustic rather than electroacoustic elements to couple four faces to a single speaker. The latter is an eight-inch speaker, and with some cone embedded in four two-inch mag-

nets, from Polk Audio of Baltimore, Maryland. The Polk system also includes a pneumatic tone arm, which drives a tiny cone by distorting the shape of a circular semiconductor rather than by creating a solid wall. An array of five such units—a tiny super-super-tweeter—is made by Sound Tech, which is now of Sacramento, California. All these speakers are in the range three (the White and Polk speakers are in the \$100 to \$200 category), all are candidates for incorporation into the mainstream of audio and all are new members' passion rather than the marketing department's perspective.

Nevertheless, if the Japanese have not introduced their air-tyrant horns, this year they are offering some of the different loudspeakers, and from the Tashima (Wharfedale), Sony, Wharfedale and Pioneer are not likely to rest on the laurels of the conventional, although, not nothing special were they now have on the market. An interesting new arrival from Japan is Yamaha, known previously in this country as a musical-instrument maker, which ought to be a good background for a speaker manufacturer over the long haul. The prospect of increasing Japanese competition should be a confident stimulus to speaker designers and manufacturers all over the world—and the transistor that makes the sound is still the backbone element in the minds of modern audio reproduction.

One product that gets better every year in the air stereo system, usually landing an eight-track cartridge, though a number of automobile cassette systems have come on the market in the last year or two I will admit to personal sympathy to the developers of these products, few developments in modern technology have done more to improve my life in the last half dozen years. Though the eight-track cartridge is a genuine beast for home recording purposes, you don't expect perfection in a car stereo series of records. I have talked into eight-track have provided both pleasure and convenience in my car, and I am long-term. Last summer, for example, I took the Long Island Expressway as a wife for outstaying the late Beechman's car. The inflexible demand of driving that damned strip was just enough to absorb instant attention—without taking my mind off the work. And the minimalist True Art and Yale recordings I had put on my tapes, I heard, in a number of passages, near voices that I previously refused for me more on the related past than may say.

Obviously, cassette as a system is such success in the eight-track cartridge as the superb (and expensive) refinements of the last home decks (over \$300 and up) have clearly revealed, not only that we are in the mood for a cartridge deck, but the narrow width and slow speed of the cassette tape place a great barrier on both recording and listening enjoyment; the cartridge, with wider tape winding twice as fast, makes many

Only Sony Plus 2 cassette tapes give you two extra minutes at no extra charge!

How many times have you missed those last few bars when you're recording your LP's because the tape ran out? Well, no more.

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New Ferri-chrome tape. The latest advance in magnetic recording tape exclusively from Sony.



fewer demands on the playing equipment. And improvements in internal information and in tape codes have made the cartridge a long-playing capability of reasonable stability and fidelity: a new Scotch cartridge plays for no less than sixty minutes. (Tapes for all purposes are better every year; with TDE and BASF have remarkable potentials on the market this season.)

Equipment for sale on new tapes is an astonishing variety of quality and prices. Florent showed us fewer than eight cartridge units (two of them capable of four-channel reproduction) and four cassette units (one with Dolby, three with automatic reverse). After an eight different cassette units, Charon's selections twenty-eight different units for the installation. In general, because the associated electronics cost as much more, cassette units will not sell again in bulk as much as cartridge players for cassette tapes and the makers of the line cassette player is likely to be extremely difficult to high-frequency reproduction. Still, if you've got a cassette deck at home and wish to make your own tapes for listening in the car, the price of even the best cassette units (\$16 to \$100) will run lower than the cost of a good of an eight-track recorder for the home and player for the car. Such systems are available in either in-built or under-dash installations.

All our speakers have shallow cones, which means that the cone configuration is likely to be better than the sound. Best speakers are mounted happily in the shell behind the rear seat; they look into the front, which provides a spacious and usually non-overlapping sound field. Up front in a harder position, because there isn't enough space anywhere to handle the rear waves from the speaker cone. Placing a speaker in a door is dangerous unless the speaker comes in its own enclosure with a sealed rear; otherwise you are likely to get nasty reflections from the metal in the door. The otherwise attractive Polydome speakers—which, unlike cone speakers, are designed to be very thin—should not be mounted on the door panel except in a baffle, where should not be mounted on a door panel under any circumstances. There is usually enough room under or over the dash for an installation that does not harm the performance of the speaker. Don't expect spectacular sound in any event, of course: the interior of an automobile is acoustically not very hospitable, and you're probably receiving only 80% or so for a pair of loudspeakers. Still, they make more in a place where it's lovely to have more, and the quality is almost guaranteed to be better than that of an AM radio.

Last year I reported on what seemed like countless new products. TRAC's auto-quality three-band cassette deck, the direct-drive turntable from Pioneer and Pioneer, and the cassette heads from Koss and Jensen. All were very significant, and very admirable, and all have been imitated by other makers. This

People either ask for Beefeater, or they ask for gin.



The primary strategy is concealment

The first part of the solution lies in placement. Safety requires that you take proper steps when you reach when your shoulder harness is buckled, such as preclude a driver that it be kept out of sight. The ideal location is under the dashboard to the driver's left, but few cars have room for such a device. A seat belt extender will allow you to put your equipment and your left hand there at the same time. The place is in a compartment in back of the seat, but there's no room for that too, so be sure it has a strong lock. Other possible locations are on the floor (make your back rest a hindrance to passengers).

The difficulty with these elaborate preparations is that someday you will forget them. When you do, those slide-out meetings are as useless as the chairs in them. So they are for you. As a hedge against that day, Andie



For the big sound of stereo in a neat little package, there's the RS-578. A stereo cassette recorder with an FM/AM/FM stereo radio. And two dynamic speakers with a stereo spacer for greater sound separation.

There are also two built-in condenser mikes for recording in stereo. And mike mixing to record your voice while you record your music. The AS-4515: it's the stereo you can take anywhere.



If you're a businessman who's too busy for everything, choose the RQ-432S. It's efficient, complete, and never takes a coffee break. It has a built-in condenser mike that you can't lose or forget. An FM/AM radio with AFC on FM so there's no station drift. An Auto-Sleep switch. And automatic recording level. If you've got time to push a button, you've got time for the RQ-432S.



Thầy giáo hỏi học sinh: “Thầy hỏi các em câu này nhé!”

Besides the built-in FM/AM radio, the RQ-4483 has a built-in condenser mike. Mike mixing in playback with an optional mike. Automatic recording level. A digital tape counter. A light-emitting diode so you'll know if there's enough battery strength.

Even an optional rechargeable battery pack (RP-092). The RQ-4485 is something for your ears and your mouth that doesn't cost an arm and a leg.

If you want all the trimmings, you want the RQ-4485. It has an FM/AM radio. A built-in condenser mike that's also detachable. Mike mixing to record your voice while you record your favorite music. Curo and murew (fast forward and rewind with sound). A VU/battery/tuning meter. And an optional rechargeable battery pack (RP-891). The RQ-4485 is one of our best. And it sounds it.

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just slightly ahead of our time.



Kahlúa in sparkling hot coffee: If you like, add a twist of lemon or lime. Delicious.

The Kahlúa recipe book is yours for the sending. Because you deserve something new.

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and Belts.

[illegible]

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Blue jean TV



Just the TV that wears the pants. Zenith's 12" diagonal black-and-white portable that's checked out, top and sides in blue denim. And mounted with bright orange stitching and authentic copper-tone frills, you get a rugged, dependable chassis designed for long TV life. There's even an ampoule for phone hooking. See The Feedback model F13381, and other Zenith portables at your Zenith dealer.

ZENITH

The quality goes in before the noise goes on

Consumer's Guide to FM Radio

by John Gibson

What you hear is what you get

With the deterioration of AM broadcasting from Top Forty play-list to Top Twenty and sometimes Top Fifteen, FM stands as the rational listener's last refuge. Recognizing that fact, *Esquire* has decided that what you don't know can hurt you. You will find below a listing of the very best AM, rock, middle-of-the-road (M.O.R.) and classical FM stations in thirteen of America's major market areas. Now, more than ever, FM programming is the best available.

Boston

Area: WABC-FM, 98.5 The B.U. station, plays late nights and country. **Rock: WYNY-FM, 104.7** A 52.5kW, tapered free-form station, said to return that most elusive radio quality, clarity.

M.O.R.: WVEL-FM, 99.9 Others will actually do as well, but WVEL is run by Area "Who-Who" Goodberg, a classic Public Square Channel. **Classical: WJML-FM, 99.2** The Harvard station, formerly requested (invented the Neederweins Weekend

New York

Area: WRRN-FM, 100.7 All late, even if the membership is not deleted. **WABC-FM, 104.0**, a high-current 74.6 kw station with jazz in the evening, is an interesting alternative.

Rock: WNRX-FM, 100.7 Competition in either low compressed or too loud, so it's WNRX by default. **WJML-FM, 99.2** is a valiant effort, but its signal barely penetrates Washington.

M.O.R.: WFFW-FM, 100.5 "Beautiful music" format, known in the trade as "soft to soft" (as in explicit).

Classical: WQXR-FM, 96.3 The top-notch station after WNYC went N.G.R.

Philadelphia

Area: WXPX-FM, 95.2 College station, best free-form in town.

Rock: WMMR-FM, 93.2 Most progressive in town, even to the top half-hour cut-out around the Top Twenty trend.

M.O.R.: WFSN-FM, 100.9 Automated by night, so not a clear free-former. **Classical: WPTX-FM, 99.7** Broad classical spectrum, from grand opera to contemporary performances.

Washington, D.C.

Area: WYCA-FM, 95.1 The Howard University station, plays jazz and a bit with occasional taste.

Rock: WYPR-FM, 100.7 One or two jacks with some flair, but recommended mainly because other FM rockers are disdained to rival *Womans*.

M.O.R.: WJLA-FM, 97.3 *Walters*-style's outlet accepts itself rarely. **Classical: WPMF-FM, 100.5** *NEOP*

classical channel almost went to rock two years ago, but *Walters*'s passionate protest kept it intact.

New Orleans

Area: No FM yet in jazz's heartland! Tune in AM, or, better, go to *Freeform* (Tulsa) and hear the real thing live. **Rock: WYNY-FM, 99.4** Usually Top Forty, with a few progressive selections.

M.O.R.: WYFL-FM, 101.9 The best of a bunch of background music variety Channels. Same and report as jazz.

Detroit

Area: WDET-FM, 101.5 The public station, earned the Ann Arbor News and Jazz Festival last year. **Rock: WARM-FM, 94.5** The station surviving progressive station. Typical Detroit high-energy station.

M.O.R.: WJRN-FM, 102.5 CBS affiliate, jazz playlist from Billboard charts, complete with lots of *Smash*, *Dave*, *Barney* *Davis* etc. **Classical: WDET-FM, 100.3** The only power in town, but slightly repetitive.

Chicago

Area: A choice between WBBQ-FM (105.9), WISN-FM (97.9), and WGN-FM (93.0), all of which play jazz at night, the latter the better.

Rock: WXPX-FM, 104.5 Five times a week the *Third Show* plays a word mix of European space-rock, jazz, and traditional.

M.O.R.: WBBQ-FM, 105.9 Thanks it's rock, but *Chicagoans* know better. **Classical: WBBQ-FM, 104.5** A leader since 1951, wide range of music plus *Shed*. *Third* every morning. *Mike Nichols'* original *Midnight Special* started here.

St. Louis

Area: KMOX-FM, 102.3 Actually M.O.R., but the closest thing to jazz in town.

Rock: KSNR-FM, 94.7 Same owners as *Detroit's WARM*, has earned a good name by participating in community activities.

M.O.R.: KMOX-FM, 99.5 Again, *Station personnel* speak in breathy tones about "the

Now...3 Motorolas to fit in the dash of many small imports



AM Model TM573A. Motorola's smallest AM car radio 6 3/4" wide, 2" high, 3 1/2" deep. Solid-state chassis. Pushbutton tuning. Speaker optional extra.



AM/FM Model FM75A. 6 1/4" wide, 2" high, 4 1/2" deep. FM local detector switch. Automatic frequency control. All solid state. Speaker optional extra.



AM/FM Stereo Model TF775AX. The whole works 6 1/4" wide, 2" high, 4 1/2" deep. FM local detector switch. Mono/stereo switch. Stereo indicator light. Speakers optional extra.

You no longer have to pass up the quality of Motorola sound just because you drive a small import or compact car.

Motorola has packed big beautiful sound

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Hear one soon at your Motorola Dealer.



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Who's got the answers?

Q. Who's got the freshest fleet?

A. Avis. We replace most of our cars every 6-7 months.

Q. Who's got the only fully computerized reservation system?

A. Avis. Our Wizard is the most advanced computer system in the rent a car industry. No mistake about it.

Q. Who gets you a car fast?

A. Avis. With a free Wizard Express Number, nobody can get you a car faster.

Q. Who gives you the fastest completed rental agreement at turn-in?

A. Avis. The Wizard delivers a completely printed rental contract in less than a minute.

Q. Who's got the most accurate, legible rental agreements?

A. Avis. We use a computer instead of a pen.

Q. Who serves the most airport locations in the world?

A. Avis, of course.

Who tries harder? Who else.



Avis, unquestionably.

Avis rents all makes...features cars engineered by Chrysler.

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Esquire's priceless gift to its fellow Americans

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Great photographs of the ones who bring down the house, bring up the lights. Plus Nora Ephron's personal showstopping fantasy!

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Burdens of a Lone Survivor: A long story about the nature of power and the men who lose it

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Gloriously exciting photographs, with text by Dorian Rader.



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Announcing the Revival of Great Conversation

Leo Rosten will talk to architect Philip Johnson, delightfully!

George Carlin.



What Makes Him So Funny?

Lenny Bruce, for one thing

Women's Wear Daily and the Pleasures of the Beautiful People

Chris Chase on the Ins and Outs of America's spiffiest tabloid.

A History of the Shaggy-Dog Story

How reporter Ron Rosenbaum went sniffing for a punch line.



The Incredible War of the Poppies

Edward Jay Epstein reports from the fields, an article easily worth the price of the issue.

The Most Gifted Christmas Yet!



Steaks super pages of great suggestions.

Not to mention:

Unforgettable stories by James Purdy and Hilda Wolitzer; the wretched decline and collapse of the crossword puzzle, by Joan Stafford; the all-wet souba vacation, by Richard Joseph; a profile of Chuck Barris, our most unlikely best seller, and more.

A Most Extraordinary Good Time!

BIG THREE GO UP!

G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.



DETROIT—To keep up with rising costs in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and trucks.

This is GM's second price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have doubled and tripled the base models that make standard equipment.

Ford and Chrysler, adding their price increases, agreed to a 10 percent hike.

Extraordinary Increases

The makers price increases put the offer in the marketplace in line with rising production costs.

Little One Stays Down!



Still \$2625*

BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Four books on contemporary Jewish history (*Leif and Gertie: A Love Story*), by Albert Goldman from the perspective of Lawrence Schiffles, Random House, \$20; *Angela Davis: An Autobiography*, Random House, \$8.95; *Meet Jagger, Everybody's Lucifer*, by Tony Scandata, McKay, \$6.95; *Timothy Leary, the Madman of the Streets and Me*, by Dr. Charles W. Wyck, \$7.95. As we read, we realize that the ability to see things from a Jewish or non-Jewish perspective is like a tool—and its bearing on our current needs and aspirations. In the days when Longfellow was still considered a font of wisdom, I remember hearing so

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

[illegible]

The book on *Lonely Boyz* is easily the most substantial of the four, as it is more vivid than *Lonely* himself is to the most substantial of the four sub-jacts, if only in the sense that he was the one true professional among them, the other three—even Jagger—being amateurs. *Lonely* is a first-class disc. His roots were in old-style soulsville rather than in new-style hippie culture (whatever that may be), and he resorted to black or sick humor because it happened to be in fashion. In other times and circumstances he might well have appeared at *Barterian*. *Bertie* is a top hat and a cane, and *Lonely* is a top hat and a cane. Looked for metaphor, *Lonely* is Greek or Elmer Fender rather than a Red Catter or Jack DeLoane.

somed himself with mouth instead of drops, red-robed up like a real influence man and shaking hands as so many come did, rather than with a green face and peeped-hole body. As it was, he loved having Tim Tien on his show with him, finding his sentimental songs very much to his taste; also, as Messrs. Goldman and Schuler told us, he had felt for shrewdly in New York City, where he met friends with Judge Mortzag and Assistant D.A. Kah, who were conducting the prosecution, and a secret adviser to the "longhair hippies and short-haired Bible supporters." Lenny, that is to say, was "an educated conservative, an encyclopedic conversant, a lyrical poet, a thoughtful philosopher, a tireless worker, a diligent researcher, a cultured person, a charming host, a man of letters and a scholar," as old Aristophanes and Juvenal⁸

All sailors are conservatives, war
experts conclude—a new statement



of the kind so dear to George Orwell, take him. All intellectuals are "Fascists" in this particular case, it happens to be true, and are derided as such by the English working class. The will of man, and as a kind of earthly mysticism. It takes into account the terrible fruitfulness of whatever can be done, and the terrible suffering that is, consequently, and therefore, seen as the passion for change and belief in progress the greatest enemy of civilization and our human well-being. It is a kind of mysticism, a kind of junkie, a kind of a very nice, almost-wed a Jew, like any Soviet or American, state appeared at the end of the world and of—do as we can, and we will. It is a kind of anti-anti-Fascist, anti-anti-Fascist. Not being clever enough to confound them, so strong enough to uphold them, he based at them the only thing that is left in the world, the dirty white flag, raised in the

but loved to hear. As Messrs. Goldman and Schiller put it:

"Lenny Bruce was a man with an almost inalterable attachment to ecstasizing that was sacred to the American lower middle class. He believed in romantic love and fidelity, in the sanctity of the family, in social harmony and noncorporal punishment—all the propitious elements of the expanded moral conscience. He stood at the opposite extreme from the purveyors of the sexual revolution, who were the only ones when Lenny got very defensive, he would give consolation for the clutches of the liberals and radicals: he would say that there was nothing dirty about the body—that the meters of the body were the meters of the soul. That was Lenny, 'the philosopher' talking, generally for publication in a local newspaper. The rest, the stuff, the outbursts, repeated on different occasions. . . . His attempt to make a career out of his wit and wit may have had a happy result or a sadly transcended article, was unfortunately to ruin the whole point of his poems, which were ferociously hilarious in their thrust and firely in their wit with all the conventional 'voluptuous' volume."

[illegible]

White rum. Puerto Rican rum. Something you can stay with.

Being close is easy when there is only the rustle of leaves to break the soil.

White rum won't interrupt: its gentle smoothness works quiet wonders in martinis, screwdrivers, gimlets, and with tons. Special smoothness like this can only come with time. Which is why every drop of white rum is aged for one full year—by Puerto Rican law. Maybe, too, that's why 82% of all the rum sold in America comes from Puerto Rico.

Try white rum in your next drink and discover something you can stay with until the last leaf falls. And long, long after.



PHOTO: MICHAEL HARRIS

Enviados por correo aéreo a: Puerto Rico, Dept. de 1990 Agosto 10. Agradecemos, S. E. a 1990
E. 1990 Agosto 10. Agradecemos, S. E. a 1990

unpredictable and volatile; his life is farcical, his career is a travesty. Only in Castro's Cuba and in Brezhnev's U.S.S.R. is the pure air of freedom to be breathed. So it goes on. Unfortunately, this makes her narrative as predictable as one of those Victorian novels in which you know beyond a peradventure that the wicked villain will try to seduce the virtuous maiden, but that maiden's virtue will triumph. A pity, because I should have been interested to know the mental and emotional processes whereby an obviously well-educated, above-average intelligent and attractive girl like Miss Davis came to this conclusion, with so violent and monumental a movement as black power, and to dwell on as narrow and ingested a party line as the orthodox Communist line. Also, how far did her wounded blood make for difficulties in identifying herself with Afro-Americans. Also, I found her ethnography as unconvincing as Soviet election returns, and after several times abandoned it as unreadable.

When last heard of (as far as I was concerned), Dr. Timothy Leary had arrived in Switzerland after an inextinguishable reception in Algeria and an uncharacteristic exodus there with Eldridge Cleaver. Now, thanks to an ostensible friend, Dr. Charles W. Slack, we have an account of how Dr. Leary fared in the land of the good. A photograph on the dust jacket of Dr. Slack's book about Leary has an early-black-and-open-eyed, rather like a surprised fawn, not in the first flush of youth, but still quite sprightly. He is, it appears, a clinical psychologist who teaches at the University of Alabama Medical Center in Birmingham. His wife, Blythe, who accompanied him on his visit to Dr. Leary, is superintendent of his State Training School for Girls. When she told Dr. Leary that her job was to look after young girls who become pregnant, he looked concerned, though whether at the notion of young girls becoming pregnant, or at their seeking or not seeking care, is not clear. To Dr. Slack, Dr. Leary seemed altogether a shadow of his former self, all the bounce gone out of him, no longer the ebullient prophet of joy through LSD, short of money. The company round him was tatty, he was under an euphoric order from Switzerland, which he had so far ignored but which might at any moment be enforced. Perhaps due to Leary's infatuation, the magic of Dr. Leary's message no longer worked on Dr. Slack, and he formed the impression, rightly or wrongly, that his old friend had become a mere joke.

Now Dr. Leary is back in California serving a fifteen-year sentence for escape and perjury, and Dr. Slack and Blythe are living happily in a cottage on the grounds of the Alabama State Training School for Girls. What the moral of this story is, if any, I have no idea.

Then Nick Jagger of the Rolling Stones: far my acquaintance a pulsating bag of flesh, sex-driven, seen as a symbol in the accompaniment of sound cars. Tony Scuderi has done his best to provide an account of the human side of this phenomenon, describing his photos of residents, activities, love and work techniques. He includes what is, to me, the probable scene, when, after a go-kart appearance on a drag strip, Jagger has a secret rendezvous in a remote field for a TV interview with four questioners, all covered having been carried there in helicopters. The four questioners are: an Anglican bishop, the editor of *The Times*, an eminent Jewish father and a former home secretary who in one a year of the realm. In other words, the Establishment in person. A piece of social history, surely.

Just when I was venturing with these intrusions of twentieth-century luxury I was particularly grateful to receive from the widow of Rushdoeff Nibbeloh a little volume she has collected of his sermons, meditations and prayers (*Justice and Mercy*, edited by Ursula M. Nibbeloh, Schoep & Raw, \$9.95). It was comforting to realize that this man of outstanding wisdom, piety and integrity had also been persecuted by our contemporary scene. Indeed, at one point, he almost got involved in the absurdity of appearing as a witness for Leary Brown, but very sensibly withdrew in time. I was the more pained that he, too, should feel impelled to pray: "Let your light as stars in our darkness that our perdition may not lead us to despair. As perfectly human our pride, may we not more clearly what you would have us do," while he concludes his last address by quoting from the Psalms, where Pascal writes of how "philosophers can tell me about man's duration, and they drive me to despair, or about man's eternity, and they drive me to despair. Where, but in the singleness of the gospel will I know about both the duration and the misery of man?" Nibbeloh adds: "These words were spoken in the seventeenth century. They are relevant to our task today." Everyone fortunate enough to possess Mrs. Nibbeloh's collection will want to keep it by the bedside. *

WRITING

(Continued from page 22) And—just that this is part of the class—he even sounds good in that. Of course, he explains up front that he overstates it, but even so you really have to have something going in the sounding-off-and-into-actually-being-wise department not to sound stupid and pompous in a Philip interview.

Book #6 is, despite that, by Dicky Diehl, said as the jacket to be "Extraordinary Conversations." Diehl had with Henry Miller, Clare Boothe Luce, Charles Keeler, Hays Newton, and twenty other people. These are reprinted from *West*, which was a sort of Sunday supplement magazine of the *L.A. Times*. In a short introduction, Diehl tries to defend the tape-recorded Q & A format, as opposed to the standard magazine profile, but he doesn't prove his points (he me, at least) with these examples. One trouble is that a lot of the people in the book aren't worth listening to or reading about or whatever dopey thing one is doing when he reads someone else's conversation this way. I mean, who cares what Greger Parfittson, Dary Provia, and Ted "Mr. Stern" Geisel have to say? About anything? Another trouble is that Diehl, as he says at the beginning of his introduction, is "a listener." You can't have even a reasonably decent conversation, much less an "extraordinary" one, with someone who is just a listener. So there's actually very little dialogue in all this "important"—not in the sense of any to-and-fro argument and debate. You just get these people (Clare Luce, Gloria Steinem, Peter Dinkovitch, and the rest) ranting on about what they usually run on about (Dance Movement, Chinese women, house directors, and the rest). Real conversation has (or would have, I thought) some surprise. These people say just what you'd expect, because (one) that's what their ideas say, and (two) Diehl doesn't upset them with any thoughts of his own, so that this would make any difference to most of them anyway.

Book #6. One of the conversations is with Hank Bohrer. Incidentally, and by way of proving (I think) the point I was making above, Bohrer says more or less exactly the same things to Diehl that he said to me when I interviewed him once, and I was agreeing with him every step of the way. *

BOOKS RECOMMENDED

Febro 6, edited by George Garrett. Doubleday/Aachen.
Shen on, Folsler and Other Dances, by Howard Newman. Gollancz.

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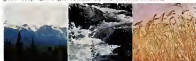
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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Montreal manna somewhere to be more different than at the same time than any city in North America. With a population of 2,700,000, Greater Montreal is the largest and most cosmopolitan city in Canada (although Toronto is now offering a slightly challenge on both counts); the second largest (after Paris) French-speaking city in the world; the seventh largest city in North America (after New York, Mexico City, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Detroit); the aviation capital of the world (the International Air Transport Association and the International Civil Aviation Organization are headquartered there); one of the world's most important island airports (it's at the head of the St. Lawrence River); a thousand miles from the coast; the home of at least one out of every ten Canadians; the metropolis of French Canada; a banking, communications and industrial center.

And all Montreal ever seems to need these days is an opening event to which come and the city is off on a municipal construction and development program challenging anything that's being done on the North American continent, or anywhere else for that matter. The spectacularly successful Expo '67 marked things off. Directly or indirectly, it helped stimulate a two-billion-dollar building explosion that transformed much of the heart of the city (which now consists of towering office buildings and hotels, theatres, shopping centres, pedestrian promenades and plazas were created and then joined together to form what is virtually an underground and glassed-in city, impervious to a climate that most charitably can be classified as un-Canadian. (From December through February, the averages daily high temperature is below the freezing mark; and the average daily low is subzero degrees in December, nine degrees in January and four in February.) And chances are that it will come on anywhere from eleven to fourteen days in each of those months.) Thanks to the influx of the Place Ville Marie, Place Bonaventure and Place du Canada—each of which by itself could form the core of a medium-sized city—Montreal has what is probably the largest sheltered downtown area—bathed during the cold months and open the rest of the time—of any city in the world. I have no figures to support this, but

I'd guess that the area covered is comparable to that from New York's Grand Central Terminal area to the far end of Rockefeller Center.

Other sheltered shopping and entertainment areas have sprung up in and around various stations of Montreal's superb subway system, \$255,000,000, rubber-wheeled subway system, and still more are under construction or on the drawing boards. Some, such as the Place Vintars, where the rest of town forty-seventy-story office buildings is to be built, will eventually be connected underground with the Place Bonaventure, Place du Canada and Place Ville Marie complexes.

Three factors contributed mightily to Montreal's booming revival: the city's role as the economic and cultural capital of a remnant French Canada; its dynamic mayor, Jean Drapeau; and the financial and psy-



chological stimulus of Expo '67, the first, and so far only, first-worlder world's fair ever held on the North American continent. The first two factors continue to trigger new development in the mid-Seventies, and the twenty-first Olympic Games, upcoming in Montreal in 1976, have taken the place of Expo. Although at the time of writing the mayor was still to decide officially whether or not he intended to run for a sixth term this November, his enthusiasm in throwing in around the Olympic grounds and in utilizing other construction projects left little doubt of his intentions. We'll build this and we'll do that, Drapeau told me, and the process was obviously very personal.

"We've got something new to excite us and something new to sell in Montreal," he said, "even though the stimulus of the Olympics is largely psychological. One big practical re-

sult is that Montreal might very well become the permanent amateur-sports capital of the world. Already our newspapers are devoting more space than ever to amateur sports.

"Notre Dame Island, which we dredged up out of the St. Lawrence for Expo, will become part of an international sports center and a monument to the Olympic spirit. We're digging a canal for the rowing events here, and we intend to keep and use all the major structures we're building for the Olympics."

Montreal and its mayor have become expert at retaining things made for sports events. Instead of dismantling Expo '67—much has been done with every other world's fair—they've kept it, renamed it *Man and His World* (which was Expo's theme title) and opened it every summer for the ensuing seven years as a permanent *mini-world's fair*—the largest permanent exhibition on earth. Together with Le Ronde, which was Expo's amusement area, it has become Canada's most important winter attraction.

"After the Olympics, Montreal will have a triple appeal for its guests," Drapeau predicted. "Sports at the Olympic grounds, cultural attractions at *Man and His World*, and late-night entertainment at Le Ronde."

Major Olympic installations will be centered at the eastern section of Sherbrooke Street, past which the subway system will be extended in time for the Games. Metro train will be able to carry 85,000 passengers an hour in each direction. The 115-acre site in Mount Royal Park is only a few miles from the city, easily accessible also by bus or car. Several existing sports facilities will be incorporated in the Olympic complex. The main structure being built for the Games is the Olympic stadium, composed of three elements: a central right-hand-story, 385-foot tower, a five-level catwalkway and the 70,000-seat stadium itself.

Stakes of the tower's faces will contain facilities for indoor sports, and restaurants will occupy the top two floors. After the Games, the tower will be converted into training facilities for judo, wrestling, boxing, fencing, gymnastics, weight lifting, basketball and volleyball. The base of the tower will form the roof of the swimming complex which will contain a fifty-meter competition pool, a fifty-meter training pool, a diving pool and seats for 5000 spectators.

The tower will also contain a pav-



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Cocktail Mixes

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chute-the roof which can be lowered or raised over the playing area of the stadium, permitting year-round use. All spectator seats will also be covered. The stands will move on air cushions to bring them as close as possible to events taking place on the field. Temporary stands in the stadium and surrounding center will be removed after the Games to make way for a 700-foot track around the playing surface of the stadium. It will be covered for year-round use. Adjacent to the stadium will be a 2000-seat velodrome for cycling and other events.

An estimated 6000 athletes and 2543 coaches, trainers and members of team contingents will be housed in 900 units in the four half-pyramid-shaped apartment buildings that will make up the Olympic Village. Contemporary rejection of the secret will be eliminated in favor of what an Olympic official described as a "very warm and very human" atmosphere.

Although cost of facilities for the Games is expected to exceed \$500,000, construction for the Olympic plays just a very small part in a civic-development program that almost merits the description "unrealistic." Almost as difficult to believe as the fact that monstrous Montrealers and natives go window-clapping downtown at two in the morning with never a fearful look over their shoulders. Montreal is a dramatic refutation of the belief that city areas are doomed to decay—dark places where evilmen, delinquents and mugger stalk in the darkness.

Two new grander places—the Place Dupas and the Place Desjardins—are being built at or near Metro stadiums, and a third—the Place Our Fervor, across the street from the Place Desjardins—is being planned. All eventually will be connected with existing sections of the underground heart of the city. Back place built so far includes a major hotel—the Queen Elizabeth at the Place Ville Marie, the Chateau Champlain on the Place du Canada and the Bonaventure on the Place Bonaventure—and two of the three new places are following the same plan. A 562-room Holiday Inn has already opened at the Place Dupas and the 606-room, \$50,000,000 Méridien Montreal is being built on the Place Desjardins. Another Holiday Inn—this one with 868 rooms and the largest of the chain to be built anywhere in the world—will be opened near Dominion Square in time for the Olympics.

Oversized by the Roman Department Store, the Place Dupas will include two office buildings, one of sixteen and the other of fifteen stories, both



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already completed, and a large shopping plaza, Place Dupont from the new campus of the University of Quebec and adorns the student's Latin Quarter. The Place Desjardins and Place Guy Harvey are about midway between the handsome Place des Arts—with its 2000-seat concert hall, the home of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra—and the Place of Armes, one of the gateways to Old Montreal, the site of the largest residence of its kind in North America, where the skyscrapers of the city that sprang up on the bank of the St. Lawrence in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is being reconstructed.

About 5000 new and refurbished hotel rooms are in various stages of planning and construction, to be completed in time for the Olympics, and 2000 to 3000 more are on the drawing boards. In addition to those mentioned above, the new hotels expected to be ready for Olympic visitors include an 800-room Rhyatt on the Place Victoria, a 500-room Loews Hotel, a 320-room hotel, Le Quebec Saison, to be operated by the owners of London's Inn at the Park, a couple more Holiday Inns and a small Sheraton.

Of the existing hotels, the Quebec tourist department gives its top honor rating only to Canadian Pacific's Chateau Champlain, Western Hotels' Rosemonte, the venerable and handsome Ritz-Carlton and the 160-room Queen Elizabeth, owned by the Canadian National Railway, operated by Hilton International and the finest hotel in town.

A city of 4000 restaurants, many of them carry out the culinary traditions of France, Montreal is easily the gastronomic capital of Canada and it could challenge New York for the championship of the continent. Neither the provincial nor the city tourist offices attempt to rate the restaurants, but the following is an unofficial list, compiled by Montreal friends, of some of the outstanding places. Desjardins Hotel's The Russian Club at the Queen Elizabeth (French-Canadian cuisine, expensive), the Café Martin (French, expensive), Chez Desjardins (seafood, expensive), Chez le Mère Michel (French, expensive), Le Café de Paris at the Ritz-Carlton (French, moderately priced), Le Castillon at the Bonaventure (French, expensive), Le Neofidèle at the Chateau Champlain (French, expensive), Les Halles (French, moderate), Le Vert Galant (French, expensive), Mauché's Steak House (expensive) and the Rosemonte Inn (seafood, expensive).

La Old Montreal (the St. Lawrence St. Victor St.-Gohier) (French-Canadian, expensive), Le St-Anthoine (French, expensive), Les Filles du Roy (Canadian, expensive) and Le Rempart (French, expensive). Top places elsewhere in and around town include Hôtel du Champlain, on the St. St-Hilaire in the St. Lawrence (French-Canadian, moderate), Roby's Patis (French and Chinese, expensive), Chez Barde (French, expensive), La Tour de Pas-Clés Magasin (Italian, moderate), Auberge Elisabeth (French-Canadian, expensive) and La Salette (French, expensive). But please don't let all those "expensive" worry you too much. Prices, as they say on Hudson Avenue, Montreal still start in New York. Fine restaurants and hotels and a busy and varied night life are no more than you'd expect to find in a city as big and as sophisticated as Montreal, but what counts as a surprise is the fact that even though it's the gateway to the great soccer-mania and the area of the nearby Laurentian mountains, you can enjoy winter sports right in the heart of town. Mount Royal, the center of the city, attracts skiers from all over the metropolitan region. Montmorency Park, which will form part of the Olympic area, is also popular with skiers, and both in and Mount Royal have toboggan runs. There's also tobogganing on Mount Royal, and you can skate on nearby Beaver Lake, as well as in public parks all over town and at the Paul-Sauvé Sports Center. ■

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ARNOLD GINGRICH'S PAGE

Continued from page 41 enjoyed it, though its publishers, Harper & Row, have labeled it with the warning that "when you put it down you will be angry. And you will never feel the same about an animal head on the wall, a ferret on your back, or the bowl of opium down the canyon."

But I don't see why it should make you angry, unless you're a ferrier, or work for the National Hile Association.

Obviously Amory said it is not feeling that I am of a mind with him, and I am, up to a point. I've been a practitioner of what is still called the oldest and the oldest love it must be twenty years since I've killed a fish. And as for all the other sports, I feel about as in Montreal felt about the form of improvisation—what's the story to the kinds that have accidents you have a chance to walk away from I feel that way about my partners and opponents in all sports—if the same can be said for them only in death, then it isn't a game, and unless my chance

of being is even, or close to it, then it isn't sporting.

But what's more on this score? I keep wondering: Can we wear shoes and belts and carry briefcases made of leather? And what about eating meat? I seem to remember that Albert Schweitzer once argued against eating flowers, insisting that they too have feelings. What about wearing wool? How's a sweater that "God inspires the wind to the shorn flock" to feel, but is it degradable? Besides, do sheep enjoy being sheared? The mind boggles at where this could all end. I'm all for fair dealing in animal society, but I'd like to hope that there are still some men who're honest enough to be kept for man.

The trouble with all these great ideas, including women's lib, that only a madman could be utterly against, is that before you know it a religion has been founded on them, and it's almost always one that includes you out. —A.G.

FILMS

(Continued from page 30) of an overstuffed nobility, simple Mexican peasants are the mill of the earth, even the most rotten crime case by itself, a man with a nutcase can now down down down without, etc.) and there is nothing sadder than watching so much technique at the service of ideas which, for all their subtlety, remain half-baked.

That unreflexively cute and vulgar film writer Paul Mazursky is back with Barry & Tootie, in which a much-showered New York artist citizen picks up his lady and her son and sends them all kinds of arse, sticky, and abominably retards adventures befell them, and the whole thing is rife with Mazursky's trademark guffing to turn the odious and the odious into the indigestible Art Carney's performance is unimpressive and old enough to earn him an Oscar. Josh Rial and Robert Mervin are there to make the program's production keep up to unimpressive with the show, and some wretched actors fill in to cameo roles. The cut also best, and with enough condemnation.

Arnie Aronson's 11 Men on a Bench is a tough little rape movie in which John Gielgud, a painted beetle, and especially James Mason are a delight to watch, and everything else (notably Candice Bergen and Charles Gray)—the latter getting out of well-servicing extra-ordinarily an already hapless script) is appalling. Speaking of which I must single out one Jeanne Cassidy of Bank Street as the most available for stardom to be found on in some Turkish Bar. ■

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All the World Wants the Jews Dead

by Cynthia Ozick

An overwrought view from the peak of the bottom

After the Yom Kippur War, I went to Jerusalem—not in the hours when the swarming over the fallen was fresh, but some months later, in a car that stopped for soldiers on leave, exhausted boys and pale girls with lipsticks and wool caps. They would get in, suffice all the way, and then they would get out.

Arrived that time Rome, ignoring international law and repeated Red Cross requests for the names of prisoners of war, continued silent, week after week.

Earlier still, on the day Egypt and Syria attacked Israel, the United Nations was silent. The day after and the day after and the day after, the United Nations was silent. Meanwhile, the Jews fought to level the battle towers in their faces, it seemed they were all free—not only for hot prison, and at that moment the United Nations spoke—not to stop the bloodshed, which up to then had left it unmoved, but to stop a Jewish victory.

In Jerusalem, the car advances toward Yael Vashon. A white sheet beats the roof. A white blindfold where the windshield. We crowd past the trees at the road's margin; new trees. In Israel, it is every moment democracy to remind oneself that such free legions from a road put down. The trees are just visible behind the sheet. But we cannot see their names, the green stalks that sometime Europeans have saved Jews from German death.

I leave the car, and the ice strikes at my eyes. Inside, the great car is empty, black, silent. No one else has come. No tourists, no visitors. The car sits alone in the bus lanes. The young driver sits alone.

We move in faith.

Maria is dark-eyed and beautiful, a shrewd, and he knows it. He has twelve elder brothers and sisters, he is the baby of that family. His parents fled Yemen, the father died. All these brothers and sisters have life's names, not made-up modern Israeli ones. One sister is

"Jewish and Israeli...are one and the same thing, and no one, in or out of Israel, ought to pretend differently anymore."

married to an Ashkenazi and lives in a pretty village outside Tel Aviv. His brother is married and has a brand-new baby; this brother is a brand-new paraplegic. A hotel placed his spine at Rome the third day of the war. Meir's two has been in a tank at Sinai; he got out alive, and takes his English girl friend to discotheques in Tel Aviv.

Meir does not come into Yad Vashem. Maybe he has never bothered about it at all. Maybe he is bored with it. Maybe Meir just wants to keep warm in the car.

The maternal flame marks at the wall. The plaques, with the names of the death camps, gleam in the black floor.

The rest of Yad Vashem is mostly a museum of photographs, pictures of Jews debauched and roasted. There are also reproductions of documents in German and Polish: edicts of expulsion, appropriation, readings, secret letters, public denunciations looking to the Final Solution. There is even a children's book, in German. The little Aryans get in the picture in rear-checked bed furniture, and there is the familiar Jewish doctor with the hideous nose.

Though Yad Vashem is in Israel and documents the destruction of the European Jews, it is not properly a Jewish museum. Yad Vashem means "House and Garden." It is a place where all the photographs were taken by German troops holding German cameras as for German archives.

Those head, in whose name? What was the German purpose of these records? Zionism provoked to transparency?

It is, by now, a worn-looking place. Viewing photographs do not even trouble to write about it anymore; one suspect it as a means of irrelevant, sentimental propaganda. Israeli schoolchildren are brought here routinely by their teachers. But there do not seem to be more, though this is the story of their parents. Why? Is it just an old textbook? Or are they shamed by what they saw?

Not until I was grown up was I told about my great-niece Meir's son, his son, Meir. In a prison in a Russian village, the Cosacks captured there and led them to the beds of horses, spade down. The Cosacks gulped back and forth one collaboration until the hands were dashed to pieces. When at last my mother confessed this story, she wept with it.

The displays are dusty. Are they beginning to yellow? Inside a glass case there is a tiny wrinkled shoe. It says left shoe and lost. The baby is a phantom—the shoe is real. There are no visitors today because of the storm, because after the war visitors stopped coming—yet you feel that in those terrible times, the baby's shoe, the shoeless photographs, the mother's

shoes, have been used up by thousands of Jews.

Yad Vashem is looking. There is the steady elegance of folk, through a hole in the roof, of water into a basket.

Two stories about Klausner. One Klausner, on his arrival in Israel, asks at once to be taken to Yad Vashem. He looks about him and weeps. Two: Klausner, on his arrival in Israel, is immediately escorted to Yad Vashem. He looks about him and weeps. "You people are persecuted," he says.

The Klausner, I discovered the next morning, is looking for

him. I came home to New York. I wanted to learn an article. This is not the article. That one was meant to be about China. Why did God decide to choose the Jews? I asked myself. Why didn't he choose the Chinese? "Then half the earth," I wrote. "It would be populated by Jews, and the spiritual world structure would, I suppose, be different from what it is now."

Here is the rest of what I wrote about China:

"There is one group of Jews turned into Chinese. You will find this in the encyclopedia, curiously illustrated. The last to visit this synagogue were some nineteenth-century Christian missionaries, and what they came upon was about a dozen very Chinese-looking people who prayed in a Hebrew they did not comprehend. Great China, multitudes as the pillars of heaven as the grains of the eaves, swallowed them, they have not survived. No doubt the seed of Abraham walks around in Human Presence carrying Chairman Mao's little red book of revolutionary thought."

"Consider this: except for that weird cluster of long-eared traders who both their own country where they settled, the Jews have had no contact with that great nation. Eastern civilization and all its magnificent freight. Since the planet's crust first cooled, Jews and Chinese have not looked upon. Then comes the burst of technology, the world confuses, one regime looks at another, and the Chinese actually write to them energy, say Jews. There is no historical contact for this century, so embedded tradition opened in solidarity, as in the West. Suddenly, the Chinese hear of the Jews, the very next moment, they have learned to pronounce 'Jew' and 'Israel'."

I want only a little further with my article about the Chinese and the Jews, and then I gave up on it. I came up on it because I knew what I was going to find in it. "The world wants to wipe out the Jews!" I was writing ready to write—"The world has always wanted to wipe out the Jews."

But that sort of thing is hard to get published. Editors call it overstatement. "Go without preconception," one editor said, about the question of traveling to Israel some weeks after the war. And their faith, of course, "preconception" would be, preconception. But what could those preconceptions be? That what happened on Yom Kippur was not someone's will to wipe out the Jews yet again? That is not a preconception; it is a precondition for understanding reality.

An editor of another magazine considered the passage of topology. "As far as Israel is concerned," he said, "right now it's the peak of the bottom."

The peak of the bottom! Though he was intending to discuss the moral questions involved—not to take up a subject when it is too late for men and not state enough for history—he was even taking notice a finger on something more terrible than he knew, the refusal to take seriously the preconditions of Jewish survival.

If I saw Jews and not Israeli, it is because they are one and the same thing, and no one, in or out of Israel, ought to pretend differently anymore.

In Israel, it used to be felt by visitors (who did not see the army in choosing circumstances for an ideal) that "Jewishness" was over and done with, that the re-orientation of society had at last ended exile and converted the Jews into the Jews. It was to be like "the nations." Inside Israel there was to be a citizenry called Israeli, just as in Italy there are Italians, and that, thanks to Zionism, was going to be that. Anti-Semitism can easily only be a belatedly belated fear, not a steadily steadily independent force from the ordinary sublimations of any other anti-race-state.

Meanwhile, outside of Israel, the Zionists that was meant to end anti-Semitism became an argument for "Jew" in all its various meanings. It is no need for anti-Semitism to pretend to say that they are "anti-Zionist" but not "anti-Jewish," or that the two notions can be kept separate.

The Jews are one people. There is nothing new or astonishing about this, and when Norman Podhoretz argued in *The Jews* that Zionism had to say that the Jews of America stood with Israel behind—as often as necessary, even now, view of things—that was something was the freedom of his respondents.

It is plain, of course, why so many scholars to return the distinction between "anti-Zionist" and "anti-Jewish"; most people, especially well-educated and generally sensitive people, like to imagine themselves as keeping clear of the gutter. My father was the more alarmed, and often he is told by affectionate women, "Why, don't you're one with Jews?" And then they pulled me with their because someone taught them the Jews killed China. The greatest distinction remains, but with this difference: nowadays, all Jews, whether in Saudi's or Berlin's mouth, are divisible to be "white" Jews, only Zionists are the distinction, and if Jews themselves are unable to see the distinction, it is because they have been misled and corrupted by Zionists.

Maratons of the world! Here is the way it is. This is the only way it is. You cannot separate Israel from the Jews from Zion. And if you do, you are known for what you are.

"Overweight," says the editor, making back into his reading chair. He will invite me to lunch. He will tell me he is very sorry, but there have already been as many pro-Zionist articles...

The Palestinians, we are told, are the Jews' Jews.

They are also the nearest Zionists. They too long for redemption to Jerusalem. They too have their Zion part. They too advocate their children to the Jews of Berlin.

Between Israel and the Arab states, we are told, the issue of the "Palestinian refugees" is permanent, essential.

The United Nations officially recognizes as a "Palestinian refugee" any person—or his descendants—who left the Jewish state in the period of its creation. These refugees are rich businessmen in Beirut, teachers and workers in London, Kuwait. Some are members of the West Bank who own high Israeli wages with fringe benefits. All these people are entitled to a stipend from the United Nations; they and their children and their children's children are entitled to it.

No other group, no matter how destitute—and even the suffering of Bangladesh—is accorded this distinctive international status.

The masses of Jewish refugees who escaped to Israel from Arab countries have never been given official United Nations refugee status, and do not receive any U.N.-funded support. No one doubts the reliability of photographs we are shown of Arab children; there are, unfortunately, thousands of such orphaned children in most Arab lands, not only refugees but typical members of poor families. But the United Nations is not to them by UN-fundamentally payments. It is easy to give credit to pictures of forlorn Arab children lost in wilderness, though lately, with no much funding of Arab oil riches, it becomes less and less easy to give credit to the necessity for such distributions. Even in 1948, when Arabs in those days "Palestinians" moved down) was from the Arab attack on a western Israel, the oil kingdoms were exporting enough millions of gallons every day to subsidize the life of every refugee. What is now called "the Arab oil weapon" was an old weapon ever then—a weapon spared poverty. It was never used. Only when "refugees" became "commandos," answered to warships opening out of British military villages where even children are given guns (and which are still moving called "refugee camps" in the Arab U.N.C.E.F. presses on Helwan, and the floating barge).

Meanwhile, older Israel absorbed multitudes of its own refugees from Arab countries in the first months of their flight.

But it is one of them. Where—if there were no Israel—would Berlin be?

Most of the photographs are to be reworked in depicting Arab refugees, then we ought also to be shown all those "refugees" poisoning directly, living normally and well in Arab towns and cities, at home in their own Arab culture, religion and culture, estranged to U.N. handouts forever.

Arab "Refugees" indeed! The phrase rides on the material outskirts of the Jewish experience of exile, persecution, Jewishization, martyrdom. It is a slogan meant to reflect reality, to be read as: it both means and means.

Look, it says, you Jews are doing to us exactly what was done to you: from oppression you have learned only how to be oppressors, so and shoulder at it, you have become the oppressors.

A famous American novelist, who has written a considerable novel about slaves, told me last year about his trip to Zion. There, he said, he met a Palestinian poet, homeless, sitting at a table in Moscow writing poetry in Arabic, far from his people and his language. Oh, the homelessness of the man.

THE LEAVES, THE LION-FISH AND THE BEAR

by John Cheever

The nature of things too much revealed

One of the beauties of the craft of fiction is the element of risk. One creates a fabrication of great magnitude, hoping that the reader will not feel gulped. In discovery, there is no such risk. But the abandonment of linear narrative, in a world distinguished by its numbers, sometimes forces one into discovery. We can all create a story of awe and that flows through a mountain pass (or dark), but there is, it seems to me, some inner force that tremendously expands and the formlessness of narrative.

I think on an autumn afternoon in a house outside Newburgh, I had been playing football, a fact I throw in just because that I was housebound. I was reading Remains Belated I was that long ago. Had I wanted to write a narrative—a story—about the place, there was an abundance of raw material. My boat was having an accident, I was in the hospital, my mother-in-law, he was probably in my car too. My brother was having an affair with a neighbor's wife. They were probably in the woods. The mortgage payments were overdue. The bank had made a threatening call on Friday. The Myopia Hunt Club had snubbed through the house. I had been and had refused to pay damages. All this could be made into a tale, but what concerned me was the meaning of a door.

My husband, my friend, came in, carrying an armful of autumn leaves. The leaves, I suspect, were maple and beech. He put the leaves into a vase and exclaimed: "See what I've found!" One of her charms was the purity of her voice. This exclamation, much more than what was going on in the beds around me, seemed to clarify that moment, that house, my deepest feelings about love and death.

Colored leaves at that time of year were as common as dirt, and she had found nothing at all, but the exclamation was to ring through the rest of my life, fortifying my feeling that a treasure was, in spite of its definition, invisible, unbusinesslike, and contentmentless.

One Sunday afternoon, many years later, driving across northeastern Russia to the mountains of the Turkish border, I saw that most of the women walking along the side of the road were carrying autumn leaves. Would the leaves be made into poultices, medicinal teas, pessaries? Or would these women, as my friend had done, put the leaves into some daily use?

just wish I hadn't seen it. Oh, my God

"I need a drink," the woman said. "I just won't forget about it."

She left her gear on the sand and went up to the bar. The proprietor was serving drinks. He was a very big man with a plane eye. He didn't ask what had frightened her. Perhaps he knew. So great was her trembling that she had to hold her glass with both hands.

"Oh, my God," she said. "Oh, my God."

"What was it that you saw?" someone asked.

She didn't answer. She finished her drink, had another, and went out of the bar.

"It was probably a loco-fish," the proprietor said. "One lives in a cave below the cliff. People are sometimes frightened."

He seemed a little frightened himself when he said this. He seemed uneasy. Was he afraid that the Hon-fah would harm his business? Or had the woman seen something stranger and more mysterious?

Half an hour later she appeared in the lobby, dressed for the occasion. She paid her bill with a check. The waiter reminded her that she had left her smock on the bench.

"I don't want it," the woman said. She was very emotional. "I don't want it!" She took a cab to the airport although there wasn't another plane out until noon.

After dinner, in the bar, we asked one another what the women could have seen. One old lady claimed that it must have been something occult. The proprietor kept repeating that it was nothing but a lunatic.

"She was a very nervous woman to begin with," he said. "She's stayed here before. Last year she was indicted for the murder of her husband. She was acquitted, but she's a very disturbed person. Anything would set her off."

In the morning I gave up snorkeling and joined the hangers. I did not, for the rest of my ten days there, go beyond the breakfaster. I tried, but whenever I approached the gap I would become so frightened and short-winded that I was in danger of drowning. I couldn't discover what I was afraid of, but I dreamed twice that the breakfaster and schwesche cliff was a metaphor for something mysterious in my own nature.

Anyhow, I got a great tan.

Whenever I remember or dream about my family, I always see them from the 1950s. They are like warm, fuzzy, nostalgically out of context kids, listening, sports-music, restaurant, and store "It's never too late to be what you want to be" records. This empire is a crook. This place is 50th. I didn't like the way that water leaked at me. That clerk was impudent." And so on. They saw about nothing to its completion and that's the way I remember them, heading for the exit. It has occurred to me that they may have suffered terribly from claustrophobia and despised this weakness as moral infirmity.

They were also beautiful, especially the ladies. They were always raising money to buy shiny chandeliers for people who lived in tenements or organizing private schools that would presently go bankrupt. I suppose they did some good, but I always found them magnificently peacefully embarrassing. My brother Elton possesses both of these traits. He finds most writers, bar-men, and clerks unimpressive, and his office makes a scene. He doesn't distribute chicken, but on Saturday morning he reads to the blind at the Twin Brooks Nursing Home.

One Saturday, I went out to the country where he lives to observe his road works.

The Twin Branch Nursing Home is a complex of convalescent buildings with such a commanding view of the river and its meanders that one wonders if this view can well console or embolden the dying. The best, when we stepped into the place, was suffocating, and as I followed Klien down the hall I sensed how heavily performed was the overheated air. One after another I smelled, with my long nose, infusions of the kindling fragrances of spring and verdancy. Pure dried out stink of the hospital, the perfume of the room's modern carotenes and waxes. But all of this was on blades of artificiality that one could imagine the hotdies and cancer it which the secrets were sold.

The dying—and that's what they were—were so handsomely cremated.

"Your group is waiting in the Garden Room," a woman told Khan. He also gave me the eye. I suppose the place was called the Garden Room because the furniture was iron and reminiscent of gardens. There were arched patios. They were mostly in wheelchairs. One of them was not only blind but her legs had been amputated at the thigh. Another blind woman was heavily pouched. I'd seen this on old women before and wondered if it were an strictness of age—although she couldn't have seen what she was doing.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," said Elmo. "This is my brother. We will continue to read *Sounds* by George Eliot. Chapter Five, *The Via de Benedico*, street noted in the history of Florence, lies in Oltrarno, or that portion of the city which straddles the northern bank of the river. It extends from the Ponte Vecchio to the Palazzo dei Manni at the head of the Ponte alle Grazie, its right-hand line of houses and walls being backed by the rather steeper ascent which is the *Ardenza* or *Monte Ardenza* as the Italians call it, the former more gently sloping the city get its panoramic, or, as I might say, its panoramic, view penetrated by rain."

The blind were inattentive. The rouged woman fell asleep, and the amputee wheeled herself out of the room after a page or two. Eben read to the end of the chapter, and as we were leaving I asked him why he had chosen *Goodie*.

"It was their choice," he said.

"They often do," he said. "One doesn't, the late in life, blame them for anything. One doesn't take of them."

He lived in an old house—so do we all. There were noblemen on the lumps and holes in the rug. His wife sat in the kitchen, sewing. His daughter, married and divorced four times at thirty, had her fifth possibility on the telephone. Elan's oldest son was serving a three-year term in the Cincinnati Workhouse for his part in the music movement.

My brother seemed quite groggy when he went into the pantry to mix the drinks. I could hear his wife

"I'm leaving," she sobbed. "I'm leaving. I don't have to listen to your shit anymore."

"Oh, shut up," he said. "You've been leaving work or offstage for as long as I can remember. You started leaving me before you asked me to marry you. Leave. My God. Unless you run again in a warehouse, there isn't a place in the country with enough room for your clothes. Leave. Walk out. You're about as portable as the Metropolitan Opera Company's production of *Twelfth*. Just to get your crap out of here would keep the municipal men busy for *l'Equivalent* an hour!"

Governor Brown's Boy

by Dick Nolan

Thank you, California, for listening to eight years of Ronald Reagan.
We now return to our regular programming.



The state of California provides for its governors a mansion in Sacramento that looks like a bourgeois house for *The Brady Bunch*. Ronald Reagan called it a *fortress* and refused to live in it. Edmund Gerald Brown Sr., who lived there when his father, "Pat" Brown, was governor, is trying to get back in. The belief is that Jerry is about to succeed. Reagan, the movie actor who defeated voters when the elder Brown tried for a third term in 1966. Young Brown's opponent, Houston Flournoy, looked into the Republican candidate after looking contemptuous. Ed Bruchsch's indictment for perjury before the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee in connection with the L.T.T. case. Brown qualified for this November's final election by easily defeating Dan Frenchman Mayor Joseph L. Alsos and Assembly Speaker Robert McNelly plus a full field of also-rans in the Democratic primary. At the same time, he also led the successful drive to pass California State Proposition Nine, a sweeping measure he helped to write, imposing sharp restrictions on campaign spending practices and on the activities of lobbyists in Sacramento.

Common Cause, the "public lobby" which looked Proposition Nine to the hilt, sees the California measure as a model and inspiration for all the other states that see lobbyists in California, traditional scourge of Democratic Party funds and resources, professed to believe that the measure would cripple by lobbyist influence in the state. The success of The California Labor Federation demanded that the candidate repudiate Proposition Nine, as also Mayor Alton campaigned against the reform law. McNelly snuffed Jerry Brown, as a cool answer with the house, refused to help. The Federation at once withdrew its endorsement of Brown, in favor of Alton and McNelly. Brown tries again.

When Jerry was an infant, Pat was running for district attorney in San Francisco, and long, and younger again. The child grew up around the concepts and goings of politicians, the women becoming more and more as Pat rose to power. Pat took Jerry to meetings, to dinners, to political parties, to the Olympic Club, where politicians worked out and where young Jerry took a few boxing lessons from the old pug Spudzy Rask. "I remember going to Mendocino with him near the Oregon border when I was eight," Jerry recalls, "and being the kid champion there at a political party, and beating him."

The light was in the tradition of the Browns, the Irish Catholic side of Jerry Brown's family tree. His maternal grandfather, a Protestant police captain, founded the San Francisco Police Academy. The light was in the tradition of the Browns, the Irish Catholic side of Jerry Brown's family tree. His maternal grandfather, a Protestant police captain, founded the San Francisco Police Academy.

The fourth joke that they were always afraid one of the grandfathers might have to visit the other one. One was a gambler and the other one was a cop. They had a big police scandal one time, and it was another joke that the only two captains who were not involved were the two Browns, of which no grandfather was one.

That Jerry Brown, in his childhood, has gone so far so fast in California politics ought to suggest a striver, a young man in a hurry. Pat was fifty-three when he was first nominated to run for the gov-

ernment. Democrats, in the usual state of duress, are not quite sure yet what they put in as Jerry Brown, California secretary of state at thirty-two, and almost sure to be the next governor. Whatever it is, it does not look as sure as the fact, though both are the kind of men voters like to call by their first names. Pat called his son to be a politician, but the Brown didn't take until long after Jerry had completed a searching of his own vision, including one that showed a national California bid to a sovietate of the Soviet Union.

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ernment. Yet, in comparison with his boating, hunting father, still a dreamer of old-time, Jerry recalls a cool past just this side of upland.

He was not alone then, as a child. His kindergarten teacher, when he still calls Miss Fox, was present when he witnessed his candidacy for governor. She remembers him as a tentative kid who had terrible sitting still for more than sixty seconds at a time. Jerry Brown's answer: "I found what was troubling. I have never liked to sit in a chair for too long."

At an early age however, the imperative schooler sought natural discipline—in ascending degrees of loneliness, culminating in his decision to enter the Coast side, the most severe discipline regime of them all. After appearing through two Catholic parochial schools, Brown made a year at the University of Santa Clara, and then climbed the hill to the splendid medieval isolation of the Sacred Heart Novitiate in Los Gatos, a seminary surrounded by vineyards.

Young Brown entered the novitiate in August, 1952, and left it in January, 1955. Between those dates he acquired the discipline he had sought, and also, perhaps, a touch of mysticism, both of which appear in his political lifestyle. As a fringe benefit, he became one of the few American politicians who can, if put to it, carry on a conversation in Latin, or surpass a speech in classical Greek.

When an opponent in the gubernatorial primary pulled him down to a debate, he "went having another a day in his life." In the old Greek phrase he has it, Jerry grinned. Who else in the governor's race, Brown wanted to know, had ever done sleep labor in a vineyard, picking a ton of grapes a day? "We worked on those grape fields every summer," he told me. "It's hot. You get down on your hands and knees, and you pick a ton of grapes every four or five hours. About fifty boxes, I think, to the ton. If you are

really moving fast you don't get on your knees, you just kind of squat and move along the rows."

As a result, Brown brought a special understanding to the occasion when he marched with Cesar Chavez in his quest to organize the farm workers of the burgeoning Coachella Valley in 1969. His friendship with Chavez and his people has not endeared him to the big ears of the rival Teamsters, or to the big growers. He professes it that way.

Although he eventually decided that his future lay elsewhere, Brown took well to the life of the seasons. "It's disciplined. It's ordered. They had a little sign on the wall: five o'clock, rise; five-thirty, meditation; ... six-thirty, mass; ... seven-twenty, breakfast; ... eight o'clock, free time; ... eight-thirty, spiritual reading; nine o'clock, manual labor (hand-labor, L.A.); ... and so on. And you don't talk. It is meditated. That's the idea."

Talk was a special privilege, permitted for twenty minutes after lunch, and the half an hour at night. "You talk in companies. Whose you talk with for that week will be on the board—Brother Brown, Brother Smith and Brother Plaugen. You make a thirty-day retreat the first year. You meditate for five hours a day, and you go eight days without talking at all. When I started observing, where I used to get a pain in my stomach I liked to talk, and not talking was physically painful. But after a while you get used to it; you learn not to talk."

Perhaps because Brown learned when and how not to talk, good conversation remains one of his leastest pleasures. He has a \$70,000 custom home in Los Angeles, modest enough by middle-class California standards. It is surrounded inward to its own, semi-wild garden. Good wine, good dinners, good table talk are to be found there.

Brown, a bachelor, has made the gossip columns from time to time with blow-by-blow details like *Sizzle* Bob (before her remarriage to Bob Wagner) and *Navegator* star Liv Ullmann. He avoids political issues, whose he feels especially ill at ease with. Comment that his, well, feelings, ethnographic matters, and so on. "I like women who are intelligent and sensitive and not taken up with all the technical distractions. The more you are able to cope with

your own reality, your own life, the more you're able to share with somebody else. Then love is more accessible and available."

At the same time, a long way in space and time from Hollywood, Brown had been involved in silence, study, contemplation, and the hard physical labor of the desert way. After two years he took the vows: poverty, chastity, obedience. He gave himself over to what the Jesuits call "spiritual formation according to the ideals of Saint Ignace Loyola," the training which in fifteen years or so is expected to produce a Jesuit fit to go back into the world and convert it.

The inflexible rules of the order gave him full measure of the discipline he had been seeking. He quotes the *Divine Office*: "Let him [a]ll things seek his own greatest advantage and eternal justification." Not at all inconsistent with seeking high public office, provided you understand the Jesuit ideal as Brown sees it. "The Jesuit ideal is that you should prefer neither a long life nor a short life, neither riches nor poverty, neither health nor illness; it's all a matter of indifference. All you care about is the greater glory of God. You try to reach that state of mind. When you do, then you are ready for God to use you as his instrument."

"But you must take direct action. You can't just wait. The Jesuits say, 'You act as though everything depended on you, although you realize that everything depends on God.'"

"I don't think I have achieved that mental attitude, and I don't know that I ever will. But I haven't forgotten it. It's in the sense that your self has to diminish, that you try to transcend your own ego. That's the message."

"Obviously in my structure of the world, when I deal with uncertainty, the unknown, I have certain kinds of mind that I fall back on and rely upon. And we have to manipulate objects or other people? I don't think so. That's not my driving force. I want to understand the world, fit into it, and make whatever splash and contribution I can."

A year and a half after taking the vows, Jerry's restlessness returned. Suddenly it seemed that withdrawal was no longer appropriate for him.

"I began to consider: I sit here in poverty, but it isn't real poverty. I don't beg anything, I don't own anything, but I don't have to worry about it, either. The mystical. These Degrees of Humility ended me, too.

And chastity seemed like just another form of detachment and mortification. I decided I wanted to get into the world."

But Brown, a practicing Catholic, had not suddenly deserted, greeted Jerry's decision with relief. He used to look around at the monastic surroundings and say fondly, "Well, damn, this is all very nice, but, damn, is it real?"

There was no pressure from the order to leave Jerry stay. There was regret. The message was, "This is after all the highest calling. By giving it up you are renouncing your own salvation in doubt."

To join the link, Brown had to call in person on the provincial of the order, a formidable presence, in his office on Lyon Street in San Francisco, near the Presidio. "It was one of those mornings when the fog was lifting, and the trees were dripping, and everything was fresh. I walked in and the provincial was sitting at his escritoir desk. The only sound in the room was the dry tick-tock of a big grandfather clock. Finally he said, 'When I hand you this piece of paper you are no longer a Jesuit. Are you sure this is what you want to do?' I was waiting for the heavens to open, and at that moment the big clock began tolling the hour. I took a deep breath, took the paper, and walked out."

"The book, *Doctor King*, had just come out, and Pasternak had those great scenes in there about the winter turning into spring, and the whole natural cycle. I could remember one of the lines, 'We is born to live, not to prepare to live.' And I felt that kind of immediacy, of direct contact with life. 'Here I am, about to walk out on the street. I don't have to meditate, I don't have my research on. I don't have any vows, I'm ready, here I am!'"

It was 1968, the era of the beatnik in San Francisco, the time when those beleaguered procurators of the lower classes were doing their thing in North Beach. Brown walked there, sensing the world. He went into a bar. He had a beer. He listened to punky bang rock to a background of jazz.

Soon Brown gravitated to Berkeley and the campus of the University of California there. He took courses in English literature, flirted awhile with poetry but he decided it wasn't worth the effort, and completed enough additional Latin and Greek courses to get his degree in classics.

He dated pretty girls. He lived at the Inter-Continental on page 197.

LOOK OUT! THIS JERK'S HEADIN' RIGHT FOR US!!

Aw, relax, fella. While it does look like the oncoming '58 Chevy is going the wrong way down a San Francisco freeway, it really isn't. So keep your eyes on the road—a ra'—and explanation follows.

The '59 Chevy, see, is actually going the right way. It's just that the car is built backward, a statement of self-expression by Phil Garner, conceiver and executor. It required 250 man-hours of planning and labor, the aim being a fully operational, drivable car. "It's a tribute to the American automobile," says Garner. "Also to the American public, whose demand for the unique makes such things possible."



Body-change operation: In these three pictures the chassis is turned around. Vacuum-operated wipers were installed on the rear window, which now, of course, becomes the windshield. Any questions so far?



In addition, a tail pipe was attached under the original front bumper; battery, radiator, and engine were relocated in what was the trunk; a Volkswagen gas tank went in under the hood, the front of the car.



Work in progress: This is Garner raising headlight out of tail lights. Clips hold the beam up so the Chevy can drive at night.



Here, the new steering wheel and the old (left). Old passenger seat is occupied by the driver.



Road testing the Chevy: These pictures show the backward car completing a left turn. Garner drives, kneed to tell about it, reported the steering a bit weird. In any event, heads turned, eyes rolled, everyone gaped a bit.



Y'll be, er, up: The attendant thought Garner showed up in reverse. Informed, he dutifully serviced the tank under hood, cleaned rear window.



Accused emotional: Garner sat in the driver's seat and wore a mask with a painted face on the back of his head. He overheard these comments: "You ought to drop a three-twenty-seven in it, man," said a kid from a local garage; "You see everything in Suzukis," said a cop; "An accomplishment," said an old woman.



End of the road: Even though the Chevy conformed to highway codes, it was stopped by police on numerous occasions. The car was legal, yes, but hard to handle. After these pictures were taken, Garner stored the car in a secret place, forever. And so it went.

The Passion of Mark Rothko

by Lee Solides

His life got really messy after he was dead

In the early hours of a cold morning in late February, 1970, Mark Rothko, the distinguished American painter, committed suicide in an odd, ritualistic way. What he did was to take enough barbiturates to poison himself, take off his suit and fold it neatly nearby over a chair, step to the west, rest water in the kitchen sink—though he had never been able to tolerate the sight of blood—mix with a razor blade gulches into the cracks of both his arms. Behind him in his cavernous Manhattan studio were the bare hanging, hopeless black and grey canvases he had been painting for the last several months.

The following day the front page of *The Times* carried the news of Rothko's suicide. Tributes to the sixty-five-year-old "pioneer of the New York School of abstract expressionism" covered the obituary page. His characteristic paintings—monumental, descriptively simple, solid horizontal rectangular forms on a field of contrasting colors—had been hailed for years by critics, curators and collectors of contemporary art.

There were 700 Rothko pictures left un sold at the time of the artist's death. He had hoarded them, held them back, hoarded them during his lifetime. They were his artistic heritage and formed the bulk of his estate. Potentially, they were worth untold millions. Within three months, the three friends Rothko had chosen as the executors of his estate secretly turned their own paintings at what many people in the art world consider to be a fraction of their worth to the art dealer Francis R. Lloyd and his multinational network of Marlborough galleries. Later, when the disposition of the pictures became known, they became the subject of a small temple of Dickinson-style poetry. The three-year-old lawsuit hung over behind Rothko's children—and the State of New York—against the executors and Marlborough has shaken the sensibilities of the international art world, led to new conjectures about the perils of art after the death of its creator, and horrified many of the principals in the case. To collectors, the Rothko trial—and the events that preceded it—led to unprecedented disclosures about the inner workings of the art marketplace and revealed how startlingly that world has changed since money took charge.

Mark Rothko did not reach full stride as an artist until he was well into his forties. Born as Jacob Rothkowitz, a pharmacist, he spent his childhood in the ghetto of Dinovik, Russia. When Mark was ten, the family moved to Portland, Oregon. After graduating from high school, Rothko worked his way through

a couple of years at Yale, only to drop out "to wander around, burn about, starve a bit."

When he was twenty-two, after a brief stint at the Art Students League, he committed himself totally to painting. For the next quarter century, in order to support his art and later his family, he struggled to eke out a living by teaching, an avocation he detested. By 1945, he enjoyed a small but growing reputation as a surrealist painter—enough for Peggy Guggenheim to give him a one-man exhibition at her gallery, "Art of This Century."

Then, in the late 1940's, came the American revolution in art. It was a new language, total abstraction. Recognizable forms and figures were pulverized into abstract schemes of color and light. Canvases grew to gigantic proportions in order to bring the viewer "the absolute truth," technically into the realm "the drama". House parties and banquets and speakeasies joined the traditional tools of the trade. It was an exciting, violent, and innovative movement, the first to emanate from America, and it became known as the New York School of abstract expressionism.

In its forefront was Jackson Pollock, wild and wild, by and already a member of a legend, and holding, by reputation Mark Rothko, along with Franz Kline, Clyfford Still, Willem de Kooning and a dozen others. Like the others, Rothko was proud in those days—proud of his religious beliefs, his pretty young wife, Mel, proud even of his empty wallet. "The artist can abandon his plebeian beliefs," Rothko wrote, "just as he has abandoned other forms of security. Both sides of community and security depend on the familiar—fear of them, transcendental experience beyond them."

On February 12, 1964, the center of the New York art marketplace, there were only a handful of dealers who specialized in contemporary art. At Betty Parsons' gallery, Rothko was going—when they went—for \$256 to \$750. ("Looking back at those prices makes me feel like Big Boy Winkie," Mrs. Parsons commented recently.) Transactions between artist and dealer traditionally were simple and informal, based on a friendly handshake and a promise.

When, in 1964, Sidney Janis, a dealer with a humanitarian nose for talent, heard Pollock and Rothko, along with Kline and de Kooning—was he stable, it meant they had arrived. It also meant asking prices into the thousands and wider exhibitions. Rothko had his first really important one-man exhibit at the Art Institute of Chicago. Yet, in 1964 his gross income amounted to only \$24,455, little more than what Janis was asking for a single Rothko painting.

While Rothko and the others were living in loft and walk-up, parking spaces and pondering permanent art collections, he began to realize that the art market was undergoing a fantastic financial bypassing. From a small colored affair, trading in art was on its way toward the elaborate, orchestrated, commercial extravaganza it is today. In the past, the market had depended on the patronage of a few wealthy collectors whose interests were largely limited to old masters. With postwar prosperity came countless new millionaires—the shipping tycoons of Greece, the oil barons of Texas and the Middle East, new aristocrats, electronics and computer kings. In terms of capital-gains taxes, art "appreciation" took on new significance.

Prices soared. Dealers proliferated. The supply was limited and the demand intensified. Auction houses were internationalized and took on the high-placed respect and trappings of the stock market. In 1965, a two-part series in *Fortune* proclaimed art as "a blue-chip investment." One of the possibly bullish artists mentioned was Mark Rothko.

Though Rothko's paintings were circulating in European and U.S. artfairs, and fetching good prices at Janis, it was not until 1966 that enough money filtered back to the artist himself for him to purchase a good bed. With the money came, it came in big, and Rothko bought a bungalow in the East Nineties to house Mel and their ten-year-old daughter, Kara.

The Socius saw Rothko's wildest dreams realized. Numerous parties, museum directors and curators, and celebrity collectors converged on the doorstep of his studio, a converted T.M.C.A. gymnasium in the Bowery. Picking their way past the bodies of the dressers and the whiffs of the hair spray, Mrs. Norman Field of the Tate Gallery in London, Nathan Pusey, president of Harvard, and aristocratic Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Phillips of the Washington, D.C. gallery.

Now and when his paintings were displayed was a source of never-ending anxiety to Rothko. He insisted they be shown in natural or semi-natural, groupings, never by themselves, and never in the same room. For an entire week before his 1961 show at The Museum of Modern Art, he was collapsed with worry.

In 1959, he had been commissioned to paint a series of murals for the new Seagram Building on Park Ave. was. Within the studio he re-created walls of the exact dimensions of those in the large area where they would hang, which he believed was to be an employer's commentary and meeting hall. For several years, he experimented with painted paintings for this purpose. By the time he visited the actual site, however, it had become the Four Seasons restaurant. "A place where the richest bastards in New York will come to feed and show off," he said afterward, infuriated by its opulence, he scribbled together enough money to return his commission and withdraw his murals. The final series of these paintings he gave to The Tate Gallery, where an entire room was dedicated to them.

Rothko, by this time, had broken with Janis and was selling from his studio. Prices were steadily rising, from \$20,000 for large oils in the early Sixties to \$40,000 in 1968. When asked why he did not sell more from the rack upon rack of finished paintings in the studio, his answer varied. "Taxes" was a frequent reason. "They will be worth more if I hold on to them another year," was another. Once, he said, his mother, he explained, "They are like my children, I cannot sell them away."

During the short-lived days of Camelot, Mark Roth-

ko, the former medical consultant, found himself at the White House at that first dinner celebrating the arts and letters. He sat next to the art master, and so he was undergoing a fantastic financial bypassing. From a small colored affair, trading in art was on its way toward the elaborate, orchestrated, commercial extravaganza it is today. In the past, the market had depended on the patronage of a few wealthy collectors whose interests were largely limited to old masters. With postwar prosperity came countless new millionaires—the shipping tycoons of Greece, the oil barons of Texas and the Middle East, new aristocrats, electronics and computer kings. In terms of capital-gains taxes, art "appreciation" took on new significance.

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During the short-lived days of Camelot, Mark Rothko, the former medical consultant, found himself at the White House at that first dinner celebrating the arts and letters. He sat next to the art master, and so he was undergoing a fantastic financial bypassing. From a small colored affair, trading in art was on its way toward the elaborate, orchestrated, commercial extravaganza it is today. In the past, the market had depended on the patronage of a few wealthy collectors whose interests were largely limited to old masters. With postwar prosperity came countless new millionaires—the shipping tycoons of Greece, the oil barons of Texas and the Middle East, new aristocrats, electronics and computer kings. In terms of capital-gains taxes, art "appreciation" took on new significance.

During the short-lived days of Camelot, Mark Roth-



life in 1963. That was the year that Frank Lloyd added the Gerson Gallery in New York to his growing chain of Marlborough galleries.

The career of Frank Lloyd extends what had happened in the art marketplace. Born From Lewis in Vienna, Lloyd set up the first Marlborough on London's Old Broad Street in 1946 with a fellow Austrian refugee. It has often been said that the distinctive, quick-witted Lloyd named himself after the river bank and nurseries company and the gallery after the date.

In order to meet their heavy tax burden and refurbish their estates, the English landed gentry had to dispose of their collections of old masters—many assembled by Dawson himself. Naturally the gentry preferred to trade discreetly, and this was the essence of Marlborough's style. Lloyd explained David Somerest, heir to the Duke of Beaufort, in 1949 Somerest had shared with everyone from royalty on down, and through him old masters meant no money. He presented Lloyd with valuable introductions to wealthy collectors such as Grosvenor Apschall, the Polish aristocrat Joseph Huthmacher and banker Paul Mellon. Some of these same collectors were also eager to put up venture capital to back Lloyd's major sales.

By 1950 with some partnering together with such aids and people called upon in that tiny Alpine tax haven, the proprietary of Leinstertown, Lloyd saw that the supply of old masters was drying up and that another foray was waiting to be made in contemporary painting. By cornering the market for an already established artist, by offering a wide variety of services with promotion and other modern marketing techniques, Lloyd could guarantee the artist into a hot property. When the artist died, the supply became finite and therefore even more valuable, or "impermanent" as Lloyd termed it. "You're not rich when you're dead," he would later tell Rothkiss.

As introductions to sign collectors, long-term contracts with Marlborough, Lloyd offered the artists guaranteed minimums, lending services, staggered sales from New York, London, international exhibits and consignment color sales.

At the same time, he went heavily into the "whole-sale business," and made directly into the purchase of an artist's works—often twenty to fifty at a time—on the pretext of "very private clients." These bulk purchases represented a built-in profit of at least 50 percent in art dealing. When a dealer has his own money tied up at risk in a painting he owns as part of his stock, and at the same time also has for sale in his gallery, the same artist has been assigned to him to sell at a consignment basis, which, in terms of his own profits, would the dealer be most eager to sell?

Lloyd's gambit worked in England; he signed on sculptors Henry Moore and Barbara Hepworth, painters Victor Pasmore and Francis Bacon, among others.

In the Sixties, New York emerged as the magnetic center of the art market; galleries opened along Fifth-seventh Street and up Madison Avenue. Frank Lloyd chose the high, establishing the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery high in an office building at that corner. The space aboveboard had white walls and a floor covered in the softest carpet of a modern era. His admission or "bep" was trained in England to charm devotees before and forth businessmen as well as difficult artists. For Marlborough's lawyer, Lloyd chose Ralph F. Cole, who was also president of the American Society of Contemporary Art, Dealers Association of America. All the remarks would be to find the U.S. equivalent of David Somerest.

It was Leo Newman who made the match. At Lloyd's request he invited Bernard Reis and three of Rothschilds to meet Lloyd over dinner at the St. Regis. The artists were Ed Kienholz, Guston and Rothkiss. After cigars and brandy, the others left and Reis and Lloyd remained at the table deep in conversation.

Reis's firm became Marlborough's associate, and, day by day, over a period of years, many of his clients also moved to Marlborough. Among them were Gollub, Lurie, Gots, Guttman, Motherwell, the estates of Ad Reinhardt and Franz Kline—and, to a limited extent at first, Mark Rothkiss.

Rothkiss, who had been readily despised dealers, critics and other "parasites," nevertheless sold fifteen paintings to the Rothschilds' branch for \$180,000, meaning that the final sales markup be at least forty percent. And he let Marlborough represent him exclusively abroad for five years at a commission of one third.

In 1964, Bernard Reis helped Rothkiss select his last studio, a converted carriage house in the fashionable East End, where the artist would be far more accessible to wealthy collectors than he had been on the Bowery.

In 1965, Mr. and Mrs. John de Mott of Texas recruited Rothkiss to paint another series of murals for a noncommercial chapel in Houston. With such concentration and almost religious fervor, he experimented for three years, working out variations of the darkest, warmest dark paintings he finally selected for his temple. To control the light in the studio he drove an electric fan, but the heat and the very brooding canvas seemed, as one critic put it, "to glow mysteriously from within." The chapel was dedicated a year after his death.

In the Spring of 1968, Rothkiss was stricken with an aneurysm of the neck, and he left the hospital after a few weeks, seemingly to never recover. His life fell apart. His memories multiplied; his dependence on these close to him proved an overwhelming burden to many. Though told by doctors he must abstain, he continued to drink and drink. And a kind of immediate catastrophe, he took his driving test, and, that straight from the bottle—somehow a glass represented a "drink" and the bottle didn't. This began—or perhaps, because he was an alcoholic, never ended—early in the morning.

Though he declined to say so, he was persuaded by Bernard Reis to consult Dr. Nathan Kline, the well-known depression-and-transference specialist. Rothkiss began taking Valium. This, combined with sleeping pills and the twentieth fifth day, were no solution for him and his hapless.

He spent the summer in Provincetown in tears and angst, looking for support on friends like poet Stanley Kunitz, Motherwell and the widow of his colleague Ad Reinhardt.

His wife, Mel, now forty-six, could not handle more than the children. Four-year-old Christopher, called "Tophy," was the apple of everyone's eye. Kate at seventeen was a brilliant student but a compulsive eater and quite fat. She was also rebellious, flunk with the problems of being the teen-see daughter of the great one.

Back in New York that September, seventy-three-year-old accountant Reis drew up a will for his forty-five-year-old friend. It named as executor his himself, a younger Greek-born painter, Theodore Harniss, a longtime friend of the Rothkiss, and Morton Levine, an orthopedic surgeon and Reis's cousin. The will also named several others. Under that will, the bulk of Rothkiss's es-

tate—the paintings—would go to a tax-free foundation, whose trustees would be the same three executors and two art collectors: Hans Huber, a collector of the Museum of Modern Art, and Robert Goldwater, an art historian at New York University. (When the foundation was incorporated the following spring, Rothkiss, after an angry disagreement with Rothkiss, had been dropped as a trustee and replaced by Charles S. Emswiler, a former Claude Lorrain, one of New's chairs. Composer Morton Feldman, whose master Rothkiss admired, also became a trustee, together with Rothkiss himself.) Under its original charter, the foundation could hold "real and/or personal property" (paintings) and use the income for specified charitable grants.

Under the will, Rothkiss would leave to Mel \$200,000 and the brownstone with "all of the contents thereof." (When Rothkiss died, the contents of the brownstone included forty-four of the artist's paintings.)

Rothkiss's obvious agreement with Lloyd had expired early that autumn, and there are indications that he did not intend to sign an update. In November, 1968, when Arnold Glimcher, president and director of New York's Pace Gallery, approached him to buy paintings, Rothkiss said he needed to raise \$300,000 in cash. Glimcher telephoned the artist's brother, and, after several known dealer in Basel, Switzerland, was agreed to put up half. Within a few days later, Glimcher and Beyeler went to Rothkiss's studio, Rothkiss received them with old-world formality. The terms were quickly and easily agreed: all the batch would be auctioned in one go, and the money, less the \$100,000 for the \$200,000, would be oil-on-canvas, he would sell them about eighteen paintings for their half a million. The selection would take place the following day, but first, and Rothkiss, "I must check with my accountant, Bernard Reis."

When the three met again at the studio, Rothkiss was obviously in great distress. With tears running down his cheeks, he said, "I'm sorry—I'm terribly sorry, but I just can't do it—I can't do it."

On New Year's Day, 1969, Rothkiss left home and moved into the East End. His first move was to leave his wife Mel, but he remained in constant touch, insisting on regular family get-togethers. Much to her surprise, he telephoned Mel every morning at seven, and often several times during the day.

Rothkiss, for still unexplained reasons, finally did make a new deal. He agreed to sell his work, and, the children's lawyers say, far less favorable than the outright sale previously offered by Glimcher and Beyeler. In February, 1969, Rothkiss sold Marlborough A.G. twenty-nine oil and six watercolor paintings in a normal manner for \$1,800,000. Paradoxically, he was to be staggered over approximately two years and guaranteed by an acre of land insuring the liability of Marlborough A.G. What was surprising, for Rothkiss, was that he agreed to a supplementary exclusivity contract not to sell any of his work except through Marlborough. However, in return for this he obtained from Lloyd what is called a "put" clause. This gave Rothkiss the option, if he so chose, to sell four paintings a year until 1977 directly to Marlborough at ninety percent of current market value. Rothkiss himself believed the deal favorable, afterward he boasted that he had "outwitted" Frank Lloyd.

Gradually but progressively as his melancholia increased it had crippled his painting. His palette had moved from bright warm oranges and reds to darker purples and more muted greens and blues, the colors and blacks. He had even become insecure about his work. The pop and op-fads enraged him. He would not sell his paintings for hours at a time as if searching for

something. Of those whose opinion he respected, he would ask, "This or so?" What does it say to you? Do you like it or not? He was revealing his thoughts, he would belittle their judgments.

"I always feared that when his art became such a commodity, that was what made him uncertain," said painter Jim Brooks. "He didn't know whether people wanted his work or not, whether they were paid or because they were Rothkiss."

The last December, primarily to set up trust funds for the children and to start the foundation with some and among, Rothkiss told another group of painters to come to his studio, revealing his thoughts, he would belittle their judgments. During the selection in the studio, according to his friend and assistant Dan Rice. With typical cynicism he told Rice, "Which these shiny-bored people, they don't know which end is up?" And indeed Rothkiss and Rice watched every auctioneer at Lloyd and his president, Donald McKimsey, passed up what Rothkiss knew to be his latest and greatest paintings—the final black and gray sequence—for more colorful works.

Lloyd did choose some of the paintings that Rothkiss had been carefully painting in his late fifteen-sectional town house, and he was never given credit. He was, consciously Mark was living his efforts," says Rice, "reproducing his earlier style to sock it away for the kids and Mel."

If money had become an obsession, Rothkiss was never paranoid. Mel was given more than she needed. During his last years, he gave generously to down-at-the-elbow friends. During the months before his death, he telephoned many old friends or their widows to reconnect and often asked, "How are you doing?"

"I quickly said fine," remembers a painter when Rothkiss had succumbed for lunch just weeks before his death, "to forestall Rothkiss's hand from reaching into my chest during these last months. It Mel or Cole could come over, that would help; if not, he would ask me Mrs. Reinhardt, with whom he had established a business relationship—or Stamos or Levine or a few other friends would stay by the studio to listen to his singing and to sing and sing. He was really putting on his mind was solemn, if ever, because "He would say any name," remembers Stanley Kunitz. "For several weeks it was an overkill I had. He wanted to buy one like it. As the overall hours of the morning, the phone would ring—it was always Mark wanting to talk about the work."

Bernard Reis now lives contently, "the breakfast, lunch or dinner—sometimes two and three times a day." He "thumbed over him," testified Levine. Or he appeared in another way in an interview he as a consultant who used to work for him. When Reis died, Rothkiss would pay.

A few days before he died, Rothkiss went to the doctor and was given a total physical checkup. Although he had emphysema and a hernia, he was told he was otherwise in good condition, he had insisted on having his blood pressure taken in both arms.

On the final night, after dinner with Mrs. Reinhardt, he went back to the studio. His older brother called him from Washington and they had a normal, unexcited fraternal conversation. When asked his last thoughts, Rothkiss said that he thought of his wife and children, his family and friends, was the fact that he did not know a note "Mark always wanted the last word."

(Continued on page 176)

Group Portrait with Accountant

Rubin Gorewitz and the revenge of art

This is a sort of historic picture of about as much artistic talent as has ever been packed into one photograph: at one time, *We'll get to its greater meaning in a minute*. First, the identities. On this page, top to bottom, Wolf Kahn, Marisel, Jackie Winsor, Nancy Graves, Jo Baer; on the other page, left to right, back row, Emily Mason, Cy Twombly, John Chamberlain, John Coss Clark; next row forward, Michael Salas, Robert Rauschenberg, Robert Rauschenberg, Robert Indiana, Malcolm Morley, Claes Oldenburg, Richard Serra; the three men sort of in the middle are Larry Rierman, Joseph Kosuth and James Rosenquist; Andy Warhol down in front you know, but the one to really watch, the normal-looking one to the left of Andy, is Rubin L. Gorewitz. Rubin is not a famous artist, he's a certified public accountant whose practice is artists—about six hundred in all. Rubin looks after the books so the artists can look after the art. But Rubin is a man of vision, too, and at present his vision obscures that some of the laws affecting artists are inequitable. For one thing, an artist's tax deduction for a charitable contribution of his own work is limited to the cost of the materials, whereas a private citizen who donates a painting by somebody else that he only paid far less than the whole thing. For another, when an artist dies his estate is taxed at full market value, even though the necessity to sell art to pay the tax may kick the bottom out of the market. "It's as though the law were made to penalize the artist, coming and going," says Rubin; "under one set of regulations he's penalized when he's alive, and under the other he's penalized after he's dead." Rubin is working with Congressman John Dingell and Senator Jacob Javits on a proposed bill to remove the inequity, meanwhile he's making repeal legislation to give artists a share of the profits when their works change hands: collection, and he's got a couple of Congressmen interested in this one too. And after that "I'm also trying to have a law written classifying artists as ministers of the gospel, so they can get the benefit of Section 107 of the Internal Revenue Code, which gives them a parsonage allowance. They could deduct a hundred percent of rent and utilities. The worst artist I know is more spiritual than the best priest or rabbi I know, their sermons are their work. Artists are the only pure beautiful type of people in the world today; let them be artists all the time, let them think art, and let accountants and lawyers be the liaison between the artists and that other world that artists must deal with but shouldn't." Let us pray that our net worth increases so fast as to be Rubin's clients', and turn the page to see how we're doing.

Photographed by Bob King



Toward the Billion-Dollar Painting

by Douglas Davis

Beauty is truth, truth beauty; both cheap at the price



If my calculations are right, an event something like this should occur on or about October 25, 1996, or May 8, 1997.

"New bidding on lot number forty-seven," says the auctioneer. The assembled crowd goes on the outside part, leaving the long-awaited Pollock naked in the bright lights. "On the Pollock Blue Poles we begin at nine hundred and fifty million."

There is the heaviest pause before there is a wave of the hand by a girl huddled over a telephone to the auctioneer's immediate left. "Eight hundred," he quickly follows. Then, even quicker, a spotter far across the audience bellows: "Nine hundred."

A few rings. The red screen again from the girl at the phone. "Nine hundred and fifty million," says the auctioneer.

At last a pause. He repeats the price: "Nine hundred and fifty for the Pollock. Do I hear more?"

His catcher on eye in the front row, now, and it is an old, reliable, white-haired buyer. "One billion dollars. An even one billion. Fair warning now, Game on."

A definite flutter of the hand from yet another girl on a telephone. "One billion and one?" No, she shakes her head and looks at two fingers. It is a final and victorious sign of determination as any price there is no answer. Even the auctioneer is alarmed. As he

finally announces the price—\$1,002,000,000—his voice is lost in the deafening applause. The hot words barely get through. "To the confusion in Korea."

My calculations are based on a trend-line graph, which begins in 1936 with the sale of *Blue Poles* (shown above) by dealer Sidney Janis for \$6,000. Later that year, Ben Heller buys it for \$35,000, an increase of almost five hundred percent, and sells it in 1973 for \$2,600,000, a sixty-two-hundred-percent increase. The line ends—without allowance for inflation—in 1994 at five billion dollars, and a total rise in value of fifty thousand percent.

But there are simply figures, not reasons. They only confirm and do not explain a phenomenon that has left the public—and even parts of the art world—stunned: the rise of art to the status of a four-carer industry. To explain this we must begin by looking away from the future and into the past, to a very different kind of event, as related by Plato in his dialogue *Symposium*. Socrates is speaking, and he is recounting words spoken to him by Diotima, a lady friend, long ago:

"Whenever she is guided as far toward the mysteries of love, by contemplating beautiful things rightly as due order, is approaching the last grade. Suddenly he will behold a beauty marvelous in its nature,

that very beauty, Socrates, for the sake of which all the earlier katechisms had been borne: in the first place, everlasting, and never being born nor perishing, neither increasing nor diminishing, secondly, not beautiful here and ugly there, not beautiful now and ugly then, not beautiful in one direction and ugly in another direction, not beautiful in one place and ugly in another place. Again, this beauty will not show itself to him like a face or hands or any bodily thing at all, nor as a discourse or a science, nor indeed as reaching to anything, as in a living creature or in earth or heaven or anything else, but being by itself with itself always in simplicity; while all the beautiful things elsewhere partake of this beauty in such manner, that when they are born and perish it becometh neither less nor more and nothing at all happens to it; so that when anyone by night boy-loving goes up from these beautiful things to that beauty, and hitherto to each sight of it, he would almost touch the perfect ascent."

The conflict between my imaginary auction and Diotima's words is precisely what aunts them. On the one hand, the human spectacle of a stolen hawked before a crowd of traders strapping and closing at such other to land the prize. On the other hand, a vision of transcendent beauty, its flight from bodily pleasures, a vision that permeates all cultures, in varying ways. Unless these disparities can be comprehended at once, as a story, the meaning of art as commodity will never reveal itself.

With every new revolution in recent months the sentimentality has been outraged. First, the Robert Rauschenberg of contemporary art in New York in the Fall of 1973, fetching prices that topped in some cases the old masters themselves. Second, the sale by collector Ben Heller of Pollock's *Blue Poles* to the Australian National Gallery for \$2,600,000 (The highest price ever paid for a contemporary painting). Third, the testimony at the Raskin trial in the Spring of 1974—that almost \$32,000,000 worth of art was in contest. The sentimentality—now includes several carping critics—help that art is being vulgarized and the artist debauched by the wild rise in prices. The investors, who are equally wrong, respond by writing long articles, replete with graphs ("Postwar Prices in Art vs the Free Jones Industries"), calling art the safe hedge against inflation, the gold that is goldier than gold.

Let us turn to Raskin. He would fit memorably into Rousseau's latest room, sipping tea, but he made a small fortune, however, art that he did not even want. With fifteen years ago. He owns and manages a fleet of taxis, and is proud of it. In a new film made by R. J. Vaughan as *The Auction*—the moment when American art passed from the status of vanguard event into the status of Star Comedy—Raskin talks about his background. "I grew up on the Lower East Side, a tough neighborhood. You couldn't keep any body quiet. I remember the first time I went to a museum. I noticed that people would stop looking and start to whisper in front of a painting. That impressed me. Back in my neighborhood, you couldn't get people to stop up even in church. You still can't."

There is nothing to do with art that is why it was like Raskin can sell successfully in the contemporary market and free breeding cannot. Taste is a myth embedded in our educational system, a relic from the Victorian period—that elementary education in the evolution of Western man, concurrent with the quick rise of early industrialism. The essence of middle-class

taste dictates that art must aspire to beauty that pleases. Not beauty that provokes, disturbs, or overwhelms, but beauty that is well behaved, and is possible for us, unobstructed as we are, to see that this is a relative, transitory notion. It is not the definition of beauty that inspired the ancients (it is clearly not what Diotima was describing to Socrates), or the early Christian church (she was talking about the beauty of God). It is not the definition of beauty that Socrates, on an ill-canon of knowledge, Soul, and the new capital of wealth, meant to art liquid taste, and beneath it, at once, certain that provocation is value. This explains why the crowd at Sotheby's Pollock Remains stirred when Raskin spoke, because the man was placed on the podium, and the curtain opened to find those looking in the spotlight. They listened. And then they paid, after furious bidding, \$260,000. Raskin had bought the ones in 1964 for \$900. This also explains, I might add, why the middle class is attracted by the adventures of space, and particularly the painting to see them, of strange, bizarre planets and landscapes. They provoke and confuse the bourgeois mind. They neither soothe nor enlighten.

I remember once a conversation with Leo Castelli, John's dealer and the only dealer of the neo-Expressionists. He had just returned from a luncheon with a corporation that wanted to buy into his gallery. But they could not understand why he had diluted his profits by taking on a family of younger artists in 1970 who neither painted nor sculpted but worked in ungrateful genres like film, video tape, and conceptual art. "They asked me, 'Why do you do this?'" Leo said. "Do you do it out of adventure or out of calculation?" I replied. "Adventure is the only reason to do any of it."

Is Castelli kidding us? Is Raskin deluding us when he tells us that he thinks of collecting as a "life event," grounded not in commodity values but in expansion of the self, though both the art he buys and the artists he supports? These questions are often asked, and answered with reassuring affirmations by their owners. But let us ask some similar questions. Just in November, 1990, I sat on a television panel, late at night, with dealers Richard Patten and Ivan Karp. A few hours before, the first important auction of new art had concluded at Parke-Bernet—its proceeds to the Raskin auction, three years later. With one exception, Raskin was enraged. He charged Karp (and Castelli) with masterminding both the auction and the prices had from the floor. "You're destroying the art!" he said. Karp asked why. "Because no one can create under the pressure of these astronomical prices."

It was an obviously new view of art—perfectly at one with the middle-class essence of taste, only something old, rescued from the touch of a living artist, is valuable, and perfectly hypercritical. It is rather like the criticism who asked five paintings from artists for later to see and sold during the vulgarity of Raskin's profits. Patten, a wealthy buyer, dealer, and swapper himself, lowering the overrating influence of the dollar. Who can believe in this double standard? The truth is that Castelli, Karp, Patten, and the critics are all guilty and all responsible for the rise in prices that has tortured and deflated everything. Americans except without manner a price of \$10,000,000 for every death-dealing bamboo seat across Vietnam. Yet they cheer

specie client. "He bought a great deal on our say-so and played it to the museum, as he promised." And David "has a good eye. He learned that. He knows his art."

It was Miss Miller who showed Mark Rothko in 1938 to Louis Wechsberg. "I don't—when everyone else was saying 'Locusts who?'"—and who early on displayed the likes of Morris Graves and Hyman Bloom and the early work of the New York School contemporaries. "They used to say of my exhibits, there was another bunch of Davids Miller's Americans." Well, Davids Miller's Americans are very big business today and will continue to be, she believes. She also sees the trend toward the new "photographic realism" of such as Richard Estes continuing, and agrees with others that this fall will see a comeback of a boom among nineteenth-century American art. Not even though what she sees artistically has frayed edges, the confidence against buying into trends simply for investment. "Only buy something you absolutely cannot do without," she says. "I loathe buying for investment. I have never bought anything, either for myself or anyone else, that I haven't absolutely loved."

Tajana Earls Smith of the placeless Leo Castelli Gallery agrees. "It is after all a bit vulgar, this investment buying. We have people coming in asking us what we have in a certain price range and wanting virtual assurances that their investment will double. It's disgusting. I loathe it." Yet galleries cannot ignore big money when it comes pouring through their doors. Says John Richardson of Knoedler, "Today the private collector is the exception. Our largest sales are to other dealers, mutual funds, Swiss banks, Japanese corporations. You don't have great collections anymore, what you have are great bank-vault holdings." Still, says Richardson, fine pieces of art are available in the \$15,000 range. "But, for God's sake, I would urge one to buy one fine piece, not a million."

With the custom of a weekend sleep-by-blue-chip buying, the galleries believe this fall will be characterized by tight money. A buyer with significant cash to spend can be in the coldest sea. There are carry-over funds from the spring and airports collecting markets still trying to get cheap except for the modern collector, but there seems little doubt that prices will continue to creep—and that leap—upward. That last season saw some extraordinary buying of nineteenth-century American and European paintings in both the London and New York markets, and though the buying tended to be chauvinistic—Americans bought American and Europeans bought Dutch, French and Italian—prices stayed reasonable. In the realm of contemporary art, in the \$5,000 to \$10,000 category, good art, very good art, is plentiful. One might for example like himself and his dinner over in Wildenstein in New York where he could possibly pick up a small, tight-edged Henry Moore sculpture for around \$6,000. Well, if Moore is good enough for Joe Hirshhorn and M.O.M.A.'s Sculpture Garden it should be just something in your own museum built from Bloomer's profits. And it could be profitable too, according to Henry Brooks, Wildenstein's vice-president, who points out that even Moore has gone at auction recently for as much as \$25,000. Don't stand in line though, there just aren't that many around.

Brook also contends that Paul Klee will be a hot article this season, as will Karel Peitner—"I don't handle them. I wish I did!"—and he regards the surrealist—Magritte, Deleux, Dalí, Ernst, Braque, Masson and Tanguy are some—as "hot stock." Richardson of Knoedler agrees that there has been "an enormous

boom in the surrealist painters and there are no indications I can see that they will slack off." In particular he mentions Dalí—"We've sold every painting of his we had last year. Amazing, the interest there"—and Tanguy, who has "gone up enormously in price." Richardson also notes a "Vancouver trend among American buyers. We are finding that Americans delicately set out to buy American," and thus such as Frank Stella, Larry Poons and Robert Motherwell have sold, and will continue to sell, he believes, very well.

Tajana Earls Smith says much the same Castelli, with the largest stable of in-the-news artists around, and fresh from the triumphs of last fall's \$2,550,000 Sotheby Parko Bernet sale of New York School works believes to have been Robert Rauschenberg—very many of which Castelli refused to sell to buy them the market in New York artists are only holding up, but not growing in strength. An avid collector adds that the Castelli stable "is selling by the ton in Europe too." Paintings and sculptures by such as Johns, Kelly, Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, Neuberger, Warhol and Oldenburg are well into the thousands and most of us cannot afford them anymore, but careful shopping might turn up a drawing or a pencil or ink study for a finished work. And although their graphics too are "gradually getting out of sight," according to Sylvia Ock Jr., director of Associated American Artists—the largest graphics outlet in the country, perhaps the world—they are still available.

A Rolly print can be had for about \$500. Rauschenberg and Lichtenstein are somewhat higher, and July Horner, administrator of Pace Gallery, which handles through its Pace Editions the production of such as Robert Rauschenberg, Jack Youngerman and Nevelson, says that prints and multiples by these artists are still in the \$500 to \$1,000 bracket. Also hot now is Henry Moore, professor, who, says Cole, is "making more prints right now than at any time in his whole life," and William S. Broude, a friend of Moore's, says that the heavy demand for Moore prints is expected to increase so rapidly that his gallery, which has never had a print sale, will hold a November show of Moore graphics. Prices? Six hundred dollars to \$1,000. Moore prints seem to be limiting off—although the best reason strategists—either Picasso and Gernsey, no presentist prints continue to climb. Later Chagall prints, those awful purple and overall green things that people seem to buy to match their new sofas, are steadily increasing, but shopping around can get you a small, early black-and-white etching that will prove that Chagall was once really an artist.

Understand some basic art-world economics and then shop. A gallery works on a hundred percent markup, and the artist gets a wide margin for copyright—two—and do happens. In the case of paintings, drawings and sculpture—one-only originals—the price usually represents a simple one-step markup, but in the ever-surprising world of original graphics—etchings, woodcuts, linocuts, lithographs—markups can graduate into a field of stars. Original prints traditionally used to be conceived and produced by the artist, painstakingly, one at a time, and then a price was negotiated with a gallery. This is seldom the case today. Printers and art publishers abound. When five years ago there were twenty or thirty-five independent publishers of original works of art, today there are more than 500, and print experts say that is a conservative figure understating "viable" publishers—not fly-by-nighters who conceal themselves one or two artists, produce editions and then sell—(Continued on page 126)



"YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE"...

"You may be only a waitress now, but you're movie-star stuff, baby—with proper training, of course!"

FORMICA WITH LOVE

by Nelson Lyon

Ten star-shaped waitresses, coming right up

They also star who only serve and wait—and they have gone underneath long enough. Forget Janet Gaynor (above), Lona Turner, Marilyn Monroe, all of whose red American posters out of the American waitress it's high time to recognize that the American waitress is a star unto herself—and Tinseltown, having assured diners,

becomes, and nice places too, can prove it. There is gold out there! Real star stuff! Creamy cheesecake pushing Apple Brown Betty! And she's right before your eyes—bentling over behind the Passero, clearing up your swatched mess. She needs only the big blink. If there be an Irving Thelberg among you, go get a cup of coffee



Michelle Gule, rated PG, appears four times a week at Shakespeare's Restaurant in Greenwich Village. Her service comes with a smile, yes, but also with a generous dollop of spunk. Her aim is to please at all costs, even if it means accidentally pouring ketchup on your salad, ruining your new white shirt. But so what? Michelle has the figure of a Party Girl, the personality of Judy Canova, the approach to life of a Wild Oney character. She autographs each of her checks. "How's a nice day? Michelle!" The "Is one" all dated with tiny circles. "I really do want people to have a nice day," she says. And that's entertainment.

Loose Turner in *The Business Affairs Show* Times



Loose Turner in *Business Affairs Show*



Loose Turner in *Business Affairs Show*



Loose Turner in *Business Affairs Show*

Noelle (facing page, right) dishes it out at Fluke's, a small establishment in the heart of New York's Bowery. Neighborhood denizens think she's Oscar material. "So pretty," says Joe, the even in the picture. Joe can always count on Noelle for a free cup of coffee and an interesting chat. Some intimate details: she'd like to go to Spain and raise Persian cats; her best dreams involve giant ocean waves and white nations. And, to get back to reality, Noelle performs perfect birdcalls, her favorites being the pleasant woodpecker and the loon. She seems significantly happier for a gay musical comedy à la Vincente Minnelli.

Color photographs by Pierre Moulin



The object of all this attention (above) is waitress Rena Boyd. She works as a waitress at a lesbian restaurant in New York, Uncle Tomaso. A throwback to the vintage Angie Dickinson, Rena's legs seem to do most of her best talking. Ask her a question, however discreet, and she'll answer with a sweet "yeah." Rena did say, though, that she likes to paint Chinese landscapes and that she's at all times polite to her customers. Except when they start getting "too personal." So much for the interview part, now the conclusion: blonds, especially those with great gams, can always manage to wing it in the speaking parts.



Marjia Moore in *Desperate Years*



Barbara Streisand
in *Shogun*



Judy Garland is an unusual
singer from *A Star Is Born*

Kim Dinsdale (below) is Richard Burton's favorite waitress. One day she met him on the street, introduced him to the cuisine at Samba's restaurant in Oranville, California, and they became fast friends. He gave her a \$450 ring. A career in show business? She doesn't think it's for her. Are Richard and Kim a thing? "He's such a sweet old man," she says. "I would never do anything with him." The ring wept.



Cathy Sue Cleland (left) is a corbie at Bob's Big Boy in Tellico Lake, California. She could have played herself in *American Graffiti*. She wears a lacquered bouffant wig, a short skirt, a eber on the spot when the kids beep for melted, burgers, and fries. While working outdoors may be nice, the life of a corbie isn't all a bowl of chili. "It looks easy but it's not," Cathy Sue explains. She would like to continue her acting career. Cathy Sue is like Annette Funicello: a custard cone frozen in time.

Color photograph above by Pierre Marais

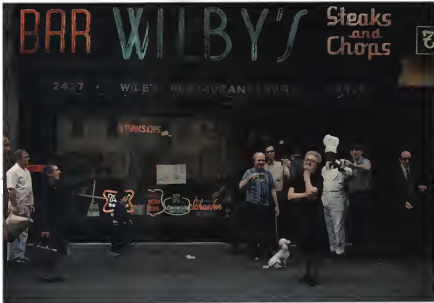


Candice Johnson (above) has served time in a number of jazz clubs in America, now works at Max's Kansas City in New York. She applies Cocteau philosophy to her dishes ("To serve is to rule"—I Ching). Her specialty is inspiring big tips: "I make customers feel at home, and when things are tough, I give them a look at my dynamic red underpants!"

Other color photographs by Barry Neillings



Melissa Raymond (above) works at The Bottom Line, a Gotham rock club. Her hobbies are painting and astrology. Twenty years ago she could have bumped Debbie Reynolds off the MGM lot, Carol Montana (below) gathers no moss. She has worked places coast-to-coast, her whereabouts now unknown (check your neighborhood diner). Ten years ago she'd have bumped Ann-Margret.



Bette Davis in *My Woman Brenda*



Color photographs at left by Miss Mussy

Kim Novak in *My Woman Brenda*



Color photograph above by Pierre Houdin

Sophie (above) can carry five hot plates on each arm at the same time. For twenty-six years she has been working at Wilby's in New York. She says of her profession, "It's a living. I make the best of it. But serving is an art. I don't mean serving the main dishes. The art is in the side dishes, the water glasses, and the butter plate. I get a kick from doing these things right."

Sophie is an established superstar. An army of regulars have been coming for years, simply to see her. The road to the top has been tough. She started out thirty-five years ago, applying for a position with a future at Horn & Hanhart, and came up the hard way from there. "Take the better with the sweet," she says. "Yes, Frank Capra, there is a Sophie Gudekova!"

The Knife

by Richard Selzer

*Vicious instrument!
Robbed need in the surgeon's hand!
A wifal brilliance parting skin's deluded sleep!
Brutish guest! Sempiternal of dread!
Quiet, gentlemen—the scalpel speaks!*



Doris Merande sports the tools of her former trade as she appears in this special edition of the American Dream. Once Barbara whipped towns of Taco Tano, all the way out there in Corvallis, Oregon. Then someone discovered her—it could have been you, if only you'd been paying attention—and she came to New York and became a beautiful, famous model, appearing on

Cosmo covers, *Type Romance*, *Glamour*, you name it! Now here she is in focus Scord's with David Mervick and Ron Field, who are, mayhap, discussing with her their new show, *Dancers*, which they're respectively producer and director of. Now and then they snap their fingers and a waiter brings them whatever they want. Scord's doesn't have waitresses, so the story ends here.



One holds the knife as one holds the bow of a cello or a violin—by the stem. Not pinched, not gripped, not grasped, but held, with the tips of the fingers. The knife is not for pruning. It is for dressing across the field of skin. Like a slender fish, it waits, at the ready, then, go! It cuts, followed by a fine wake of red. The flesh

parts, falling away to yellow globules of fat. Rows now, after so many times, I still marvel at its power—red, gleaming, silent. More, I am still struck with a kind of dread that at a point in whose hand the blade travels, that my hand is its vehicle, that yet again this terrible steel-bellied thing and I have conspired for a most unnatural purpose, the laying open of the body of a human being.

A villanelle settles in my heart and is carried to my hand. It is the quartette of resolve ignored over time. And it is this resolve that lowers us, my knife and me, deeper and deeper into the person beneath. It is as entry into the body that is neither skin nor bone, still, it is among the gambler of arches. There stroke and stroke again, and we are joined by other instruments, hemostats and forceps, until the wound blooms with strange flowers whose looped handles fall to the sides in vain array.

There is second, the tight click of clamps doing teeth into severed blood vessels, the gentle and gentle of the suction machine clearing the field of blood for the next stroke, the fling of unspeakable with which one prays his way down and in, deep, deeper, deeper, fit, refit. And there is voice. The green of the skin, the white of the specimen, the red and yellow of the body. Beneath the fat lies the fascia, the tough fibrous sheet enclosing the muscles. It must be sliced and the red leaf of the muscles separated. Now there are retractions to hold apart the wound. Hands move together, part, wave. We are fully engaged, like children absorbed in a game, or the craftsmen of some place like Damascus.

Deeper still. The peritoneum, pink and gleaming and membranous, bulges into the wound. It is propped

with forceps, and opened. For the first time we can see into the cavity of the abdomen. Such a primitive place. One expects to find drawings of lizards at the walls. The scene of trespassing is sooner now, hushed by the world's hush illuminating the organs, their secret colors revealed—maroon and salmon and yellow. The void is sweetly vulnerable at this moment, a kind of welcome. An arc of the liver shows back and on the right, like a dark oak. It lies over the pink cover of the stomach, from whose lower border the gassy omentum is draped, and through which red one sees, sometimes, slow as just-fled snakes, the indolent coils of the intestines.

You turn aside to wash your gloves. It is a ritual cleansing. The action this tonight doubly washed. Here is man as macrocosm, representing in all his parts the earth, perhaps the universe.

I must confess that the proficiency of my profession has ever been impressed on me. In the beginning there are roses, taken with all solemnity. Then there is the endless harsh acridity of bruising, rough fatigue, much suffering. At last one emerges as indifferent, standing close to the truth lying contained in the Ark of the body. Not surprise nor amazement but mark and more as your reality. You hold no children, but a knife. There is an advice, to suffer. There are only the facts of blood and flesh.

And if the surgeon is like a poet, then the poem you have made on countless bodies are like verses into the fashioning of which you have poured your soul. I think that if I want to use an old version of some poem later, I should know it at once, as can recognize his poet expressions.

But mostly you are a traveler in a dangerous country, advancing into the meat and jumpy drift your hands have made. Eyes and ears are shattered from the hand you left behind; you soothes itself of all other thought. You are the root of proper fingers. It is a few hours for the fingers, their sense of touch as enhanced. The blind must know this feeling. Oh, there is risk everywhere. One goes lightly. The phrase "No!" Do not touch the below the left half of the diaphragm, a waist ray as a coral cone, its bloody tongue protruding. One pole and it might rupture, exploding with sudden hemorrhage. The tiny omentum must not be torn, the intestine scraped or divided. The hand finds the liver, where it lies



running along its sharp lower sides, admiring. Here and there sounds, the apron of the kidnaper, the apron of the assassin hanging in front of the intestinal coils. One lifts it aside and the fingers do among the veins, reaching, mapping territory, establishing boundaries on Dege's skin, and the veins are touched, then left. The work ends, the knife settles. They do cattle in the cap of a man's hand, their power of demand. They are truly itself.

There is a hush in the room. Speech ceases. The breath of the others, contained as sound, is still. Only the veins of the patient's respiration remain. It is the rhythm of a quiet sea, the sound of waiting. Then you speak, slowly, the true action of a life-line climber reporting back.

"The stomach is clear. Greater curvature clear. No sign of ulcer. Typhoid, duodenal ulcer. No evidence of the gallbladder. No stones. Bile ducts, left, all right. Liver... alone."

Your speech lowers to a whisper. Others, stage for a long, long moment, then picks up again at the end of a path that comes through your mind like a lost collection.

"Three big hard ones in the left lobe, one on the right. Metastatic deposits. Bad, bad. What's the primary? Got to be coming from somewhere."

The men shift direction and the fingers dig lower and lower into the pelvis—the body repulsed even upon the arm of the surgeon in the left of the elbow.

"Here it is."
The voice goes flat, all business now.

"Tumor in the sigmoid colon, wrapped all around it. pretty tight. We'll take out a sleeve of the bowel. No colonoscopy. Not that, anyway. Got to feel. There's a lot of it down there. Here, you take it out."

They step back from the table, and turn into a sterile wash of water, rattling on stiff arms, while the others leave the center.

When I was a small boy, I was taken by my father, a general practitioner in Troy, New York, to St. Mary's Hospital, to wait while he made his rounds. The surgeon whom I met was all sunlight and began slowly. He smelled of soap and starch and clean linen. In the morning, clouds of blue billowed from the veins—and in the fall, chrysothemum covered the magazine tables. At one end of the great high-ceilinged, glass-walled room was a large cage where colored birds were released and sang. Even from the first, I sensed the awareness of that other place, the Operating Room, knew that somewhere on these premises was that secret dreadful discovery where surgery was at that moment happening. I sat among the cut flowers, bulb drunk on the scent, listening to the robes of the men brush the walls of the corridor, and felt the awful presence of surgery.

Oh, the propriety! I learned to go there I feared to see there. I imagined surgery best like stars over the body of the patient, a circle of red painted around the abdomen. Silence and dimness and even enveloped there, these surgeons, it was the light in which the heart and strengthened. Ah, it was a place I would never see, a place from whose walls the haug and suffering Christ turned his attention to highest purpose.

It is thirty years since I yearned for that old Roussier. And now I merely look the beams of an electric eye, and double my own eye, let me see, as well, and as I enter, always, I feel the singing of a force that I feel in no other place. It is as though I am another stronger and larger, hence. Yes, that's it.

The operating room is called a theatre. One walks upon a set where the cupboards hold tanks of oxygen and other gases. The cabinets show steel canisters of unmeasured viscosity, and the refrigerators are filled with bags of blood. Bodies are stretched and punctured here, but no love is made. Nor is it ever allowed to grow dark, but must always gleam with a glistening brightness. For the special congress into which patients and surgeon enter, the one must have his senses dulled, the other his sensibilities restrained. One has ruled, blind, offering; the other stands masked and guided. One leads, the other does his will.

I said no love is made here, but love happens. I have stood many times with loved ones while a ghost, wearing the purple scarf of awe, remembers. Last I listen to the man I shall operate upon, I try not to refer to those terrible last questions, the answers, but turn with something dying, the words that formulate the expectation of death. For a moment my twelve fathers before the resurrection, the attentiveness, of the other ten. I am like an executioner who has the cleric comforting the prisoner. For the moment I am excluded from the centrality of the event, a mere technician standing by. But it is only for the moment.

The priest leaves, and we are ready. Let it begin.



I am repeating the strengthened herms of an old man. Because of his age and drugging, I am never heard anywhere. He is awake. His name is Alie Kaufman, and he is a Russian Jew. A name fits by his hand, murmuring to him. One when his forehead, I know him very well. His name is Alie. He is the son of a daughter of Ukrainian peasants. She has a fat snuff of a face and slanting eyes. Nose and palate are speaking of blouses, blouses, blouses, knife-fell—Russian food that they both love. I drink, and think that I may have been her grandfather who walked the street where the old man lived long ago, and in her high boots and his blouse and his furs this grandfather pulled Alie by his side onto the ground and stomped his face and kicked his nose. Perhaps it was that twisted look that moved the herms at a dining table, to their whispering behind the screen at the head of the table. I listen with mouth held before the prism of history.

"Terror," she says, her head bent close to his. He smiles up at her, and forgets that his body is bare in his eyes.

"You are an angel," the old man says.

One can count on sterility. There, in the midst of one's memories, appear, sword and black and crawling, an insect. The Ant of the Absurd. The belly is open, one has seen and felt the cadaverous within. It seems the patient is already vomiting into apoplexy in the dark, escaping therefrom. One could warm one's hands in that fever. All at once that ant is there, emerging

from beneath one of the sterile towels that border the operating table. For a moment one does not really see it, or, as one does the night, so impossible it is, in much, precisely, bending brightly toward the open wound. Down from its liver lobe, where it struggled in the steam of the great sterilizer, and survived, it comes. One and closer it looms toward the patient. Ant, ant, then in the grip of some fatal insect? Would it have come there, scarlet cliffs into the very fold of the guts? Ant mad for the risk we handle? Or is some secret art of fermentation impugned?

The alarm is sounded. An ant! An ant! And we are answered. Our fear of defilement is near to frenzy. It is not the mere physical contamination that we dislike. It is the end of the antiseptic, that he scurries across our holy place, and within our other. He is dangerous. For these days we have no hope of saving. Power, but to destroy the nucleus before we, we have to its incursion with a vengeance, and pluck it from the lip of the incision in the nick of time. Who would have thought an ant could move so fast?

Between thumb and forefinger, the ant is crushed. It dies as quietly as it lived. Ah, but now there is death in the room. It is a penetration of our purpose. Albert Schweitzer would have spared it, swooped it tenderly into his hand, and lowered it to the ground.

The operating is flushed into the specimen basin. The gloves are changed. New towels and sheets are placed where it walked. We are pleased to have done something, if only a small thing. The operation resumes, and we draw upon ourselves once more the albatross of office and risk. Is our resistance for life in question?

In the event the postmortem is on trays and tables. They are arranged precisely by the sterile nurse, in an order that never changes, so that you can reach blindly for a forceps or handle without looking away from the operating field. The instruments lie flat on the beginning, what all is clean and tidy and so blood has been soiled, it is the signal that dominates. It has a figure the others do not touch, the repliers and the saws and scalpels in all groups and the resuscitators. It is in the air. It is like a cat. To be respected, deferred to, but which returns no animosity. To hold it above a body is to know the knife's force—as though were you to give it slightest hint, it would paralyze an instant of its own, driving into the flesh, a wild energy.

In a story by Beppe, a doctor built first between two rivers is depicted. It is not, however, the man who are fighting. It is the knives themselves that are setting their own old work. The man who holds the knives are mere admirers to the weapons. The unsheathed knife is like the unsheathed sword that not only carries its holder's order to his death, but brings all beneath its focus. The hand of the surgeon must have this same thing. He is a ruler seeking to captivate a prey.

So close is the joining of knife and surgeon that they are like the Center—the knife, below, all aquatic energy, the surgeon, above, with his delicate art. One holds the knife back as much as advances it to paralyze one in master of the situation. One is patient, sometimes steel, in the knife. In a moment it is like the long red flag of the Dragon Lady. Thus does the surgeon seek in order to create, restraining the rule, governing it already, setting the action of the operation into a pattern, giving it form and purpose. It is the nature of existence to live within a high curve that is both their construction and their pro-



longing to take just one day breath, the surgeon struggles not to feel. It is sufficiency to pass the feeling out. It would be easier to weep at night. For you know that the longer you live, the more you, routine, just breath, there, all disaster, all disorder in a surgical operation, a risk may flash into reality: the patient dies . . . of emphysema. The patient knows this too, in a more direct and personal way, and he is afraid.

And what of that other, the patient, who is brought to the operating room on a stretcher, having been washed and gurgled and dressed in a white gown? Flung down from a bottle into his arms, feeling free, feeling his body of his personal being. As he waits in the corridor, he hears from behind the closed door the angry clink of steel upon steel, as though a battle were being waged. There is the odor of antiseptic and ether, and masked women hurry by and down the stairs, and the sound of machinery. There is the wailing sound of strange machinery, the funny beeping that is the transmitted heartbeat of yet another human being. And all the while the dreadful knowledge that most you will be taken, left beneath great knives that will reveal the secret layers of your body. In the very end of lying down, you have made a declaration of surrender. One has done gladly for sleep or for love. But to give over one's body and will for surgery, is to show for it a yielding of more than we can bear.

Soon a man will stand up, groined and hooded. In time the man will take up a knife, and crack open your flesh like a ripe melon. Fingers will run along your every surface. Parts of you will be cut out. Blood will run from your blood. All the sight before you have looked with the patient's eyes, the sight before you. You have offered your flesh, and with your permission. You think, "I should never have had surgery in the beginning." It is too cruel, for on a Thursday it is an unlucky day.

Now it is time. You are wheeled in and moved to the table. An injection is given. "Let yourself go," I say. "It's a pleasant sensation." I say, "Give it, I say." Let go! Give it! When you know that you are being broken into the anesthesia, that you will and when consciousness goes? As the anesthetist releases of anesthesia falls discretely across your brain, you watch your self drift off.

Later, in the recovery room, you awake and gaze through the darkness of drugs at the world returning, and you gaze, at first, only, the sight of the world. It is a pain and confusion you will know the exaltation of death assured, of life restored.

What is it, then, this thing, the knife, whose shape is virtually the same as it was three thousand years ago, but now with its head grown dead, the sight of the world? It is a sword. Before surgery, alone—then back into unremembered time. Did (Continued on page 216)

The Office Politics of J. Edgar Hoover

by Ovid Demaria

How to win loyalty, how to stay powerful, how to keep everybody guessing

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the September *Esquire*, Ovid Demaria talked with Hoover's relatives, close friends, and colleagues about the Director's private life, including his relationship with longtime aide and companion, Clegg Tolson. This month, his concluding installment of *J. Edgar* and finally deals with little-known aspects of Hoover's professional life.

When General Harry Vaughan walked into the Mayflower hotel's 18th Room in June, 1952, I found myself shaking the head at a very little man with an anxious smile. He had come to talk to me about J. Edgar Hoover, whom he had worked with during the time he was Truman's top military aide.

Vaughan: "About a week after Harry Truman became President, Matt Connelley [the President's appointments secretary] called me and said, 'The boss wants to see you in his office, right now.' So I went in and there was J. Edgar Hoover. The boss said, 'Sit down,' and I sat down and they finished what they were talking about. Then the President said, 'Harry, I called you over here because I want to start off on the right foot with Mr. Hoover and I want things to work smoothly between this office and his. Anything that I have to give to Mr. Hoover, that I want for his eyes, that I want to put in his attention, I'll give it to you and you'll go over and put it in his hand.' And he said, 'Mr. Hoover, when you have anything that you think I should know about, you give it to Harry and tell him that you want me to see it and he'll hand it to me within an hour. That's the way we're going to operate.' We did exactly that for eight years.

"At the time of our first meeting, Hoover gave me very specific instructions as how to get to his office. He said, 'There's going to be a lot of talk, you coming to my office, my coming to your office. When you come over here, I advise you to come in on Pennsylvania, get on the elevator, go to the seventh floor, walk around to the other bank of elevators, go down to the third floor, walk around to the back of elevators, come up to the fifth floor, and come into my office. You and I have legitimate things to talk about. It's the President's business, it's my business, it's your business, it's nobody else's business. Now a lot of the press are outside your office and their notice if I come over there.'"

In other words, he never came to your office.

Vaughan: "That's right. If I had said, 'Now, the President has directed me to tell you so-and-so, how about coming over to my office,' I think maybe he'd have done it. It might have kept the hell out of him but—"

Would it have ruined the relationship?

Vaughan: "I don't think it would have been his let, and I didn't give much of a damn about it. We had a good arrangement. The minute I got to Hoover's office, that little Negro fellow [Sam Kinsley] would say, 'Come on in, General, you are on right in.' OK, so occasionally I might have waited two or three minutes, but usually I was right in. Our meetings were strictly business, no social talk, just two members of a staff that were anxious to cooperate, and I found Hoover that way all the time."

Why did Truman bypass the Attorney General in his dealings with Hoover?

Vaughan: "Theoretically, the At-

torney General is over the F.B.I., but in practice the F.B.I. is an independent agency. The reason was that Hoover was such a dynamic personality. By 1945, Hoover had already established his position in terms of power and importance. I don't think there was any doubt about it."

Was it because of the film?

Vaughan: "The film, of course, were important. They were a tool. Were they indispensable? To certain people, I'm sure there was a hell of a lot in there about me, but it didn't concern me a damn bit. I'm sure they made some of the bastards on the Hill walk were convulsed. They never bothered Truman. When he had occasion to disagree with Hoover, and strongly, he didn't hesitate to do it."

Could you describe an incident?

Vaughan: "There Hoover was so successful with the F.B.I. nationally that he wanted to take over foreign duties. He wanted to expand the F.B.I. to foreign activities. Truman created the Central Intelligence Agency to great protest from Hoover, who wanted to take it over as an auxiliary of his organization. Truman said no. I heard him say that one man shouldn't operate both. He puts too big for his britches. Hoover's got plenty to do, he's done a great job, he'll continue to do a great job in the United States as the F.B.I., but the C.I.A. is a separate organization and should be under different auspices. Hoover was very provoked by that, and he tried to argue with the President, giving his pitch about his organization, that it was operating smoothly, that it could be expanded more easily than starting a new organization. Truman never refused to listen to an argument, but once he made up his mind, that

was it. He said no, and when Hoover persisted, he said, 'You're getting out of bounds.' I think Hoover was smart enough to agree to it. He didn't like it because he had front doors about his infernal importance. He was an egotistic little guy, there's no doubt about that. He thought nobody could be as right as Hoover on any particular subject, which was a difficult thing to combat."

What kind of a man was Tom Clark?

Vaughan: "I'll tell you why he left the Supreme Court. That night someone told you the kind of man he is. He made a deal with President Johnson. Johnson wanted a vacancy on the Supreme Court so he could appoint a Negro, which would give him some prestige in the Fourth Ward or something. So Tom Clark wanted a vacancy by leaving from the Court so they could appoint Thurmond. Marshall and Brandeis said that Johnson would appoint his son Ramon Attorney General."

What kind of Attorney General was Tom Clark?

Vaughan: "I think he was a very good one."

Didn't Hoover rule everything over him?

Vaughan: "I don't know if you could say that he ruled everything, but Tom Clark didn't tell Hoover what to do. He didn't meet with him at all. He let Hoover run his own show. At least, that's my opinion. Actually, I don't think Harry Truman would have appointed Tom Attorney General if he hadn't had his arm twisted by Sam Kinsley and Tom Connelley from Texas. You know these things."

Did Hoover provide Truman with reports on the personal habits of members of the administration?

Vaughan: "When we went in, the F.B.I. had about a dozen phone taps on various people in Washington, and they used to give me a report on the phone conversations. For example, they had one on Tommy Corcoran, you know, Tommy the Clerk, who was a lawyer here who was on Roosevelt's kitchen cabinet. He's an immense peddler, and for some reason Roosevelt was a little suspicious of him and had the F.B.I. put a tap on him. When these reports started coming in, I said, 'What the hell is this?' and they said, 'That is a tap on your secretary's,' and I said, 'Who ordered it?' and they said, 'Oh, that's been going in for six months. Three months,' or what have you. I told

the President, I'm getting these reports I read them over and it's the most dull, deadly stuff—Mrs. Corcoran tells up the grocery and orders that, she tells her husband. 'Well, I don't give a damn whether Mrs. Corcoran gets her hair fixed or don't get her hair fixed,' Harry told me. 'What the hell is that crap?' I said, 'That's a setup.' He said, 'Cut them all off. Tell the F.B.I. we haven't got any time for that kind of shit.'"

Do you think Hoover and Tolson were friends?

Vaughan: "Oh, no."

What makes you say so?

Vaughan: "Well, because he was a red-blooded, virile individual. I

knew the whole time I was Attorney General."

Hoover went through you in those days?

Tom Clark: "He wouldn't go through me but he had a man over there. I'm not sure but I think he had one there in Roosevelt's time. The idea was that if any problems came up on matters that Hoover was handling that involved the White House, or what he thought of some national program, or that had national aspects, he'd send copies of memoranda to the President. Then the President usually sent it on over to me. Of course, I always had a copy but I got so many copies that I couldn't read them all—"

Rule One: Never go to their offices, make them come to yours. Stay on your own turf—this puts you in control of the situation.



can imagine that I would be in a job like that, having an old college classmate of mine associated with me, and we'd be living together. In fact, one time I heard a number of the press say that the reason that Harry Truman and I didn't spend two weeks down at Key West with each other was because Truman thought of these bastards as homosexuals."

I visited Tom C. Clark in his Supreme Court office in Washington. The fact that Hoover had called his son Ramon a "sillyball" and the worst Attorney General in his experience had no visible effect on Clark's reflections on the Director.

Tom Clark: "I don't believe I ever saw Mr. Hoover at the White

House. I had one associate read all mine and he'd give me what he thought I should see, what was important enough for him to see."

Was your relationship with Hoover friendly?

Tom Clark: "We had dinner together many times. Most of the time when I went with him it would be to Harry's. He was out to our house two or three times. Hoover was not one to go out much socially, but he did eat out occasionally at somebody's place in the evening. I'd nearly all the contacts I had with Mr. Hoover were either in my office or his. When I was an assistant it would be mostly in his. After I became Attorney General [in 1945], they were practically all in my office."

Ten Olik: "That started during the time of Attorney General Cummings. He made arrangements with the telephone company to put tap-
lines on a phone. That was just before we went into the war, about 1937 or '38, along in there. But there was a Supreme Court case outlawing evidence obtained by a wiretap so we would not use any evidence we got on a wiretap in a prosecution. Then when Mr. Murphy succeeded Cummings, I suppose that they continued that arrangement and then during the war I know that Mr. Roosevelt arranged to continue the operation with Mr. Beidle. When I came in, Mr. Hoover asked me to write a letter which he had drafted to the White House

"After the war Mr. Hoover started on what you might call his Communist program. As we know, Mr. Roosevelt was one who worked with the Russians in the war and he had a pretty close arrangement with them. And Mr. Hoover had an idea that the Communists were pretty strong; I rather thought that he overestimated it, which I said to him from all the time, but he developed about the time the Iron Curtain started, I'd say about about 1945. He spent considerable money on subversive activities. I don't know and what percent he spent

one time that I was on. They had a skirt and an actor played Mr. Hoover's part. He and I were in my office and looking around, under my desk and stuff like that, to see if there were any Communists hiding. It was sort of a reflection of an attitude many people had toward Mr. Hoover's activities in the Communist field, and it was highly exaggerated. He admitted himself that my secret one person search was not a real search, but I kept in public I think he would tell you. You have to remember that it was a small group that contributed to the Russian government. That was the

Tom Clark, I sending any letter used to deal with thought he was a (the Commander the what other Attempts I rather think, the sing perhaps in the ver and pretty clear told by Mr. Shores been in the Justice 1824 that he would ing and I think it say he had grown out of his life.

"He was pretty

My memories of meeting Hoover are about 10 years off base on that point. I don't know General and Mrs. Clark, but Benjamin Franklin Hooper was Hoover's first department in the new Federal Bureau and he was to be sure for the first 10 years of his life in the Bureau. He was in the Bureau in 1937.

[illegible]

...but you just spinning around closest and trying to a whole lot harder to maximize. Well, I'm going to let the double episode 'I'm making all present cases that had one front-page. I'm sure that presentable out of most of



Rule Two: Maintain absolute confidence in your judgments and your opinions. Give in to nobody but your superior—and then only as a last resort.



Tom Clark: "Well, as We'd send you the memo. Of course, many times those matters would be referred to U.S. attorneys. We have ninety-four of them. If it was a national case like Warren, he'd probably take it up with the Attorney General, but most of the time he'd take it up with the assistant who

Do you think he is
of that kind of person?
Tom Clarke: "I
him about it. I don't
felt about it. I don't
flower-wind events
time I've known
cheerful. The only
now him using the
to work and going
or twice we went

might be meretricious?⁷ I never believed to know how he thought he did. I just sat and in the end, he had a time. I never was coming home. Once he came to (London) to a

probably unfairly, a hardening was in a sense professionalized. You don't cover as a man reads. I don't read a book reading was interesting, personal, free, generous, in our "insured."

He told every-
thing. He didn't
live policy. He
lived."

over here. All you're going to do is look up our cases? I don't want to be a cop, I want to be a scientist. I don't know, you guys better step it up. I assumed all I was going to do was being a cop, it's really high level. In the event, it was really weird, the Los Angeles Times was the first to report. Vegas skimming restaurants came up, and they were trying to implicate the Attorney General with what a great job they were doing out there, and they sent me a press report, even that you couldn't read it. It was all over it. And then there was a big leak out there, and I went to that day they sent the report over because they knew the casino owners had found the bug. The shit hit the fan and the undercover all the P.R. men out there.

"Then you asked Jack Kennedy not shoot, and Bobby Kennedy, although he stayed on as Attorney General was sort of an amputee. He still he left the Department. After he became a Senator, I got upset of that Hoover was trying to leak out the fact that Bobby authorized all the bums. He sent Duke DeLoach over to the Evening Star—Hoover was close to the Star—to plant the story, but the editor insisted on attributing the story to some official in the Bureau, which DeLoach wouldn't say, so they leaked it out. They got Congressman Grass in Iowa to write a letter and that's how they got it out.

"I want over to the Henkle to see Bobby when I got the tip, and I was trying to tell him—first of all, I thought he knew—'Let's handle this thing in a friendly way. We'll get the position that it's not a security operation, it's a friendly operation, it's not the nature of a security operation, we didn't see the evidence' and all those things. And he said, 'Look—' and unless he was the only person in the room, he was not very upset. In fact, he was really, really, but we weren't that close. When the hell, he fired me once. And he said, 'You know about it?' 'You know and you didn't tell me?' 'I didn't tell you because I thought you knew. I thought that Harry had paid John Henry on every one of those things.' And he said, 'No.' I came away convinced, and I'm convinced to this day, that he didn't know. Now other people don't know, but I do. He was treating and he was on the same even playing. Look, Bobby, even if you

didn't know, I think it would be better if you said you did know. I'd rather go down in history as a guy who might have moved around a little bit than as an idiot. I didn't say that to him, of course. And he said, 'How can I? I didn't know.'

[illegible]

Handley: "He never said a word."

Handley: "Think about it. If you didn't know, it could have been a local tape, it could have been a guy who had a thing wired on him. It could be anywhere."

Why do you think the relationship between Weaver and Bob Kennedy deteriorated to the point it did? It is my understanding that Kennedy rejected McClellan and Weaver before he accepted the Attorney Generalship, and they both refused him to take it.

Handle "My quest is that Hoover liked Bobby at first. After all, Bobby worked on all the Communist stuff with McCarthy. I mean he had certain things going for him that Hoover would have liked. Hoover probably figured, well, he's a great bo kid and his old man's an old buddy of mine and his brother's President—I can handle him. And I think it was more out of deference to Bobby's feelings about organized crime that Hoover started expanding his bureau's powers."

There are stories about Kennedy putting in a direct line to Hoover's office, and about his going over there in his shirt sleeves and sitting on his desk. Once he supposedly caught the Director taking a nap. (Wasn't he heard later stating?

Handley: "Oh, sure. The way was always a direct line but Bobby was the only one that ever used it. I was in Bobby's office once when he was around Hower. I couldn't get over the way he talked. He was a real smooth one which involved a lot of politeness and then was one of those cases where the Director was dragging his feet. I was telling Bobby about it and Bobby said something like, 'Well, the Director is the Director, or I mentioned that to Edgar, yesterday, and he has some explanation.' And then Bobby said, 'Do you want me to get him over here so you can hear his explanation?' And he said, 'Well, I'll be 'Taz.' So he hit a goddamn buzzer and within sixty seconds, the old man came in with a red face, and he and Bobby squabbed at each other for about ten minutes. And Hower said, 'Well, that's the way it goes out and it was amusing.' I'll tell you one thing, he didn't give an inch.

Handley: "I didn't think it was worth a shit, but I can't remember what it was. And Tabbey pushed her a little bit he didn't back off. I became very fond of Tabby, but Bobby never moved Hoover that much, and one thing you got to say about Hoover, he was tough. And he didn't back down. He always stood his ground. I am convinced that the thing that finally destroyed their relationship was that Tabby continued to love many people who were looked to hate about Hoover that, 'Lones, Jack went' and we all got the message that they were going to retire him after Jack got reelected and Hoover hit seventy. And it got back to him.

"The fact is that with all the hating on organized crime that went on when Kennedy came in, Hoover didn't drag his feet half so much in this area as he did in other things, for example, civil rights, which gets you into that whole big flap with Martin Luther King."

Robert H. Wack, who once headed the Bureau's Crime Records Division, succeeding Lou Nichols and DeLo Delaney in that position, told me that the FBI had "no such thing as a public-affairs section or anything of that nature." As assistant director of the Crime Records Division, it was Wack's "responsibility

to maintain the various F.D.I. publications and to answer questions from the press so that the information that the public has a right to know was given out to the public.

and we held no secrets back. I followed the policy of Nichols and DeLoach, of absolute forthrightness with the press. Mr. Hoover insisted on that and that's what we did. I'd tell Mr. Hoover the full facts and then we'd decide what we could say and what we couldn't say, what could be printed or broadcast and what couldn't be. My policy was we're all going to the same place, so give the man the full benefit of the doubt."

Was this an effective transfer?
Wick: "Oh, yes, indeed, indeed. This is why I—many times I'd say that I was very glad to have interviewed with Mr. Hoover. Well, I'd try to get it out and put it. I realize that was not of sailing on oceans because there was open the possibility of some contact with Mr. Hoover, and I was able to have an interview with Mr. Hoover, then the other was said. Well, look, I've got as much right as Joe ever has and you can't let me in. I would not want to be a problem. But somebody would come out with a scandalous article about Mr. Hoover that absolutely was not true, irrespective of what it was and the way it was handled. I would not want to have to try to counter these things every day and I think the best way to counter it was with the truth. Always Mr. Wick, the best way to get the truth out is to have the truth. I'd talk to the man. Yes that brings the problem again, you see? Yes let one man in, you should let others in. Mr. Hoover could express his

But he never held them captive?²

"Miss," "He did one thing against our best judgment." I remember the time he let all those women come in—there were November 18, 1944 against my judgment, against DeLoach's. He'd be said so he was going to see all those women. It just so happened that they weren't the big top reporters but he was there and they asked him all sorts of questions. And from that meeting came the demand that Mr. Hoover make that Martin Luther King was the most dangerous man in the country. And that that report and that conclusion was the reference to the fact that Martin Luther King had changed in a speech that all FBI Agents heard. South-west Sacramento and biased and so on and this is not the fact."

Since his command came shortly after the announcement that King had won the Nobel Peace Prize, don't you think the timing was off?

Rule Four: Avoid the press like the plague. Know full well that if you talk to one reporter, you'll have all reporters breathing down your neck.



Wick: "Well, no—indeed it was —Mr. Hoover should not have said that. It was ill-considered."

Do you think that has any
something to do with it?

Wack: "Well, it could have. Let's see, he was seventy at that time. I think it may have—once he said it he had to stick to it, and he did."

My impression of Moore is that of a man who says precisely what he wants in any when he wants to say it.

Wick: "That's right. In that particular instance I was there, I'm

Moreover, sitting back and be watching there, and the girl, about fourteen of them, sitting around, and he was talking about Martin Luther King, and he said, "And another thing, he's the most notorious liar in the country." They're talking about various other things, people, he had, the way King was attacking the Bureau, and finally one girl said, "May we waste you?" and he said, "Yes, go ahead," and Duke said, "Well, Mr. Hoover, you just said no-ones-to," and he said, "That's all right. You can use that."

Didn't he also accuse King of being a socialist?

Wick: "Well, I don't think he publicly said that. I don't believe he did. I think he was probably quoted as saying that because there was some of the conversation with us that same conference. In fact,

things in that conference that he asked them not to quote—sort of off the record.”

It was reported that when Hoover and King met in the Director's office some two weeks later, Hoover confronted him with tape recordings of his sexual activities, and suggested that he throw down his resignation to the F.B.I.

Mr. Wink: "Duke DeLoach and I took Mr. Martin Luther King and two or three of his associates into Mr. Hoover's office, and that's the time—"

Wick: "I think Delta stayed in and I stayed out with one of the

that was with him. And we had more TV cameras and so on there. Although the agreement made was to the effect that, well, Mr. Moore told him, 'You can say anything you want to, it's up to you, but I don't want a press conference.' Well Mr. King, of course, walked right out and took a piece of paper out of his pocket and announced that this was what they had discussed. It had been agreed ahead of time."

Wick: "That's not the fact."
I would appreciate hearing your

Wick: "I don't know. I wasn't there at the time, so I don't know what they discussed."

Broken? Harwood in The Washington Post to the effect that certain interviewers were offered transcripts of these tape recordings?

Wack: "I don't know. They may have been. Jack Harwood, by the way, is a very honorable man and a good reporter, a top-notch."

The editor of The Washington Post, Ben Bradlee, told me that he refused to use the tape transcripts because he thought they were "offensive."

I wonder who would have a copy? Bradlee: "They showed them to plenty of people. They showed them to Gene Shulman when he was editor of The African Caribbean. But I'm sure that they were not available. I mean, I have the substance of them, they had to do with his sexual exploits and they were—Dad told me about this and—"

How could he go about telling you that?

Bradlee: "Well, by—hell, he brought it up. He said, 'We have,' or, 'These are,' I don't know. But he mentioned the tapes, and the one that I particularly remember was King writing the televised funeral of Kennedy in some hotel room. I don't remember which, and he made some reference to the sexual habits of the President and Miss Kennedy."

And DeLoach would be sniffing that?

Bradlee: "Nothing smelling. They were trying to discredit King."

I asked Jack Anderson if he thought that Hoover had tried to discredit King with the tape recordings.

Anderson: "He did have tape recordings on King but I would think that if King called Hoover's bluff, he would be just as mad. I know Hoover operated far more subtle ways, but he certainly was capable of blackmail—in fact, he did it all the time, but it was applied black. He would blackmail me. I know that he had picked up some information on them and he'd give it to them as an act of great charity, thereby doing them a favor but at the same time letting them know that he had the information."

But how could you know that's true?

Anderson: "People tell me things. They know I'm not going to use them. Yes, I've had people tell me that this has happened to them, and I have the impression that it's frequent. When I was friendly with Hoover, I personally was able to get

that, my files I requested I got into. He had a list with some names Hoover was coaching me—and when you get in a list with you fight with everything you've got—and I just called and said, 'Do you have a file on this guy?' They brought out the file, but it was empty. I went through the whole thing. It was extremely helpful. I might add."

Did the F.B.I. ever offer you any of the evidence on King?

Anderson: "It was never offered to me but I did get it from unauthorized sources. I published one quote from an F.B.I. document that had been sent over to the White House about an incident with a woman. I interviewed the woman in the case before I published it."

J Edgar Hoover hated The Washington Post, and yet in 1970 he gave it one of its major exclusive stories. The reporter involved, Ken W. Cluskey, who covered the Department of Justice for The Post, later became Communications Director to the Nixon Administration. During an interview in June, 1975, Cluskey described how he got his exclusive story.

Cluskey: "On Monday morning [November 16, 1970], I had just left my home for The Washington Post when my wife received a telephone call from the F.B.I. I just didn't know who called but the guy said to my wife, 'We'll send a car to get Mr. Cluskey immediately on his own vehicle. He spent out the Kennedy because right on the heels of the Clark business. And with that, I knew that we were going to get a story. I called the F.B.I. and he said, 'You can get all the information you want after you.' I refused the car and I got over there in ten minutes, by God, and I walked onto the fifth floor and Lumbard rushed me by the arm and brought me into Hoover's office, and on the way he said to me, 'You'll have about twenty-five minutes with the Director.' I said, 'Fine.'"

Did you have any particular subject you wanted to discuss?

Cluskey: "When we were sitting Sunday, the day before, Ramsey Clark's book [Crime in America] had come out, and I had read the new stories and the reviews on it, and so I was familiar with it. I said, 'The reviews of the Ramsey Clark book came out yesterday and they were very detrimental to you and I asked if there was anything

he wanted to tell me about it.' And Hoover read any of the reviews?"

Cluskey: "Hell, yes, he saw everything within a matter of minutes. He knew exactly what I was talking about. I had the text of the story in the first ten minutes. 'I'd like to see your paper,' called former Attorney General Ramsey Clark a 'jelly-bag' and the worst Attorney General he has encountered in forty-five years at Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.' The story also revealed for the first time the reason Hoover wouldn't talk to Bobby Kennedy the last six months he was in office. He said Kennedy was exerting great pressure on him to hire Negro Smith and he just wasn't about to lower the standards of the F.B.I. for any ethnic group."

In the story, Cluskey quotes Hoover as saying, "If ever there was a worse Attorney General [than Kennedy] it was Ramsey Clark. You never know which way he was going to flip on an issue." But "Bobby Kennedy came along," he had never had any trouble with Attorney General, in comparison, Attorney General John N. Mitchell was an "honest, sincere and very human man," Hoover added, "There has never been an Attorney General for whom I've had higher regard."

Cluskey: "It's a long goddamn story, close to seventy columns (about a year). He had asked him questions immediately on Clark's remarks on his own vehicle. He spent out the Kennedy because right on the heels of the Clark business. And with that, I knew that we were going to get a story. I called the F.B.I. and he said, 'You can get all the information you want after you.' I refused the car and I got over there in ten minutes, by God, and I walked onto the fifth floor and Lumbard rushed me by the arm and brought me into Hoover's office, and on the way he said to me, 'You'll have about twenty-five minutes with the Director.' I said, 'Fine.'"

By the way, after this interview appeared, all the news media suddenly knew that they were waiting in line for years to interview him just described on the F.B.I. with the worst language you've ever heard in your life, and especially these conservative publications that had always supported him. And we were surprised at having this exclusive story." (Continued on page 204)

The Highest Road to Scotland

by Richard Joseph

For \$2,900 a week, there's a wonderful shooting vacation afoot



The landlady's castle, guest accommodations shown period

The Earl and Countess of Seafield would be delighted to have you and some of your friends on their grounds for a spot of grouse shooting on their ancestral Scottish estates next August and September. Well, perhaps guests just precise, since acceptance of the invitation would cost you—at the current dollar exchange rate—just what \$105,328 for five days of shooting. This could vary possibly prove to be the most expensive vacation available on earth; however, if your friends were good sports enough to split expenses, the cost would come down to only about \$500 per person for each day's shooting.

The Seafields are most reluctant to accept reservations for parties of less than eight guns (in British sporting circles "guns" signifies shooters) because grouse shooting requires a certain amount of team work, and you can't have a bunch of bladders and headsets—no one another—blasting away with their double-barreled shotguns at the driven birds soaring by at seventy miles an hour or more at any time from two to 150 feet above the moss.

What's more, there's a very good reason for the name. On arrival, one is welcomed by the butler, and one's hotel room is immediately carted below by the maid. One dresses in the proper tweeds with plus fours and perhaps leggings. One breakfasts on porridge and kippers. One lunches from hoppers of quail and champagne. One dresses for dinner, of course—and the dinner jacket has been laid out by the butler—and one has port or brandy with cigars in the lounge afterward.

It is a way of life that has all but disappeared from the British scene—even among the nobility, in accord-

ance with Gilbert and Sullivan's warring. In Scotland, as I'm sure you will recall, they have the Fairy Queen threaten the peers with assaults of the House of Lords sitting throughout the grouse and salmon seasons. But economics is really what's done it—in—salute taxes, death duties, and the enormous expense of maintaining the moors. At Seafield, a staff of 150, greenkeepers and two apprentices is kept here the year round protecting the century lands in perpetuity for the five or six weeks of grouse shooting, depending on how low the stock of birds holds out.

Lord Seafield's 183,000-acre property encompasses parts of Banffshire, Forres-shire and Morayshire in northeastern Scotland and is more than ten times the size of Manhattan Island and is believed to be the largest private estate in Britain not owned by the royal family. A couple of years ago it seemed to help defray expenses by creating the Seafield Golfing Club. (In Scotland, "golfing" is used in place of "sports"; then, grouse, pheasant and duck shooting, salmon and trout fishing, and deer stalking—all offered splendidly at Seafield—are all different "sports"). But he did not go into trade-off indeed bird-killing continues going into trade penmanship—with the enthusiasm of some of his peers, most notably the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey.

A certain advantage is easily discernible at Seafield. Guests are not put up in Golden Thread—the luxurious and correlated great stone castle that has been the ancestral home of the Seafields since the early sixteenth century—even though it could have an industry segment, but are lodged instead in Old Cullin—the twenty-five-room white stone Georgian mansion



A late day's bag of birds stood up on the lawn of Old Colles, the Earl of Seafield's twenty-five-room Georgian mansion

Showered a couple of hundred yards from the mansion's century stable, it was the home of the Earl until he shared out the

that was the Earl's house before he assigned the title—a couple of hundred yards away. "Fairly rustic Lancelotti luxury" is the way the handsome Seafield brochure describes the scene. "The atmosphere is that of a very privileged country house party without the host die taking your programme."

"Not only doesn't the host dictate the program, he's not even there. This has caused a certain amount of confusion, since at earlier brochures, under the heading *Guests* you may wish to ask, contained the following columns:

"Will we meet the Earl and Countess?"
 "Yes. They hope to have the pleasure of entertaining you to [sic] a cocktail party during your visit. However, as they are offering approximately thirty weeks' sporting they are not able to guarantee that they will

always be available here owing to possible business commitments in other parts of the world."

"What are they like?"

"They are young and charming and tend to prefer informality. The Earl is an outstanding shot and may well occasionally be able to come out with you on shooting days."

This was all a mistake that was eliminated at the later brochure. We were told at Seafield, "The Earl and Countess lead active lives and they found greeting guests quite a strain." An earlier visitor reported that an American woman guest at Old Colles asked to be shown the couple's public rooms and turned up wearing a full-length evening gown and a tiara in the hope that she would be presented to the Earl and Countess—which she wasn't.

Photographed by John Munnison



Gun and loader must function with the precision of a target team to shoot driven grouse flying by at seventy miles an hour



For days, birds land in the Scotch fells over which the Earl sits. Today they're shot as much for recreation as sport



One of the world's great salmon rivers, the River Spey has seen fish running up to forty pounds. Average is about ten

cells, often securing the title. A staff of eleven serves for the needs of a maximum of seventeen paying guests at one time

Seafield's operation represents a strange amalgam of almost-reluctant commercialism and snobocratic nobility. Mr. R.R. Tate, M.A., F.R.C.S., who has the title of Factor and who runs the show for the Earl of Seafield, flew to New York a couple of years ago to make a pitch to a few top American tour operators and the travel press; and the *Sparting Club's* rule book states that "Old Colles is ideal during the months of April to mid-August for top-level executive conferences, conference incentive schemes and holidays . . ." Yet when we arranged to visit Seafield, with the British Tourist Authority serving as intermediary, we were asked to maintain a low profile so as not to infringe on the privacy of other guests. Our early-May visit was at the very beginning of their season and the only other

guests were a Harcourt dentist and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Shiner, *Baroness of Yareford*, Pennsylvania, who did not object to the use of their names. We stayed at Old Colles, but photographer John Munnison, a personable and amiably personable young American, was put up at a small but comfortable hotel owned by the Seafield Estates in the adjoining seaside village of Colles.

The guest book at Old Colles, though, shows that in season the *Sparting Club* is very definitely the province of German barons and French, Italian and Spanish counts, interspersed with occasional industrialists and an occasional Texan or Californian. They are attracted by Seafield's unique combination of superb shooting and fishing facilities and almost unexcelled luxury.

Grouse shooting and salmon fishing are the top two sports. The season opens with widgeon first, in late April, and lasts through September, with the best months May, June, July and September. The club has a beat along the River Spey, rated by fishing experts among the greatest salmon streams in the world. Reserved for Seafield guests, the beat may be fished by as many as seven rods at a time. The average angler's bag totals about 100 salmon, plus the magnificent sea trout and native brown trout that also inhabit the Spey. The salmon run up to forty pounds and the average is about ten pounds, although fifteen- to eighteen-pounders are quite common.

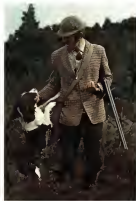
It's about an hour's drive from Old Cullin to the beat—riding through Seafield country all the way. Since there are only a few hours of darkness on Scottish summer nights, it's possible to fish almost all night. Many Seafield guests do—eating and sleeping in the heated chalet that has been set up on the riverbank. There's also fine lake fishing for rainbow and brown trout at two nearby lochs, where the fish run from one half pound to three pounds.

The salmon and grouse seasons overlap from about August 18 to September 28. There are two varieties of grouse shooting—walked or driven; the walked variety comes first, lasting about a week at the beginning of the season. In this version, you walk slowly across the moors in a sort of meander skirmish line, guns about forty yards apart, with leaders and dogs in between. The flushed-out birds rise suddenly, and usually almost unexpectedly, at your feet, and they in turn flush out coveys farther away, so there is a wide

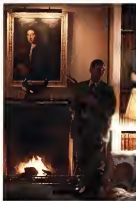
variety of shooting angles and distances. Right runnably accurate guns should bag an average of fifty to a hundred brace of birds a day. Each gun is allowed to return not more a day; the rest are kept by the estate and the keepers, and go to feed their families and friends.

The most challenging and exciting shooting, though, is for driven grouse, which goes on from mid-August until whenever the birds run out (about a month later). In this version you start in huts or blinds dug into the rocky hillside while thirty to forty beaters and flushers, led by gamekeepers equipped with walkie-talkies, move in from distant points, driving the birds toward you. You never know when a covey will suddenly explode over the brow of a hill right in front of you, flying low above the heather at high speeds. The trick is to get two birds out of each covey, one with each barrel of your shotgun. Really top shooters, though, have a leader with an extra shotgun standing by at their side in the butt, and when the birds appear they try for two grouse in front of the butt with the first gun, then hand the empty gun to the leader, grab the loaded one, prod, and try for two more birds as they're flying away in the rear. Guns who then bag four grouse at a time are rewarded by applause and cries of "Well shot!" while the springer spaniels and Labrador retrievers run from behind the huts to retrieve the fallen birds. The Seafield kennels, incidentally, breed an outstanding strain of English springer spaniel and sell trusted hunting dogs for about \$300 apiece.

Comes late October, and guests enjoy what Seafield



The Seafield trainers teach champion English springer spaniels to stand firm under the gun and retrieve only on command.



The painted moustache on Seafield is somebody else's, but the mounted head of a red deer can be yours if you can afford it.



Dinner at Old Cullin, especially during the grouse season, means black tie and tuckered drivers, candlelight and a hog fat, fresh caught salmon and fresh home-killed venison mountain lamb, game birds, lobster and at least two wines.

people call the crime de la crime of their shootings—for driven specialists, a giant grouse weighing about two pounds and with enormous wads down that make it look like a quail-sized bird. The vigorous travel at speeds up to eighty miles an hour on wind wings and they're shot in the past forests where they live. The super is relatively rare, shooters are satisfied if one bird is driven to their gun, there is very unusual. A sportsman who bags a super shot usually has it stuffed and mounted.

So much for the birds. Deer shooting draws an actively different sporting contingent to Seafield, although it can be combined here with salmon fishing and "top-level business meetings." The deer come in two main varieties: the small and elegant red deer and the larger red deer. The roe deer season lasts from late April until October 28, when the deer shooting begins and continues through February. During that time about three hundred bucks and does are shot on the Seafield lands for conservation and sport. Red-deer stalking for stag extends from mid-September until October 29, and for hinds it starts on October 27 and continues—with some interruptions—through January.

Seafield's rules depend on when you go there, and what you're going after. They're set in Stone from the management evidently waking to have as part of the visiting pound starting these days—and for a so-called visit they range from a low of £200 (two birds) for a pusher attending business meetings or for some other reason not wanting to take part in any of the sporting activities—to a high of £2000 (seven brace) for the prime grouse-shooting weeks, those in mid-August and the first two of September. These rules

do not include the ten percent value-added tax or another ten percent the management ditheringly suggests as gratuity to the staff. With the Stone from currently at £2.54 to the dollar, that would make the cost of a steady Seafield visit—including tax and tips—\$2,564 for the grouse shooter and \$384 for the non-shooter.

The variety of Seafield's sporting facilities is revealed only by the elegance of its life-style, now rare even in opulent houses, rarer in hotels and all but nonexistent in sporting lodges. No more than seven guests can be accommodated in Old Cullin's eight double-bedrooms-with-bathrooms rather and one single bedroom. Central heating is controlled telephonically by the temperature outside, but log fires burn in the lounge, library and dining room. You pour your own drinks in the bar, and in the dining room the Butler and steward serve fresh and smoked salmon and trout, home-killed venison, mountain lamb, game birds and lobster, crab and prawns from the nearby sea—latter with fine French white and red wines—on handsome china and glistering silver and crystal. Oil paintings of ancestral Britons and Gypsies (Clayton & Grant descended from this clan) hang on the walls. A fleet of Peugeot sports cars, Land-Rovers and other vehicles stand by to take you to the shooting moors, the fishing beats, nearby golf courses, antique shops, Highland Gatherings and other local attractions, and to and from the airport at Aberdeen. WFS rules away. All is laid out handsomely, lavishly and tastefully, and everything is covered by the rules. All that's missing at Seafield, in fact, are Seafields. ☐

George C. Scott Among the Hurricanes

by Jack Richardson

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

MGM ruined America, and now they're gonna do it in Mexico." The speaker was a young American who was dressed in a sarong, cowboy hat, and *torcheres* and *pañuelos de manta*—the shoes and pants of a Mexican farmer. Next to him at the table was his guitar, which he turned to now and then during our talk to work on the song he was composing. For he was, as he said, a country-and-western artist. Where thirty years ago America flooded the world with expatriate writers, now it seems, at least along the west coast of Mexico, that our disaffected artists are composers of folk songs that are too advanced for the folk back home.

"I think you're being a little hard on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer," I said.

The young man reached for his guitar and twanged thoughtfully for a minute.

"No, man, MGM did our country in."

We started to laugh at our folk artist's seriousness, "we" being a tall pianist, a still photographer, a cameraman, and I.

"I thought," said the pianist, looking at me, "that Twentieth Century-Fox was responsible for the decline of New England."

"Aa! cheap! Cheap!" I answered. "Universal bears the responsibility for Maine."

"And Republic was to blame for what happened in the South," the cameraman said sadly.

The country-and-western artist-in-sarong took our remarks seriously. He strummed thoughtfully, nodding at each of our specific indictments.

"Well, you're movie folk, so you should know who did what to who. I just wish you'd leave Mexico alone."

The young man had been telling us that whenever the American film industry set up its cameras, false values and gross materialism always followed. He and hundreds of other expatriates of the *happia* movement had come to the west coast of Mexico in search of a thick, natural life, and the thought that a film company was anywhere in the region seemed to them a sign that they were again being encroached upon, again about to be hounded by the society that had no use for their bellata or political insights.

The cameraman assured the young musician that Mexico would survive an American movie being made every now and then inside its borders, that, indeed, Mexico was notoriously suspicious of foreigners with movie cameras, demanding that an official censor be present at the set during all shooting so that nothing that contradicted the government's revolutionary ideals and propaganda would reach the screen.

The young man listened blankly, as did the girl who had just joined him after a morning of shell hunting on Puerto Vallarta's beach. She, too, wore a sarong, and was very tanned and windblown. Like her boyfriend, she had come to Mexico to get with nature, and she looked like she'd delightfully succeeded.

"The government can't do anything," she said soberly. "Just look at what's happened to Puerto Vallarta since they made *The Night of the Ignores* here ten years ago. I mean even the beach is polluted now."

From our cafe table we all looked up and down the Paseo de la Playa and, in truth, it was not a beautiful sight. The town had become filled with tourist restaurants and shops, with ugly condominiums and hotels. The beach itself was a drab, melancholy brown, sprinkled with debris, and what fishing boats there were on it were no more than peeling, rotting hulls, around which their owners sat and talked listlessly about the large diesel cruisers that brought back daily the tons of fish that Puerto Vallarta now needed. In short, the town was going through the sad transition from a hard but personal pursuit to a quest of dissolving comfort and economic possibility. However, it looked no worse than a hundred other Mexican towns caught up in the government-sponsored tourism boom. Surely movies had not been made about all of them?

"All I know," the girl said, "is that I used to come down here with my daddy when I was a little girl so he could go marlin fishing. And the place... well, I mean it was really Mexico. Then that *Ignora* movie exploited everything that was nice about the place, I mean, it just sort of sold it to any American with enough money to come down here and build a fabulous house."

She unknitted the red bandana she'd placed on our table and displayed the shells she had gathered.



Illustrated by Melinda Bruden

"Look at those tiny, early old things," she said. "You just know that they come from an ocean that's been passed and crapped in and filled up with all sorts of ecological chemicals."

They were indeed a noisy collection of ocean sharks, sea turtles and squid-like creatures. As we tossed the bits of shell thoughtfully around the table, the young man suddenly stepped prying on his guitar and belted up.

"Look who's out there," he said, pointing to the entrance of the cave where there was a flurry of movement that seemed out of place in a slow Mexican afternoon.

"It's him," said the girl, her face lighting up with charming wonder at what she saw. The two young Americans were now both standing as were several others among the safe buffers. What had seemed thus far to be a very unimpressive, perhaps even a little out of state of the very movie that had supposedly ruled Puerto Vallarta. Richard Burton, perfumed and cooing, was moving along the pier with the slow deliberation of a conquistador. Those on either side of him kept to his pace, ready to vane, stop or retreat according to his whim. Still, a few were caught off guard when, removing his dark glasses, he turned and disappeared into the black churning rows of the cove, and there was a quick, undignified scurrying to catch up with him.

Among the "covey folk" there were grim expressions as the young American, who seemed to have been favored by the two layers of natural life had been favorably impressed by the glimpse they'd had of one half of the world's most publicized marriage and divorce. Their concern over the despoliation of Mexico faded at the sight of the film star they had seen Burton in and asked us questions about him.

"Do you know what we ought to do," said the girl. "I mean to celebrate seeing him. We ought to go to that marriage place and have a terrible divorce."

"Hey, that's a crazy idea," the boyfriend said, and she smiled with a carefully averted face. He was, he described it as being like the biggest sea creature seen in the world, only made up with chunks of different types of fish, all looking in piped-up faces and three rays. The cameraman, photographer, and publicist seemed to offer him a cordial welcome. He was, he said, along, since I was a lover of *seashells* and wanted to try this outdated tourist portion. On the way, I told the two spectators that I was really not movie folk, that I was in Puerto Vallarta to see George Scott and do some something about the reef and the movie he was making. The *Severus* I found. They were disappointed that, as yet, I had no stories to tell them about my subject, but still caught up in the Burton aura, they were ready to concede that there must be something pretty marvelous about the man who had played *Hamlet* and made the old greatest palatable to us. And for the next hour, behind foot-high globules that contained almost a complete inventory of the region's underwater life, we forgot the movie industry's perfunctory explanation of the Third World and talked, like good members of the general public, about our favorite film stars.

Seeing the reaction of these two made me feel better about being in Mexico for the purpose of observing and interviewing George Scott while he was out producing a movie about the reef and the movie about a despoliated fishery of three that became, through isolation on an uninhabited jungle island, an overt Freudian triangle. To be sure, I admired Scott, even thought that his performance in *Pallois* was one of the two or three truly remarkable examples

of acting that I'd seen in my lifetime, a fusion of craft, intelligence and passion that made Scott easy, for the duration of the film, as much an embodiment of his art as the personification of martial ardor. But admiration for an actor in a poor cause for burning into his life, especially during the middle of a film. At such a time, one can hardly be anything but an onlooker, something to be tolerated because the tradition of the business maintains that even the most noble forms of publicity have their on-off value. And on the other side, there is the inevitable disappointment that one feels when one encounters the man behind the performance and finds that he is of much smaller stature than the parts he's played, that he really is far less interesting and complex than oneself, that for the sake of an interesting story the role of the interview must be reversed.

However, witnessing the folk artist and that girl transcended their political principles in the presence of a barely amiable Richard Burton made me reflect on how we are all caught up in the fantasy and gossip of the film world, how the dreams and undertone of celebrated stars help us pass the time. A day's rhapsody about to go mad, a pompous remark or insult repeated, a prediction for young boys or women still, all the star-and-stellar information that filters down from villas and hotel suites confirms a common humanity that belies our modern isolation. In addition, for a perfect profile and a million-dollar-per-picture salary do not bring entirely blue with them, then those of us who are more crudely formed and poorly paid need not feel so much over the injustice of our day. To transcend the surface, to the public a few facts to mix in with their fantasies is a humble but useful service.

The facts I had learned about Scott that were not connected with his acting performances had been gathered from those who knew him and from old newspaper columns and stories that he had given me. They were not designed to make the prospect of an interview appear bright. On one hand, there was a sort of professional courtesy that he seemed to use with all those who had written about him, a sterile self-maintenance. True, he was a man who had been, he problems with drink, his reasons for refusing to accept his Academy Award, and his marriages. It was a tone that indicated a man with problems, that a man who somehow kept them under clinical control through the therapy of resistance to journalists. The other more realistic side of him was that he was a man who could go far beyond amiable disputation, someone capable of bursts of behavior that made even one walk softly around him. "When George gets into one of his moods, you just put up the screen windows and wait for it to pass," was the way a friend of his had put it, and indeed among those connected with the picture there was the expressed feeling that at any moment, over the smallest thing, Scott might forget that he was deeply committed financially to his film's successful completion and begin to tear down the set with bare hands. I heard, as I heard that, and more about him, that I would not be a small accident that set him off.

From Puerto Vallarta it was about an hour's drive to the shooting location where a road that twists drive the coastline and comes out of tropical forest. It was late afternoon; the air filtered through the palms and branches of trees set close to the highway and illuminated at manner of strange and enticing view.

The man at the wheel, however, the company's line

professor, was not interested in scenery. He kept looking down to watch what glimpses of the sky the trees afforded, for it had rained intermittently all day, and there were great masses of grey clouds drifting over the mountains to the east, moving closer and closer toward the littoral.

"They told us the rainy season didn't start for another month," he kept saying at intervals. "Not for another month."

After the fifth or sixth time he repeated this, I felt I owed him the courtesy of a chat about the threatening weather.

"We've got just ten more days of shooting," he said. "And we can't do it in the rain. So what happens? The rainy season starts early. I mean we should everything that has the government's meteorologists, and they said the season wouldn't start until the twentieth of June. That's two weeks after we should have been long gone from here."

"I don't think it's the rainy season," I said. "How do you know that?" he asked anxiously.

"In the bar back at the hotel, I heard over the radio that there was a hurricane south of here."

"A hurricane! My god, which way it is headed?"

I realized I didn't know the answer and that I shouldn't have brought the subject up. Now the professor looked as if he'd happily settle for a premature rainy season.

"A hurricane," he said. "That could blow the whole set away."

We turned off the highway at a sign that read *Rio de Mexico* and went on a dirt road for a few hundred yards until we reached a small village of about a hundred huts, most with thatched roofs and all with dogs and livestock snoring in front of them. A pig stood in the middle of the road and forced the car to stop before he waddled to some nest piglets behind him.

The local natives watched inquisitively as our car sent a breeze of poultry flapping to the side of the road. As we moved farther into the village, I noticed that here and there a few squared-off concrete houses had been put up, but the village otherwise looked backward.

"This place has really started to boom since we got here," said my companion. "It seems we discovered this place for the government and now they're starting to get in some improvements."

As my young friend's bookkeeping had not been completely false, those grim little houses will be the legacy left when *The Savage Is Loose* strikes its set on the final day of shooting.

"How has the government been about your setting up a tourism here?" I asked.

The village's look of deep health and thus seemed to swallow what he was about to say.

"Oh fine," he finally sighed. "They sent down a representative, and he and the mayor of the village met with us. All we have to do is pave the road we've built around here now."

"Had you agreed on such local improvements in your budget?" I asked.

"Oh yes," he said quickly. "These things always come up when you're on location."

Once past the village, the road we took went through a clearing and then into a thick coastal jungle. For a few minutes it seemed there was nothing around on land, except the trees, and then another turn, and we were on a mossy forest.

Turtles, a mass line, cars, trucks, horses, a generator, graps, dredges, technical assistants, technical assistants' assistants, go-fers, production staff—all surrounded by a dense forest of tropical trees in a patchwork of sunlight and shadow. A huge generator hummed, producing more light than there had been in the village we'd come through, but apart from this, the same slow rhythm of tropical life seemed to pervade this clearing area for the film's shooting. Every turn and twist seemed almost a challenge to the eye, but this seldom caused any movement, and often what seemed like an appeal call for a piece of equipment to be transported to the set was only a high-shouldered, friendly smile being hurried by one worker at another. Of course, the sight of the line producer's car seemed like a small movement for a few seconds, but that settled back into soft, stationary conversations as soon as he headed toward Scott's trailer. It was never to be a while before I could meet him, the producer and before leaving me, since first the news of the hurricane—he had said the weather was bad, but I knew some of the responsibility for this threat to the production schedule—would have to be discussed. I understood the priorities, and said I would just wander around if that didn't bother anybody.

"Oh right about," said the producer. "Then pointing toward a small path. "Why don't you go and look at the set?"

I started down the rutted road slowly, but spotted my way when I began to hear a few faint grunts and screams. On the other side of me were walls of connecting wastelands, behind which I knew furies of life existed but had no interest in being interested. And since I'd been given no idea what sort of terrain to expect before leaving New York, my only criterion of landscape was the name of the film, *The Savage Is Loose*, and a pair of words from Melodrama seemed to beg a reprieve from nature.

Now almost at a trail, I turned down a steep decline and emerged from the heavy jungle growth onto a small beach, on which the film's set had been built. Those who had scouted the location and industry had a good job, for the cove they'd found that would be home for the interracial family did seem as if it were tucked away from all possible discovery. On the top of one of its elements, looking a miserably reasonable view of the sea and the palm trees, was the broken prow and half of the ship that had foundered. As the course of the beach moved inward, there was a thatched hut, like those I had seen in the village, but larger and more complex, perched on a promontory. Almost at the crest of the ridge, another hut, less busy than the first, its neighbor, had been built; it was, I was told, the laboratory where the father of the shipwrecked family conducted botanical investigations for the first few years of isolation, probably letting it fall into disease as lethargy and the pointlessness of undesirable knowledge came over him.

At the other tip of the cove was a forbidding thrust of rocks, against which the coral exploded into marbled, sea-rotated spray. The waves that rolled in upon the beach, however, seemed benign, the last touch of sunset was a warm reddish glow in the horizon, and the air was still and hot. (Continued on page 174.)



Why America is bottling up

by Michael S. Lenky

Because tap water is going down the drain

Rating the Water Closet

Key:

TTTT Best, you can't get better.

TTT Dependable and good.

TT Acceptable.

T Too close to B still over most, poor.

The water listed as natural spring unless otherwise stated. All prices are approximations.

Still Waters

TTTT Blue Rock Mountain Spring Water (35 cents/60¢ quart): Larger sizes available in one of the few nationally distributed springwaters and its name precedes it. In 1541 Europeans first reported finding hot springs where Indians shared the recuperative waters with the party. Still passing from deep under the ground in the Springs, Arkansas, Mountain Valley is known for its beautiful surroundings. Pleasant Texas took some of it whenever he traveled. Recreational drink at it. Although bromine with minerals, it is refreshingly palatable. Like the Secretariat, a true thoroughbred.

TTTT Greenbelle (40 cents/quart): often obtained with water, with minerals included, labeled "crystal clear." It is sold from vending machines in California super-markets at less than a half price. For the price, Sparklets may be the best to be bottled water in the country. Mel Brooks goes some over it. Available in Western states.

TTTT Other acceptable brands:

TTT California Arrowhead Springs—spring and purified

TTT Florida's "Springbrook"—purified.

TTT Texas: Onondaga Mountain Springs—purified tap.

TTT East Coast: Polaroid Natural Mineral Water—spring.

Sparkling Waters

TTTT Apollinaris (48 cents/33 ounces): comes from Bad Nauheim, Germany. Only sparkling aid a refreshing spritzer to this slightly sparkling-tasting water. A good time quencher, pleasing to the palate, no taste alterations. A natural tonic.

TTTT San Pellegrino (36 cents/33 ounces): is one of the most renowned hydrothermal sources of Italy, situated in the pre-Alps, close to Milan, says the label. What the label doesn't tell you is that the water has an effect similar to that of milk of magnesia, that its taste is sour, the carbonic acid weak.

TTTT Fawcett (37 cents/33 ounces): how to be the champagne of bottled waters. Its truly natural bubbles come from the source. It is one of the best-selling waters in the U.S. and is fourth in sales in Europe. Bottled in ultra-pure knowledge-shaped glass containers, Fawcett's distinctive bubbles come from natural gases trapped beneath the earth's surface, which are forced back into the water during the bottling process. Fawcett Springs is located near Normandie, France, where more than 350,000,000 bottles are filled each year.

TTTT Mountain Valley (35 cents/33 ounces): The Springs waters' alleged curative powers have been drawing risk and gear to the upscale New York resort town. Springs Valley water is strongly alkaline, a healthy tonic with multiple waters, but I recommend it only for monotonous bubble fixation.

TTTT Nicky Columbia (35 cents/33 ounces, 38 cents/33 ounces): Blauhaus? Like cold water, but not too hot. Pops in Paris. Throatless I'd, though, and it has a natural sparklingness, which comes from a Volcanic, Illinois, spring maintained for the past thirty years. The springwater tastes crisp, the purified is bland, tastes best when very cold.

TTTT Hinkley & Belmont (38 cents/33 ounces): natural spring, 30 cents/quart, purified. It is & is the best-selling brand in Chicago and the Midwest, and offers a number of different types of water. The most popular is its purified water (38¢ for a 60¢ quart) bottle sold directly, "The Perfect Water" is it. A natural sparklingness, which comes from a Volcanic, Illinois, spring maintained for the past thirty years. The springwater tastes crisp, the purified is bland, tastes best when very cold.

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the bottled-water industry in the U.S. is now growing well over \$100,000,000 a year and growing at an estimated fifteen percent annually. Each time a kitchen faucet is turned on and water seeps like a screaming pool party into a new bottled-water customer is born. The public's fear of pollution in drinking water grows greater every year and seems to be based on some solid, disconcerting evidence. The U.S. Public Health Service found in 1959 that of the 969 randomly selected community water supplies investigated, forty-one percent provided "adequately safe" water. A survey released in January, 1974, by the Environmental Protection Agency reveals that close to one quarter of the municipal water supplies examined did not meet the maximum federal drinking-water standards.

In most communities, the systems that flushed were rural ones. Water in urban areas is purer—in fact municipal water in the U.S. is still the best available in the world—but used city pipes through which the supply does sometimes are found to have dangerously high deposits of lead or other equally serious substances. The main problem with city water in the unpleasant taste. This is often masked by the very substances used to purify it. Fred Jones, executive director of the American Bottled Water Association, says, "The essential reason people begin to buy bottled water is that they feel the taste of the tap water available to them. Our only real competition is free municipal water."

And so, as with every other commodity Americans develop a yen for, we now have a market of brands from which to select. There are currently some five hundred registered suppliers of bottled water in the country, and it pays to know the brand names and what the labels say.

There is, first of all, natural springwater—so identified on the label, although sometimes it's called "artificial" or "mineral." The water here is not pumped or underbubbled without the aid of pumps or drilling can be collected by either of these terms. This water has no minerals or other ingredients added to it or taken away; it is just as it springs. Natural springwater varies in both acid and sparkling varieties, depending on the particular area it comes from. Because natural created the carbonation, it remains in the water for days after the cap has been removed from the bottle. Most sparkling natural springwaters come from Europe, where by law bottling of springwater must be done at the source.

The second variety is purified water, which sometimes bears the descriptive labeling "springage" water. This is municipal tap water (or occasionally well water) which has been ionized or distilled—all minerals or other elements and then, formulated. Some secret company "recipes" which put back some of the minerals for taste. Some unethical companies bottled purified tap and passed it off as real spring until both the government and the American Bottled Water Association began to crack down.

Thirdly, distilled—ion-distilled and tasteless—is completely free of all chemicals, minerals, or elements. It is used mainly in hospitals, in baby formula, in industry, and in electronic steam trays.

Fourthly, in Los Angeles, where twenty percent of the population drinks nothing but bottled water, you can now enjoy water in a supermodern vending machine and pay a little for one half gallon of purified water. Elsewhere in the country, it's strictly package sales or home delivery. A dependable natural springwater or purified water bottle is almost everywhere

for a little more than a penny an ounce. The next expensive water imported from Europe is yours for an additional three cents an ounce.

There were no federal laws regulating the bottled-water industry until May, 1974, when the Safe Drinking Water Act came into effect. The American Bottled Water Association, a non-union trade organization, lobbied for this law, which makes safety and sanitary requirements to be followed by the Food and Drug Administration—mandatory for all bottles. In those states where there are large bottling businesses, sanitary laws have been fairly well enforced. Roughly one percent of bottled-water production and sales are in California (which has about two thirds of the industry), New York, Illinois, Texas and Florida.

Regardless of where you live, several brands should be readily available and to help you choose. Bourne has expanded the bottled-water business opportunity. If you want to purchase a local or national brand and build here, first find out if the bottling company is a member of the A.B.W.A. Approximately 250 companies belong to this association and account for more than ninety percent of all bottled water (based on volume of sales) sold in the U.S. You'll be safer if you buy from one of these brands.

About eighty-five percent of all bottled water is delivered to the home. In the Los Angeles area, where water is inexpensive at best, the six items have their own water order—similar to those found in other buildings—and low-cost delivery service. A five-gallon cooler bottle of purified water costs \$1.75. Because home delivery is large-volume business, it is always less expensive than package sales in stores.

No one in the United States has to drink bottled water. However, some sections of the country have such pure-but-potentially-tasting stuff, the Water Man is like the Mashed Room of the cities with notably poor-tasting water are:

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: "The water here is so lousy," says one recent arrival in this, one of the fastest-growing cities in the U.S., "perhaps the term is brookish. I mean you absolutely can't drink it. No one comes to know why the water is bad or even how it is treated and, if it is treated." Recently, as you may have seen, it is a bit of a bottled-water town.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: Municipal water here comes from several different sources. In some areas the water is passable, but in others, most others, it isn't. This is the bottled-water capital of the world. Arrowhead Springs, owned by Coca-Cola, and Sparklets, owned by Fawcett-McKesson, control most of the sales.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: Much of the tap water in Chicago comes from Lake Michigan, which might be why

BOULDER, MASSACHUSETTS: Incorporated. Cambridge has drinkable water but other sections of the city, and outlying suburbs like Marlboro, do not.

MIAMI/FT. LAUDERDALE/PALM BEACH, FLORIDA: Highly chlorinated, hard water compels many families to install water filters or to stick the lead staff in some of the interior sections of the state (chlorination means plain that their water tastes as much worse than the chlorinated water that they buy ten-penny tanks of "imported" Palm Beach water.

ROCKFORD, NEW YORK: In the Rock region, owners in the upstate city either buy or build a bottle of water. It. Even in a dry season, though, the supply tastes of the steep pump.

ATLANTA, NEW YORK: Here the water is so highly chlorinated that it has a fatal taste. (Continued on page 219)

The Outing

by Ted Morgan

A cautionary tale, both true and venerable

In his room at Willamette Falls Hospital, Scott McIntire finished five colored-pencil drawings of his toes. His feet posed complacently under the sterile sheet held up by an aluminum tent. On the first day, his toes were pink. On the seventh, they were turning purple. On the twenty-eighth, they were black and blackening. On the thirty-fifth, they were almost totally black, and on the forty-fifth day, they looked as if they were covered with tiny black hoods. Soon after, parts of all ten toes were amputated.

The paintings were emblems of loss, not only the loss of his toes, or the loss of his will, but a loss of reputation, an unconscious gained at great cost that a man who has done nothing to deserve it can be stricken dead, that there is no such thing as safety, and that what we most cherish can turn against us. The paintings were also an example of Scott McIntire's quality of detachment. He calmly painted the toes he was about

to lose, as if they belonged to someone else. When he was trapped in the snowstorm with his wife and infant daughter, and felt in his bones that they were doomed, the weather cleared momentarily and he found himself admiring the view, the fir forest, the glimmering snow, the mountains in the distance, forgetting his predicament.

Until he reached the age of twenty-eight, Scott McIntire's life advanced on an easy, pleasant, downhill grade. He was born in Salem, a town fifty miles south of Portland, Oregon, the son of a printer, and went to school there. He learned as a boy that an Oregonian's birthright is knowing how to survive in the wilderness. He grew up hearing epic tales of the outdoors who had come over the Oregon Trail in the 1840's and conquered nature once and for all—of men like Finis McElwain, who tracked and killed a wounded buffalo with his bare hands, and many others who survived

Indian attacks and murderous winters and pelted almost-free water poons in the long trek from Missouri.

The teenage life-style in western Oregon permeated from California, being some of its strength but not its fever. Scott had an American Graeff advertisement, with drug stores on the outskirts of town, a drive-in that served on a restaurant patio, and took pride in the gym as jettisoning feet would not mark the basketball court. His first romances as a painter were jettisoning his friends' jackets. He dreamed of California, where the skirt was

He went to Los Angeles in 1965, the one and only time he ever left his home state, and studied advertising design at the Art Center College of Design. He didn't like the hustle of advertising, and his parents might have had to mortgag their home to keep up his tuition, so he stayed only one of the four years. Working alone did not seem like a defeat. It was, rather, part of an ordered chain of events. Scott could now lead the pedestrian life for which he was intended, working in the art department of the local newspaper, and meeting Sam, a girl to whom all the cheerleader adjectives like cute and part applied.

In 1967, however, Scott moved to Portland and enrolled in Portland State University. A roommate of his stay there still stands, an abstract mural on one wall of a small power-plant building, its colors fading. In the National Guard, where he served for six months, Scott learned such basic survival techniques as that if two people are caught in a snowstorm, they can keep their feet warm by placing them in each other's armpits.

At Portland State, Scott formed a friendship with a coed, a former airline stewardess named Diane. She was passionately cheerful, like a daffodil with no season, and she looked good in anorexia sweaters. Like Scott, Diane was married and was working toward a degree in painting. It wasn't that Scott and Diane were unhappy marriages. They were happily married. When they were together, they plunged into the realm of romantic clichés that sound embarrassingly trite to everyone but the participants. "There was a greater clarity and meaning to our love," Scott said.

In 1970, Scott and Diane graduated. Scott's wife Rose had taken an office job to help pay his tuition. Diane left for Minneapolis, where her husband would be getting his doctorate. Scott threw himself into his work. Overcoming his distaste of advertising, he became art director of a Portland magazine, *People & Place*. At home, he worked on photo-matted paintings. Choosing a broad subject, like a dinner on a milk shake in a paper cup, he photographed it in color and projected the slide on a screen, painting over it with a spray gun and brush to get the precise shading and definition. He was apologetic about the 1940s he chose for a painting, explaining, "It takes me a hundred and fifty years to do one. That's only four dollars an hour."

From Minneapolis, Diane wrote long melancholy letters—she missed Oregon, its lush green woods, its snow-capped mountains. He would wait. She came back for a visit in 1971, and she and Scott decided to get divorced. It was a great surprise for Scott's wife and Diane's husband, who at first opposed the divorce. At last there were no children involved.

Scott and Diane lived together for a year, and were married in May, 1972, outdoors in the McIntire Bird Sanctuary, a thirty-five-acre park on a forested hill above downtown Portland. They often went there with cameras and a camera. "Neither of us was religious," Scott said. "Nature was the closest thing we had." Frank Olson, a bear of a man whose wife was a

childhood friend of Diane's, was at the wedding. He took photographs, but the cameras were badly loaded, and none of them came out. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Rios, Diane's parents, also attended the ceremony. Scott, twenty-one, with his very reddish-blond hair and gentle blue eyes, looked like a defenseless Frenchman from afar. Diane, twenty-two, with her long blond hair, rosy-cheeked expression, and beauty-queen shape, was like a poor figure.

They had the kind of marriage that would make Frank Olson blush. The honeymoon night was set at four. They shared their love of art and outdoor life. Most weekends found them in one of the many scenic areas near Portland, such as Mount Hood, or the Columbia River gorge. They shared housework and cooking. Mike Carmel, a close friend, said, "I have never seen another couple like them. They had games through the male-female role-playing. They realized happiness. It made me almost envious."

When Diane became pregnant, Scott attended natural-childbirth classes at Kaiser Hospital, which were designed for couples so that the father could be present at the birth. He was shown how to hold his wife during the difficulty of labor. In class, Scott was told that after twenty hours of labor, birth would be induced. But Diane was in labor for twenty-eight hours, with Scott at her side. He took snapshots of his daughter, still in labor, for an hour and a half. Then, when she was born at 8:41 a.m. on June 25, 1973, she was named Emily Berne McIntire. Scott said Mike Carmel's painting of a Hollywood Boulevard stand to help over the maternity experience.

The first weekend in November, when Emily was four and a half months old, Scott had a layout to prepare for the agency by Monday. He was planning to work that Saturday, November 3, but when he heard on the morning news that Sunday would be stormy, and when he looked out the window and saw a dark, grey, clear day, he and Diane decided to go out. In Portland, where it rains two days out of three, it's hard to resist a sunny day.

They thought of a place where neither had been. Early that Spring, about half a mile northwest of Portland, the "The Old" bubbles out of the rock at 137 degrees Fahrenheit, and a wooden trough feeds it into cedar bath stolls with tubs belched from big logs. They planned to be back by nightfall.

Scott thought it might get cold and wore a new wool Pendleton shirt and a hooded windbreaker. He made Diane put on a sweatshirt over her wool pants and sweater and leather jacket. They both had wool caps, gloves, and wool-stoppers. Hood, blue-eyed Emily was headed into the fur-lined park snowdrift. Diane had put her hands in the tub. She took a shower, a blanket, a diaper bag, two gummi sandwiches, an apple, and a thermos of hot chocolate. Emily's diet was no problem, Diane was nursing her.

"That was a common thing for us to do," Scott recalled. "To drive up and have a picnic and look around at what nature has to offer. Oregon is a nature lover's paradise, there's so much good life and wildlife. There are so many places within a few hours' drive that offer splendid scenery."

Scott, Diane, and Emily left Portland at 12:30 p.m. in their blue 1972, outdoors in the McIntire Bird Sanctuary, a thirty-five-acre park on a forested hill above downtown Portland. They often went there with cameras and a camera. "Neither of us was religious," Scott said. "Nature was the closest thing we had." Frank Olson, a bear of a man whose wife was a



PROGRESS

A man with dark hair and a serious expression is shown from the chest up, wearing a tan leather jacket. He is looking slightly to his left. The background is dark and out of focus.

Brawny Outerwear

Esquire's selection of rugged winter warriors will do a fashion job at you whether you're wearing the New York bar. For the bar at your local singles living hall. Leaving off, you have your choice of styling in the light jacket of soft glove leather. On this page, the popular shirt-style jacket, with snap front and detail stitching, is by Rubrick for Lord & Taylor (\$225). Also available at Lord & Taylor are the Fiebite ribbed Donaghy-tweed turtleneck (\$18) and the Dunlop gabardine trousers (\$48). At night, a Spolite-Gray tops all traditional waist-length jacket with four envelope patch pockets and pull-tab glove closures (\$125). The acrylic turtleneck is from Ralston Wear (\$25) and the cordignis from Cobble (\$2250). Gloves by Gates.





For shearlings with the look and feel of luxury, these two coats are dead on course. Over on the port side is Darbill Tailors' long, double-breasted shearling coat (\$350) with a Miras all-wool turtle-neck and Handcraft wool scarf. Here, it's a three-quarter length, long-haired Toseana lamb shearing coat by Beged-Or (\$600). Under it is a fishermen-knit turtle-neck by Alpe. Scarf by Rooster.



Pas. 1988 stand this year, these traditional peacoats are embraced by a new sporty look. At top left, Rafael introduces the pea-coat suit as an all-wool herringbone pattern (\$276). The all-wool ribbed turtleneck (\$49) is also by Rafael. At bottom left is a soft leather pea coat by Tom Fallon for Cortina (\$190). The lamb's-wool turtleneck (\$20) is by Lord Jeff. On the opposite page at left is a camel-colored wool pea coat by William Barry (\$25) with a Gloversville ribbed turtleneck (\$46). The red, camel- and black-check pea coat at far right is by Windbreaker for Van Heusen (\$59). All caps and socks are from Superba.



To cover the waterfront with style, cover up in fur and leather. On this page, Rafael designed the military-style trench coat of light supple leather with an opossum collar (\$675). The cabin-knit turtleneck (\$50) is also by Rafael. Opposite is a quilted-shoulder, leather trench coat with a silver lamb collar from Cezar by Highlander (\$325). The turtleneck (\$32) is by Chango for Barry Seapson.



of interest. However, when, during one of my many desperate attempts to fill a bottle, I told him about the young couple that had admired his *Fatima* in spite of their feuding about everything the ground had shared, he brought me back to earth.

"They said that 'That's good. You can pass that to a big warty when we make the picture. We'll think there'd be millions of kids out only disliking *Fatima*, but laughing at him. You know you've got to be completely with a character that you yourself clapping a sledge in one frame and knowing one in another. But the kids were with him, and that was satisfying."

"Well," I said, laughing, how much we all wanted to please young women, "you probably made *Fatima* much deeper and more interesting than he was."

"No," Scott protested. "Everything was there. He put as much into me as I put into him."

"How do you mean that?" He was talking now, and I suddenly thought the matter playful and his self-gathering serious.

"It even the sort of discipline he subjected himself to. He had a personality that didn't take easily to rules and restrictions. He did it because he wanted to play and to be part of history. I'm doing it because I want this film to end the way I see it, and not turned out to be a few computer bits."

He went on talking vividly about the royalties of the *Final Cut*, a 30-year given to very few, executives who work for American studios. This means that the ultimate version of a film is more often than not put together and edited by someone with no sympathy for the director's intentions. Having seen what this could mean in the first picture he directed, Scott was determined not to let it happen again.

"That's what this whole ego thing's about," he said, pointing over Puerto Vallarta at the present quarters of his film location. "The fact that I can do it, and most of the money revolves in mine."

A distant cry of disaster reminded him of the Indian who in the pueblo, and he went for another quick look at the city. When he returned, he studied professionally about his approach to set-up (amplified and anti-Melchior), his exasperation with directors who shoot a scene twenty times in order to over themselves (he likes to do more than four takes), his admiration for the *Stalins* (in at thinking of writing a play), he failed as though I was going to ask the standard staff of interviewers, but not much more. But then, while talking about his time in the *Mercury*, he admitted that he had enjoyed any years in the Army, or that, at least, in interview, they seemed an important time in his life.

Scott enthusiastically agreed. We had both, he discussed, related at the use of attention, and military service had meant a chance to test our confidence about the world while still in the service, to come back to experience the best period of our lives.

"It's funny," I said. "You know I still have nightmares about the possibility of finding myself back in the war, anyway. I was in twenty years ago, with the same guys."

"Only they're stayed young and you haven't," Scott laughed.

"You have the same dream?"

"Jesus," Scott sighed. "I thought I was the only one who had that nightmarish, and probably a million other guys share it."

"Only it's not really a nightmare," I said. "I mean even that you're back where you were twenty years ago and it frightens you, nevertheless you sort of want to be there too."

Scott smiled and the time there was a smile of friendly recognition.

"Have you been on a boat in your dream and can't remember how you come to sign up again?"

"That's it," I said. "Generally I'm standing in a supply room, with a terrible hunger, being loved a 1958 sedan."

"Did you drink a lot when you were in the Army?" Scott asked.

"And for a long time afterward," I admitted. "It was fun for a while, waking up and finding a girl's name and phone number in your pocket and not knowing how it got there. But after a time I started finding the names and numbers of psychiatrists my friends had stuffed into my pockets, so I've been keeping off—drugs."

"Yeah," Scott laughed, "I guess a lot of us started drinking in the Army and never got over it. But I can't believe you have the same remembered dream. I assumed we did, and for a long while, forgetting the purpose of the interview, and the threatening weather, we continued about our years in the service in that cryptic, wonderful way so interesting to those who share the same memory and so boring to those who don't."

The next day word came that the hurricane had needed to follow my show out to sea. The weather turned bright and sunny, and I looked at it, knowing would have more or less in time after all. On the set, Scott was furiously busy, sometimes directing himself, sometimes directing others, sometimes simply waiting patiently for the right sort of sunset. We would chat briefly at times, mostly about the technical problems he was facing. He was usually but not always, caught up in the jungle on himself and his picture. When I sat back to go to bed, he was about to sit in a room—where he had been and there he was, talking on their beds while the same woman waited for the right lighting: the beach itself was driven with white room members in me hurry for some thing to happen that would force them

at least to appear busy. The only exception on the set was Scott's, and I wanted to tell him that he'd seriously earned the right to tear down the set with his own hands once the film was finished. However, I simply smiled and said, and he in turn thanked me for coming down to Mexico to write about him and his film.

The next day I stopped to chat with the young man and his girl friend, both of whom always seemed to be at the same table in the same cafe at around one in the afternoon. They told me that they had walked up the hills in look at Richard Barrios's house, but had not been able to catch a glimpse of anyone inside.

I asked them about their being rather star struck for moments of not-to-picture replication.

"It's not the stars that do anything bad," the young man said, "I mean it's the cameras and the money behind them and all that."

"In a way," the girl smiled, "stars are exported too."

I thought about what I would write about Scott, and hoped that it would not help prove the girl right.

"What he likes," the young man said, "what he looks like. But he's played my observations and interview. I went through a few pleasant dreams, and then told them about the dream. And he I could mention my change in the young man looked at his friend in amusement.

"And you're always looking at me about the same nightmare," I said. "I see 'I have the most same dream all the time. Had it ever since I came back from the Army—years ago. Hell, that's really something."

I didn't want to spoil his feeling that he had discovered a unique bond between himself and George. And, so I didn't tell him that the dream was a common one. I left the two of them wondering about what it would be like for the movies and knew that the star on the screen had, every now and then, the same vaguely anxious dream you had. They couldn't say to try the experiment, so at least my trip to Puerto Vallarta had been worth two future takes for *The George & Louise*.

THE PASSION OF MARK ROTHKO

(Continued from page 112)

Perhaps his final message was contained in a statement he had written twenty years ago. "Painting is only a matter of finding the silence and the solitude—of breathing and of stretching one's arms again."

Rothko's body was discovered at about one-thirty that morning in the dining room of his apartment in New York. By chance, hard on his heels was Donald McKenry, Marlborough's vice-president, who had an appointment with the artist to show paintings for a Marlborough exhibit he planned to do with the Rembrandt in Venice that



Made in Hartford, Conn.

Made in Leningrad, Ind.

Most American vodkas seem Russian.

Made in Leningrad, Russia.

Stolichnaya is different. It is Russian.

Stolichnaya is the only vodka imported from Russia. It's the most expensive vodka you can buy and worth the price. It's a matter of good taste.

STOLICHNAYA

The only vodka imported from Russia

STOLICHNAYA Vodka 40% alc/vol (80 proof) Imported from Russia. Imported by Stolichnaya Vodka, Inc., New York, NY.

Farmers' Union, Lloyd says. Harrow, the smallest statutory general, had returned those three paintings of his city to the city council. The city council had then those twenty of the thirty-five returned to Court Paolo Minardi, an Italian from the manufacturing district in northern Italy. Minardi had a family, four to Yannis Papad, an Israeli living in London, and three to Robert, a Greek, and a son, a young man, for the low price he was willing to concede to raise money quickly to pay the costs of his legal fees. Though he had no money, Minardi had no lawyers, at least twenty of the thirty-five paintings were shipped out of New York by air and are freight to Japan. Lloyd says that the city council lawyers for the children and the attorney general contend that these donors and others were tricked up to return the paintings to the city. Lloyd says the changed hands. Those thirty-five paintings, Lloyd says, are merely "passed out of the hands of the city, and are not in the hands of the city."

Next, the author set out the paintings (including those stolen from the artist's studio) that he said French and Italian painters offered to Marborough, N.Y. After several solicitings, it appeared that most of the paintings concerned paintings were sold, but the author noted a sale discrepancy, to dealers in London and London by Marborough in London. Marborough returned a list of the total of \$1,184,000, and the estate received, somewhat, \$714,000. Of these forty-eight paintings, paintings were sold to a group of collectors in sold in two groups to William Hain-Brown Gallery Ltd., a Marborough neighbor on New Bond Street in London. During the final days of the sale, the author noted that the estate sold new "masterpieces" in the second phase of the paintings and for a time to Hain-Brown. The author noted that the two had gone for higher sale prices to two American art collectors. He, a trustee on paper with the estate, had been told that the \$1,184,000 (which Marborough took a \$1,184,000 commission and gave the estate a \$1,184,000 commission) had been sold to Mrs. Bernard Westcott and her husband, Jersey, for \$1,184,000 by Marborough in London. The second "masterpiece" was a large style oil on canvas, sold to Hain-Brown. The author noted that the first forty percent commission to Marborough and actually sold to Harry Anderson of Atlanta, California, for \$1,184,000. The author noted that the \$1,184,000 (at least it says so in the London newspaper) The two other "Marborough" paintings were sold to a group of collectors in London. The author noted that the estate gave to individuals in Europe, the first used to pay the estate for the "masterpiece" but his offer has been made, and the author noted the dispute of the entire matter.

Altogether, outside Kade's lawyers, nine-to-ten paintings from both the estate and the artist's studio were, according to actual sources, sold.

[illegible]

New York, where they had only weeks before been celebrated as the husband, the father, the provider.

Toronto on June 12 or thereabouts. The amplification of the indignity, the persecution, laypeople noticed, is that the two men, by the way, had been married and then returned to New York, poor, through means where their shift in consciousness from Leninism to Marxism was not very pronounced. Why?

"Taxes," Lloyd said with confidence.

But the money was not there. The Leninist allies of the sludge-potting campaign had only \$211,509.

This meager crush of Lloyd's profits was the only money he had. The Toronto Star, once they learned of the "excesses" in Markushoff's accountancy, may and Mark Roth, a Pennsylvania author, may have been the original catalyst. As for him, he continues to work at Markushoff's. He is paid \$1,000,000 a year of his own work.

Markushoff and de Smau conspired. The foundation, over which Ben Kohn will preside, will be the only one without any board of directors. Ben Kohn's articles," he said, shift with Markushoff in the salt.

Roth's salary had been exorbitant. Samuel Greenbaum, the lawyer for The Mark Roth Foundation, says, as he did in court, "There's something wrong when this stuff has gotten off its feet. We will take the money when we can get it."

[illegible][illegible]

THE OUTING

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

**THE SEAGRAM'S GIN
BLOODY MARY.**



1½ oz. of Seagram's Gin.
3 oz. tomato juice, ½ oz. of lemon juice,
a dash of Worcestershire,
salt, pepper. Shake with ice.

Seagram's. The Perfect Martini Gin.
Perfect all ways.

possibility that they might not survive. Scott was still optimistic. Martin Furber knew where they were. There was probably a search party out to find them already. The VW in front of them must have told the cops there was another car missing. But the VW in front of them, being on the wrong road, did not pass the ranger station although it was a lighter car with better tires, it also bogged down for three days. The boys made their way to a log truck, where they wanted to stay.

[illegible]

"A little later, Susan called her mother and said: 'I have to tell you this, but I broke my nose and wrecked my ear last night.'"

"They're on an outing," Susan said. "They must be on a lullap."

Miss Strom kept trying to reach their sleds alone. Twenty-eight night.

When Charles Mack, the Forest Service explorer who had gone hunting for the missing sleds, got on Sunday morning, he was lumpy under the weight of snow. He broke camp, and took him on hours to hike the five miles back to his Tacoma pickup in the wind-drift snow. He turned on the truck heater and dried his clothes—he was dressed entirely in wool, from his wool underwear to wool Army pants and a wool shirt and wool mittens and wool wool-drifted-down boots (jailboots). He spent the rest of the day building a shelter, parking the snow down, settling in his tent, and eating.

ing Eyraud "I got myself squared away," he said.

[illegible]

On Monday morning, Scott had a rare one-on-one appointment with a priest to choose the site for a child's funeral home. When he didn't show up, the priest called the Branch & Beach agency. Scott didn't want an appointment and his boss, Tiger Beach, started worrying. At 8:30 a.m. Mrs. Beach called Shaw from Lincoln City, Ore., where there was no service, she called the agency. The secretary told "Scott" he had been but he always calls when he's not coming in. "Mrs. Beach then called Scott and said, 'You remember I told you Scott or Shaw? Remember?'"

"I just remembered," Susan said. "they went to Haggby. I bet they got stuck up there. I'll call the forest service."

Sauser called the Etananda Forest Service at 9:30 a.m. She was told a Sno-Cat was on its way to Bigby, and several persons were missing. "We'll call you again when we get a report," the Forest Service said. "I stopped everything," Sauser said. "I thought they must be in their car in the parking lot." At the same time, Tiger Branch tried to hire a private helicopter, but couldn't find one that would fly in the snow.

At three p.m., the Forest Service called Susan and told her that the two-car lot had reached the Bagby parking lot but that Scott's station wagon was not there. They advised her to call the Clark County Sheriff's Office, which is responsible for the Bagby Springs area, and report them missing. Susan talked to Sergeant Lloyd L. Ryan, a big affable man who puts his heart into search-and-rescue missions.

because he spends so much of his spare time in the wilderness. Ryan took down the facts and said, "Okay, I'll call you when I've checked."

Ryan organized a search party, using the Appleton Ranger Station as his base. He called Soren back at five p.m. and told her they were going out that night. "We had fear by One-Gate and two snowmobiles out looking for them that night," Ryan recalled. "They were finally called off, they couldn't do anything is that case." Ryan also contacted the state aviation office of the Army National Guard in Stolen, La. Col. Gale Goyena, who agreed to keep a UH-1 helicopter on standby, ready to fly as soon as the cabin lifted.

Charles Mack, warned by the fire kept going and smothered by pond-weeds, eggs, and buoy on Monday. He cleaned the snout from the head of his Tappan pelican so it could be spotted from the site, and laid his snout blank out for the same reason. He cut big piles of seaweed. He started the pelican once, in Indian in the snow. He heard that quite a few persons had been caught in the unseasoned maneuvers and that search parties were out. He felt foolish—a Foreign Service employee out in his own domain.

The thought of getting out. He knew he was about thirteen miles from the nearest town and decided he could make it on foot. He knew how the long way went, he had seen it in backpack magazines. He cut four mile-long saplings, set feet long, tested the tough springy wood, and spliced them up with his ax. Then, he assembled a bush of blue elderberries he had noticed near the track. He was surprised to see elderberries at 4000 feet, stepped off the road, up to his neck in powder snow, and he was on his way. He was relieved that night he had, then, into a marsh with half his supper. He had never cut an alpine trail before.

As the Monday hours slipped by with not any sign of rescue, Scott and Dunn took a hard look at their chances. They searched for an explanation. Was God punishing them? Were they part of some destiny they could not grasp? They refused to accept the idea that they were innocents at fault, or victims of a grand design. Scott said, "We were in the wrong place at the wrong time. That's all."

"This is a cheap way for it to end," Dimes said. Everything had been going so well. They had finally had a baby, they had finally bought a house. They were remodeling it. They had been so lucky, they were so happy. "We got more out of the two years we spent together than most people do in a lifetime," Scott said. Dimes's body heaved with dry sobs. She was physically unable to cry.

Diane said: "It's just not fair."

Diane said: "I wish we had made love one last time in the car when we had the chance, because we never will again."

Diane said: "You'll live longer than I will."

Deane said: "If we do it
What a terrible thing to do
the world and have her die
leave. What a terrible thing

"That's why we have to," Scott said. Scott kept good steps in the snow. By now the ranger station with its road, and they will have to detect road and found the only be a matter of hours to come early, and Scott some snow and headed it in.

An early fall, Scott was Dan's behavior. She no to sure about keeping her hands connected in

Scott asked during the divorce (going with her eyes on her pulse). There was one finger under her nostrils. I breathe. He (went) to close her slumped open. Scott felt no

an overpowering sense of the tired to remove Dante's one as a help over the long to work. He thought, "I've as I've got to find food."

There was no one to Miss Smith. She was the victim. She was also a champion of the "return to nature." We read the Whole Earth Journal about occasional Hawaii, we watch the Apple TV take fishing a momentary turn to native Hawaii and, we are regretting our lack of thinking we can escape death.

On Tuesday morning, May 13, Strom arrived at the Portland. A reporter inter-

Grayson Ryan called in day morning and said "no!"

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like you're
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openness
to see the
right to be
held.



In 1870, Ch...
dry gas. A...
You will enj...

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In 1870, Charles Fleischmann created the world's first dry gin. And that's how the dry martini was born. You still enjoy the difference in the Fleischmann's martinis. Because it's still made with the world's drier gin.

The Insider's Scotch.



What do insiders know about this little-known scotch?

Insiders have an uncanny ability to find excellence at a surprisingly pleasing price. Which talent leads countless insiders directly to a remarkable but little-known premium scotch, William Lawsons' Master-blended in Scotland, matured in Scotland, bottled in Scotland. And honored in

Scotland, where it has been a proud name for more than a century. There is no vocabulary for its taste except the words of pleasure you will find on first trying it. There is a word for William Lawsons discoverers: insider.

tartan with which his father was familiar. He could have been described, before he descended the stairs, as a sensitive but generously unassuming boy, well-approved and trusted. But his fear of clothing had corrupted him.

He had been invited to a evening party at the father's work place in order to get out of him, he claimed to be. Unfortunately did not come suitably to Harry French—it was the first time of any significance that he had ever told—and off to bed with his constant bed down, he felt corrupt. A day or so later, some friends came to go out with his boys. He met them at the back door and by promising to pay them twenty-five cents he got them to change their plans and spend the afternoon playing Parcheesi. His father was out, and in order to get the money for the back, he had to steal it from his room. This was the first theft Harry French had ever committed and, as did his untrustworthy, it gave him some insight into the knowledge of evil.

If Harry went to his father and said, in a French and easily way, that for some experience instead of stealing (right—said Harry, he guessed—and he was right—that his father would not understand Mr. French, at Harry, loved to spend down his love in a bed. If Harry told him the truth, his French would try to understand, and would conclude that the boy might indeed conclude "That it's true," Mr. French would exclaim, "Just let me show you. It's really great fun and you never feel the cold."

Harry had gone in for so to be forced into a room where his father's son transferred Mr. French to Jameson or to the Buchanan—something when even never left.

Counting seemed to be the simple attraction in Harry French's life. During the summer months he played ball, wrote, and studied. In the autumn, he accompanied his father when he went hunting. But as the last of the leaves came down, they would be followed. Harry knew, by now, and the moon by coming. Going into the attic to find a hammer, Harry felt his heart torn at the sight of the old room.

It was half past twelve. The guests were expected in a few minutes. Mr. French was in the library doing a whaling with Mr. French. It would give Harry the behind after Harry had opened in other presents. There would

be time for a man before lunch. The snow was fast and, by turning left at the big maple tree, one could go all the way down. The snow was fast and, by turning left at the big maple tree, one could go all the way down. The snow was fast and, by turning left at the big maple tree, one could go all the way down.

Harry, upstairs in his room, was thinking seriously of suicide. Suddenly, French came, would not wait. Harry could not sleep with his parents by falling off on his birthday. The kind his education, he expected their state, and the thought of being diagnosed as three years was painful. He could go to the bathroom and sit his throat with a razor blade. He could go to the bathroom and sit his throat with a razor blade. He could go to the bathroom and sit his throat with a razor blade.

He heard a car stop at the front of the house. "Oh, Harry?" his mother called. "Daddy Howard is here." Harry opened his door and stepped with his feet toward the stairs. But when he heard the voice of his friends in the hall, then he seemed as despatched that he ran down the stairs and he was able. Mr. French's hand told him Harry that time was running out. In another half hour or so, he would be expected in the hall, where he would be told some reason of himself.

The other guests arrived, and Harry opened his presents in the hall. His father was leaving: "David, take the French back fifteen or twenty minutes." Mr. French asked his wife.

"Why, I think so," she said. "Then let's go out," he said. "We have a surprise."

They got up stairs and went out to the garden where the cream-colored dog, decorated with gold, was waiting.

"Isn't it a beauty?" Mr. French said. "You get the French out. Harry, I think you can make it all the way to the pond if you turn left at the maple."

Harry picked up the small rope. He quickly did what he had to do, turned into the seat of that hotel room, with his back and steering wheel, and after a few minutes he was out. He opened the door and the wind turned his car and he was out. He opened the door and the wind turned his car and he was out.

"The steering thing wasn't working," Harry said. "I couldn't steer. It wouldn't work." He told the boy the shamelessly, with resolution, and, watching his father lead over the broken jet. Harry French said that his father was fond, the whole thing of a world of fools, a prophet of foolishness. He hated the man. There was nothing better in what Harry felt.

He felt a strength he had never experienced before, and he walked away from that scene with something like arrogance. He felt a strength he had never experienced before, and he walked away from that scene with something like arrogance.

The birthday lunch was glorious—Harry remained arrogant—and eventually left early. The hotel was burned for loading and never mentioned again.

Larry Edenshaw had read about hemophilia in the newspaper and understood that it was nothing to be proud of and everyone and men in prison. But the following week took place.

Harry French came to the airport with a date—a date in Colorado. He flew to Denver, rented a car at the airport, and started north. It was a long and a lonely drive. The snow was fast and the snow was fast. The snow was fast and the snow was fast.

Edenshaw turned off the radio. As he sat in his car, he thought of his father as a birthday for company. The strange coincidence himself as Edward Stark. He was nearly dressed, in his father's, and was nearly dressed, in his father's, and was nearly dressed, in his father's.

He had been to the funeral of an aunt in Kansas and was going home to the fifth level of Edenshaw, where he sold automobiles. Stark said he had a wife and four children, and showed Edenshaw a colored photograph of his family.

The woman was young and pretty. One of the children was very fat, but they all looked healthy and cheerful. Stark explained that he was a high-ranking because it was the closest way to Edenshaw and there was no place or reason to Edenshaw and there was no place or reason to Edenshaw.

As Edenshaw drove up into the mountains, it began to snow. The snow came in swirls and after Edenshaw turned on the radio, the weather report gave a severe blizzard and hazardous driving. Edenshaw had thought he would see all the night in a snow. They checked into a motel called The Woodland and had some supper in the restaurant. Back in their room, Stark pulled a bottle of whiskey out of his suitcase and so did Edenshaw. They got up and started down to some more drinking.

The men were warm and well-lubbed, and while they could hear the wind and see the snow falling around the light. After the third drink, Edenshaw staggered. Back to his room, Stark pulled a bottle of whiskey out of his suitcase and so did Edenshaw. They got up and started down to some more drinking. The men were warm and well-lubbed, and while they could hear the wind and see the snow falling around the light. After the third drink, Edenshaw staggered. Back to his room, Stark pulled a bottle of whiskey out of his suitcase and so did Edenshaw.

PRESENTING THE WINNERS OF

Esquire's 2nd Annual Corporate Social Responsibility Advertising Awards



After a year of intense, intense, intense, and, unfortunately, not a little more intense, competition, we are pleased to announce the winners of the 2nd Annual Esquire Corporate Social Responsibility Awards.

Not only are we pleased to announce the winners, but we are also pleased to announce the nominees. The evidence also shows that many companies are taking their efforts to solve complex social and environmental problems. Esquire applauds this enlightened attitude.

Social responsibility has spread beyond the corporation, and even municipalities and other public agencies are advertising their achievements. The judges were so struck with the magnitude and focus of two entries in this area, that they voted to present two special awards and to inaugurate a new category for the competition that is open to governmental agencies.

To the judges at the Department of Journalism of The University of Missouri, Peter Carter, Chairman, Department of Journalism, John D. Stevens, Associate Professor of Journalism, Chastity S. Kerley, Professor of Art, Alfred H. Soto, Associate Director of Television Broadcasting Service, and William B. Porter, Professor of Journalism—goes our special gratitude for the generosity they have exhibited in making their selections. In this collection, they have in effect presented a cross-section of what's good with America.

And so, with considerable enthusiasm—and the hope that all may yet be right with the nation, if not the world—we present the winners of our second annual Esquire Awards.

Trashball and the art of playing it.



Trashball is a special award for the outstanding commercial advertising "Trashball" for its creative use of trash. Swinging soccer ads report to trash-cleaning vessels.



Houston Public Library: A special award for a dramatic, successful commercial advertising the social benefits of library services. (Citing that is particularly effective.)



Advertisement for the TV spot that highlighted problems of environmental pollution and energy conservation. The entry dealing with an alternative attack on overweight was named "Fat Ball."



IBM: For a TV spot demonstrating uses of computers in recording and visualization of forest ecological phenomena. Good lesson about nature and the role of the computer in understanding it.



TIME: For a daily recorded TV spot that appropriately showcased product advantages—and endangered species can better survive if consumers will buy Time.



Are you living against your heartbeat? Advertisement for a TV spot that highlighted problems of environmental pollution and energy conservation. The entry dealing with an alternative attack on overweight was named "Fat Ball."



Most interesting: This is a series of public ads that played the public with basic information about cancer. Directed to health care professionals, from health care professionals, from health care professionals.



Research Institute: For its innovative "Infant and driving don't wear" public service. The use of familiar, attention-getting logic to drive the viewer's eye toward the message is commendable.



Your first loan. Don't be afraid. Advertisement for a TV spot that highlighted problems of environmental pollution and energy conservation. The entry dealing with an alternative attack on overweight was named "Fat Ball."



Chrysler: For a series of compelling ads in waiting. The use of familiar, attention-getting logic to drive the viewer's eye toward the message is commendable.



Coors Co.: For a series of compelling ads in waiting. The use of familiar, attention-getting logic to drive the viewer's eye toward the message is commendable.



400 PHONE CALLS DEMANDED WE STOP RUNNING THESE ADS: Advertisement for a TV spot that highlighted problems of environmental pollution and energy conservation. The entry dealing with an alternative attack on overweight was named "Fat Ball."



Glaxo: For a series of compelling ads in waiting. The use of familiar, attention-getting logic to drive the viewer's eye toward the message is commendable.



Wayne W.: For a series of compelling ads in waiting. The use of familiar, attention-getting logic to drive the viewer's eye toward the message is commendable.



Kids will never just about anything if you're not careful. Advertisement for a TV spot that highlighted problems of environmental pollution and energy conservation. The entry dealing with an alternative attack on overweight was named "Fat Ball."



Glaxo: For a series of compelling ads in waiting. The use of familiar, attention-getting logic to drive the viewer's eye toward the message is commendable.



New York Telephone Co.: For a series of compelling ads in waiting. The use of familiar, attention-getting logic to drive the viewer's eye toward the message is commendable.



Flavored Orange: For a series of compelling ads in waiting. The use of familiar, attention-getting logic to drive the viewer's eye toward the message is commendable.



Flavored Orange: For a series of compelling ads in waiting. The use of familiar, attention-getting logic to drive the viewer's eye toward the message is commendable.



State Farm Insurance Company: For a series of compelling ads in waiting. The use of familiar, attention-getting logic to drive the viewer's eye toward the message is commendable.



LITTER IS A SLAP IN AMERICA'S FACE. AND YOURS. Advertisement for a TV spot that highlighted problems of environmental pollution and energy conservation. The entry dealing with an alternative attack on overweight was named "Fat Ball."



The New York Association: For a series of compelling ads in waiting. The use of familiar, attention-getting logic to drive the viewer's eye toward the message is commendable.



Worcester County Railroad: For a series of compelling ads in waiting. The use of familiar, attention-getting logic to drive the viewer's eye toward the message is commendable.

curtains

1 week in London
\$399 from New York

Roundtrip airfare and arrival transfer direct to hotel
4 theatre tickets
7 nights lodgings with private bath & continental breakfast
Car for a day
Tour of London
Free admissions: clubs and casino memberships
Discounts & gifts at shops & restaurants
Tea party. And a parcel of other things
2 week tour for \$495
British Airways London Show Tour

voilà

1 week in London and Paris
\$447 from New York

Roundtrip airfare between U.S. and London and London and Paris
4 nights with private bath & continental breakfast in London
3 nights with private bath & continental breakfast in Paris
2 theatre tickets in London 2 theatrical attractions in Paris
Free admissions: clubs & casino memberships
Discounts & gifts at shops & restaurants
Parties. And so much more
2 week tour for \$551
Other tours to Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Madrid, Palma & Torino
British Airways London-Paris Show Tour

dillydally

1 week in Britain
\$399 from New York

Roundtrip airfare between the U.S. and London
First night in a spanking new London Airport hotel
Car for a week with unlimited mileage
On British Rail Pass with unlimited mileage
On taxis entitling you to unlimited bus travel
1 week tour for \$485 3 weeks for \$524
4 and 5 weeks tours for those with an advanced case of wanderlust
British Airways Fly Drive Tour

righto

says Robert Morley

Departures from other gateway cities. Prices based on a group of 10 (5 within the group) and are for each of 2 people travelling together. Reservations must be made 15 days in advance. Additional charges for singles on all tours and for weekend travellers on 2 week tours. Tours available Nov. 1-Apr. 30. No deposits on 1 week tours Dec. 15-Jan. 4 and after April 15. All fares subject to Gov't approval.

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You're not going to lose summer. You're going to find yourself.

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Just the nicest place.
A place where you can not only find that fine summery feeling, but a place where you can find the real you. Wherever the real you may turn up.
Maybe the best of you turns up on the golf course. (We have 34 of the best of them.) Or around the swimming pool. (Playing tennis on 50 of the best.) Riding horseback into the sun-dazzled desert. Wandering wide-eyed into canyons. Seeing the sights that are new.

Maybe you are most yourself when shopping in boutiques that are nothing like anything else anywhere else. Enjoying the best of restaurants. The best of entertainments. The bustle of late-night skits. The marvelous swoop high into an Alpine world on the Aerial Tramway. The handsome horizon of mountains all around you.

The inner quiet of total relaxation.

The sweet briskness of fresh desert air. Palm Springs. Just 2 hours from Los Angeles. Accommodating in every way. Including the ways that count. Find out. Just for you.



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You are my sunshine.

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All right. It's like to find out. Please send me your free color brochure.

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We'll take good care of you to Britain, Europe, The World

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ESQUIRE NOVEMBER 1960

Air Jamaica can fly you to Jamaica. But it takes a car to fly you around once you're here.

That's why we've grouped our Fly and Drive Vacations in Jamaica with round trip airfare on Air Jamaica as low as \$155, and a week at a hotel with an Avis car starting at \$95.

Once you've landed in our island country take off. Equipped with Avis Adventure maps, of course.

We'll show you where to find secluded beaches, where you can hide out (like these

two people) on a fully powered sand, squire and not a hotel in sight.

You can drive inland to small villages like Wise A Bit and Quick Stop.

Stop off at a beautiful Great House and take to the local ghosts or have lunch at a country inn.

Park your car long enough to pole yourself

back to the inn, down a few drinks, greet your friends, and then fly home (who probably guessed he was Back Pass).

It sounds good to you, and us the coupon and we'll send you our free booklet on Fly and Drive Vacations in Jamaica.

You'll see just how far a jug of wine, a loaf of bread and a car will fly you once you've landed.

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WE MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD FLYING
AVIS

MAN DOES NOT FLY BY PLANE ALONE.

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Drive and Drive Vacations in Jamaica booklet.

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5 more ways to use All News Radio.

1 It's an eye-opener. Listen when you wake up. A morning briefing is a great way to see the light.

2 It's a conversation maker. Listen on your way home from work. Don't go home to the news. Go home with the news.

3 It's an up-to-the-minute scoreboard. Sports twice every hour, headlines anytime. We've got the schedule—on schedule.

4 It's a non-stop weather watch. Listen anytime. Reports and forecasts throughout the day.

5 It's an emergency information center. Set the center button on your car radio—and keep a radio tuned to us at home—just in case.

WINS RADIO 1010 **GROUP** **W**

When it comes to All News Radio, we wrote the book.

The Story of Zizanie.

You may have heard of Jean Honoré Fragonard, a master painter of the French Rococo period. But did you know he was also a master perfumer, member of the renowned Fragonard family of French perfumers?

One day this great artist was painting the portrait of an important Duke, who complained that things were not going well with his mistress. Fragonard's answer was to present the nobleman with his latest fragrance, saying, "Je vous adjoins cette fragrance, ses problèmes d'amour s'en suivent pas!"



(1711-1760) the distinctly French "reclining ideal" type

The name of that fragrance was Zizanie. And the results were all that Fragonard predicted. From that day, over 300 years ago, the success of Zizanie was assured. (Distilleries being made in it was originally, in the French perfume district at Grasse.)

After reading this, you won't be surprised that Zizanie is the world's most expensive men's fragrance. It is worth the price? Remember what Fragonard said: the Duke, back when romance was still considered an art form.

At your next fragrance shopping trip, look for the Zizanie perfume bottle.

Zizanie de Fragonard
the newest men's fragrance is over 200 years old!

DINING IN/OUT WITH ESQUIRE

One of the most attractive restaurants in Manhattan is The Sign of the Dove, opened a decade or so ago on Third Avenue at 80th-81st Street. It's not one restaurant but a complex—really a series of spaces—from the bar area with its man-of-the-house appearance to a new live-pet gallery that is remarkably functional. From the informal Espresso Room to the Greenhouse, or Garden Room, with its plants and flowers and garden, and the Conservatory, with museum and birds, and a head-on view of the city that can be opened to give emphasis to the impression of dining outdoors. There's a statue or two here to add to the garden-garden reputation, a lot of greenery in hanging baskets and four restaurants and on the roof, visible through the dome. Flowers everywhere, pink, blue, white, and orange, and the kind of lighting that goes with it, all including the candles on the tables and in black iron chandeliers. For private parties, there's the Deluxe Terrace, garden and aquarium, but with a view.

The Sign of the Dove has had an increasing history. Dr. Joseph P. Skala, a young dentist with an unusual interest in food (and a professional knowledge of it gained by working his way through school), had some vague ideas for a restaurant and rather than convert someone else in time he got together enough money to buy an old building at 310 Third Avenue. He rented and rebuilt it, working along with the construction crew, when he had the time, right up to the day of opening. He called the place The Sign of the Dove, after an icon that was associated in the days of the apostles with the Holy Spirit. There's no added reason for the name

these days, upstairs in the three rooms—the restaurant opens thousands of dollars a year on flowers—size two wide doors.)

The Sign of the Dove serves lunch Tuesday through Saturday, noon to three, dinner Monday through Sunday, six to midnight. Limited service in the bar-cub and the Gallery Room about six (the latter seems to fill with young people about nine o'clock), and Sunday brunch from noon until four. There is music by the Dove's three periods for lunch and dinner, and in the bar and Gallery later in the evening. Dined adults also provide entertainment in the Gallery from two to five.

All service, including brunch, is a la carte. At lunch, portions start at \$12.50, a very good morsel of meat with mustard is only \$12.50. The price is unusually good. Dinner menu starts at \$12.50 (except, perhaps, cheese, prosciutto, one pork, white wine) is a specialty, as is treatment of pork, both \$12.50 as entrée. Dinner entrees are in the \$12.50 to \$15.75 range, except for steak of lamb and chicken served rare (148). The menu for the bar-cub and the Gallery includes the pork (\$12.50 and \$13.50, and each light drink as Eggs Benedict (omnivorous, with sauce, potatoes, garlic, tomatoes, served as a breakfast with food menu, at \$12.50). There are also small sandwiches and salads. Desserts are more or less the same for lunch and dinner and brunch as a small chocolate cream cake, nutmeg rock, strawberry with chocolate, both at \$1.75. There is a simple wine list, and suggested wine can be had by the glass at \$1.75. Reservations should be made for the Conservatory and perhaps for the other rooms as well. US \$1,600. The name



2000 years ago, when you had a Scotch on the Rocks, you really had a Scotch on the Rocks.

BY THE 2000 YEAR OLD MAN, MEL BROOKS



Q. Sir, 2000 years ago where did people live and how did they spend their time?

A. 2000 years ago there was no luxury buildings with atrium in the eleven or single bars where named men hung out.

There was only rocks and caves. Men, rocks and caves then you could shake a stick at. In fact, shaking a stick at a rock was a good job already. Not everybody could get that job. You had to have a little something. Standing around and looking was also a good job. But that was easy. That was light work. It had to be light work. You couldn't do it in the dark.

And the caves...uhhh. Did we hate each other. The tall blue eyes were in the tall light caves, the short brown eyes were in the short dark caves.

Q. Well, how did everyone co-existence?

A. Rock talk.
Q. 77777777?

A. Hm, I'll hit you with a little rock talk. "Hey you, put down that rock! Don't throw that rock at me. I'll call a policeman." That was your basic rock talk. And rock music followed. Take a couple of rocks and hit them

against each other or against people and you got some nice sounds.

Q. Sir, in 2000 years did you have any children?

A. I got 42,000. And got one cousin to visit me on Saturday or Sunday. Not one calls to give me a "Hi, Pop." But it's all right. Children, let them be.

Q. Sir, when was Scotch discovered?

A. It was during the ice age. We had so many tons of ice we didn't know what to do. So we made drinks. All kinds of drinks. After a few drinks, we all shivered around. That's how the shiver was born.

Q. Sir, to what do you attribute having lived 2000 years?

A. Exercise and garlic.
Q. Garlic?

A. Yes. You know, the scientific way how you die? The Angel of Death comes late at night. He rings your apartment bell. You let him in and he kills you. But he's smart. Before I'll retire and pull up mine crazy quilt, I'll eat a nice salad and a half garlic. And when the Angel of Death taps me on the shoulder and says, "Come along with me," I turn around and talk right in his face. "Who is it?" I say. After that

he leaves me alone for quite a while.
Q. Sir, you also mention exercise?

A. Exercise, exercise, exercise. Who would we be...How would we be...What would we be without exercise?
Q. What do you do for exercise?

A. Everyday early in the morning. I open a window and take a deep breath. Then I fall to my knees and pray fervently that my brains should not drift too far from my thoughts and my heart should not attack me.

Q. So basically your exercise is prayer?

A. You got it Sonny. And, before I run out of breath...a disclaimer thing at my age...I better stop. I'll take me a little Teacher's. After all, you married me for all of this...Let's be pleasant.

Q. Sir, it is true that you have just made a new record with Carl Reiner entitled, 2000 AND THIRTEEN, and that your latest movie, BLAZING SAIDLES is breaking records all over the country, and that you have just completed principal photography work on your new comic masterpiece YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN?

A. No!

I want to wish you all love and good luck and give you a little advice. Stay out of small foreign ones especially if they are driven by big foreigners...and use a television. It's the best thing ever made.



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center can be used to find out about
entertainment in the Gallery, and for
information on menus for private
parties.

Casita del Sol, at 35 West Thirtieth
Street, is the site of a
great shopping area, in use of
those could Spanish uncer-
operated restaurants which should be
given some kind of award by Spain for
providing a better understanding of its
food, its customs and its people. It is
owned by Vincent Canino, a business-
man, and American Cuisine, the chef,
who operates out of a small but in-
conspicuous kitchen, seemingly with no
help. The menu of it is rather simple,
the delight in having someone who
demonstrates how the food is prepared
and provides the kind of welcome that
makes them want to return.

Casita del Sol is not recommended for
lunch from immediately until three,
Monday through Friday, the dining
room is so busy that it is almost im-
possible to get a table. The regular
dinner, mostly from Seventh Avenue,
here found it a haven for their own
customers three days.

Dinner, though, is relaxed and there
is time to enjoy the dining room, which
is much larger than it appears from the
outside. In the gallery where north
and red sunsets, including red sunsets
in the tables. It is a very pleasant, from
the next bar at the front to the dis-
cuss table at the side, to the striking
magnificent and the good food and
other exceptional service. There's a
new downtown, quite a large one,
with Spanish wines and Spanish food
and a place for a new in a small re-
location. It has a small bar at one end
and tables that are big enough for
dinner and happy, but not for lunch or
dinner service. It is used from time to
time for small private parties, but it is
planned as a downtown "for quiet
people", the owner hope that people
who come in for drinks will go upstairs
for dinner later on.

Dinner is from five-thirty until eleven
or so, Saturday or later. It is a fine
meal and has the same menu as all
week. Appetizers include Shrimp Roll-
litos, eggs stuffed with walnut, at \$2,
and shrimp and cauliflower, each at
\$2. There are six main courses of fish
entrees: sole in Duxelles or Bresse
style, or lamb, at around \$4, beef and
lamb and cauliflower, and meat and
vegetables. Beef steaks are very good,
tender and with mushrooms and
served in one of the chef's specialties.
There is a choice of six, with main-
course, is prime meat, and Yellow.
There are steaks and chops from the
kitchen, and the menu includes well-
known specialties: pasta, Vegetables
and mushrooms, as well as triple Brie-
litos, steamed beef with paprika, an
egg and mushrooms, both under \$5,
and omelets with potatoes, Spanish sausage
and ham at \$5.25. Dinner is served from
and Spanish style and a fine wine
selection. Or try the Café Casita del Sol
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